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A. 5. back.

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GLEANINGS

IN

ENGLAND;

DESCRIPTIVE OF

THE COUNTENANCE, MIND AND CHARACTER
OF THE COUNTRY.

BY MR. PRATT.

"IN whatever light we regard the British Islands, whether as the Cradle of Liberty, the Mother of Arts and Sciences, the Nurse of Manufactures, the Mistress of the Sea ; or, whether we contemplate their Genial Soil, their mild Climate, their various natural and artificial Curiosities, we shall find no equal extent of territory on the face of the globe of more importance, or containing more attractions, even in the estimation of those who cannot be biassed by native partiality."

MAYOR.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed by A. Strahan, Printers-Street,

FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

1801.



TO
THE MOST NOBLE
THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN.

MY LORD,

ONE of the dearest Friends, and wisest Instructors of my youth, the late amiable and ingenious Dr. Hawkesworth, has addressed to your Lordship his elegant translation of the *chef d'œuvre* of the venerable and virtuous Fenelon.

You were, even at that period, My Lord, thought a fit Patron to Telemachus. The translator discovered in Lord Shelburne, before he became conspicuous to the public eye, a general resemblance to the character of his hero ; and considered both,

VOL. II.

b

as eminent examples of noble views and early virtues. With the happiest effect, indeed, he ran a parallel which, as he observed, consisted in the steady pursuit of the great purposes of life, at an age when dissipation is scarcely supposed to deserve censure.

This motive in associating you together gained additional force in his mind, when, as he contemplated the two Personages, mellowed by time, and ennobled by action, he was able to trace a yet more striking similitude.

Your Lordship, like the Pupil of Mentor, not contented with having taken the field as a Volunteer, qualified yourself for command, while other youths were only learning to obey. You had become not amply adorned with private virtue, but jealous of public liberty. You not only displayed talents, but passions and prin-

ciples, directed to the community as their object. You was looked upon as a Nobleman from whom, when time should yet farther have engrafted experience upon ability, your Country might expect the most important services.

More than thirty years, my Lord, have elapsed, since the moral and estimable Hawkesworth offered you this splendid homage of his respect; and, with a prophetic spirit, anticipated your future glory. Had he lived to see those virtues which dignify, and those talents which grace your Lordship, unfolded in their full lustre, no doubt, it would have been his pleasure to have done them justice, and to exhibit them to the world for the example and instruction of posterity.

Partial to the memory of the Mentor of my youth, I feel, my Lord, a double

gratification in this address, as it at once gives me an opportunity of paying my unfeigned respect to the dead and the living. It is with some pride I reflect, that I have never yet twined a wreath for an undeserving brow; but, fortunately, in the Patron I have chosen, the public voice declares, that panegyric, however warm, would rather fail to reach, than exceed your Lordship's various excellencies, as a Statesman, a Patriot, and a Man.

The destinies of the British Empire, my Lord, have more than once been in your hands. The page of history will record your patriotism and your abilities, and supersede the necessity of an eulogium on your public character from a person who loves to contemplate you in a more benign light than as a minister of state. Yet it is perfectly in unison with my feelings, to observe, that, after a long and

sanguinary war, it was your happy lot to give your Country the blessings of Peace, to heal her wounds, and to conduct her once more into the path of prosperity.

Should fortune again put it in your power to be instrumental in composing, at this tremendous hour, the jarring interests of Europe, and to stop the effusion of human blood, which has flowed so long, so profusely, and to so little purpose — from your uniform conduct, as an able and enlightened politician, it must be as grateful to your own mind as it will be glorious to your fame, to forward this salutary end. But, whatever Providence may determine, respecting the opportunities which it may afford for your public exertions, in that sphere in which alone they can be effectual, your Lordship cannot fail to enjoy the approbation of your own mind for

those efforts you have repeatedly made in the service of Britain and of mankind.

When I commenced Gleanings in England, it was my object to give an amiable foreign Friend a true picture of my fellow-subjects in the leading traits of heart and manners. It is with an honest exultation that I have been able to produce so many interesting and attractive features of my countrymen, even in the humblest walks of life, and to show that they are worthy of the blessings they were born to enjoy.

Some of the most illustrious characters in the nation have, also, fallen in my way; and I have gloried in paying them my tribute of applause. It is gratifying to reflect, that no country on earth furnishes more splendid instances of all that is good and great in every sphere of action than England; and if I had the

felicity to grace my first volume with the name of a MOIRA, it is with no less pleasure I prefix that of a LANSDOWN to the second. The one is as well known on the continent by the prowess of his arms, as the other by his able and successful negotiation as a statesman, and the extent of his information as a senator.

Amidst the bustle of office, my Lord, it was always your dearest delight to relax in the society of literary characters, and to seek for knowledge from every source that your enlightened understanding could disclose. Long retired to the enjoyment of that ease to which previous and honourable labours give a zest, and formed to taste the sweets of independence,—congenial friends, who are more attached to your person than your rank, supply the varied charms of conversation, while your ample library, collected with so much expence,

and furnished with so much taste, serves to fill up those hours, which, with others, are too frequently spent in ignoble pursuits or vicious pleasures.

Should the present offering contribute to the amusement of your leisure, should it be thought creditable to the country it attempts to delineate, the Gleaner will not have to regret the time and trouble expended in the work. In the partiality which the Public has so liberally shewn to his previous labours, he presumes, indeed, to anticipate the encouraging sanction of the Marquis of Lansdown; and in this pleasing hope, has the honour to be, with every sentiment of consideration and esteem,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted humble Servant,

S. J. PRATT.

January 1, 1801.

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LETTER I.

TO THE BARON DE B.

WITH health and spirits comparatively renewed, I sit down, as well to continue the transcripts from our former Tour in Norfolk, and the counties in that direction, as to present you with a brief and partial sketch of an excursion in another part of this interesting land.

Without more preface, therefore, we will, for the present, re-place ourselves at Cromer, where your memory, faithful to nature and to friendship, will bring back scenes and descriptions which you will re-peruse with the satisfaction that ever attends the remembrance of social and mental enjoyment. Indeed, not a few Gatherings, at the engaging spot which I have so long left, will *for their own sake*, afford you as much

pleasure as at the time when they were first imparted. To that date we will now return ; and I will try, as much as may be, to make you forget there have been any stops from sickness, or other impediments.

Cramer, September 30, 1798.

THERE lives here a Gentleman of a most singular cast of humour ; and I dare appeal to every resident, and to innumerable others, who during his sojourn in the place, have been its visitants, for the following unexaggerated portrait of him. In truth he is of so affable and communicative a disposition, that I should not hesitate to refer all such as may suppose the features overdrawn to the pleasant original himself ; particularly as this may be done without putting the stranger to the difficulty of a self-introduction. Whosoever walks forth, either in the streets, the fields, upon the beach, or on the cliffs, at almost any hour of the day, will encounter a man of an erect figure, eager step, searching eye, and busy air, who has, as he will tell you, no use either for feet or eyes, but

as the instruments of passing away the time allotted him in this world in the most agreeable manner that he can, and who, from the earliest dawn to the latest period of the evening, finds every moment of his waking hours as much occupied, as if his mind and body were from necessity employed in the most active commerce. Whatever he meets with, whatever is behind or before him, within the possible space of being overtaken or come up to, are made subservient to his amusement, his pastime, or his philanthropy. He knows every body's business, and has none of his own, but to procure that knowledge: Indeed to most people this would be the most arduous of all things; yet this gentleman effects it by the easiest means in the world. He is almost always in motion, winding and turning in every possible meander in pursuit of objects, and has something to offer to each. If near a person, whether stranger or acquaintance, he speaks; if at a distance he shouts; if too remote to be heard he runs to join him. In performing his usual tour of the streets, he generally keeps the horse path, cross-

ing over to either side as an object appears at one or the other. If he observes any one at a door, he takes him or her by the hand ; if at a window within his reach he gently taps, if a child is looking through it, he puts his lips close to the glass, and talks and kisses *au-travers* ; if any one is looking out from the attick story he raises his voice, to utter the passing words of the day, about health and the weather, with some quaint story or moral intermixed, and proceeds in his perambulations. But in their greetings he always says, and without appearing to intend any jocularity, good night for good morrow, and good morrow for good night. To every stranger he goes indiscriminately, and with a uniform question,—“ Madam, Miss, Sir; or Gentry—can I be useful. Place, People; Land, Water, I know them all, and all I know is at your service.”

Before I go on with him, however, my dear Baron, I must note another of his peculiarities; he repeats every question; and almost every answer, but commonly with a slight transposition: I fear the odd pleasantry of this, will evaporate

in written description, but its effect in discourse, set off by the speaker's whimsical, brisk, mode of expressing himself, tones and gestures corresponding, was truly laughable. I will endeavour to preserve the spirit upon paper, as well as I can, by giving you, in his own words, what follows; just desiring you to pre-suppose that the speaker and your correspondent had met for the first time at one of the church-gates.

“ Yes, Sir, I take more exercise than any man in Cromer; than any man in Cromer more exercise take I. — How do you do neighbour Pretty-face?” (to a female passing.)—
“ Known that Lady from a child; from a child have I known she. Exercise is good: twelve miles a day in and out; in and out twelve miles. Hollo! there goes Richard — a fine old one is Richard. Aye, honest Dick, how long did you walk with my father, honest Dick? Fifty years, I dare say, poor Dick; I dare say 50 years. I like Cromer better than any town I ever saw. Here comes smiling Miss Butler, a neighbouring farmer's daughter. How fare ye, Miss B.?

Yes, sea and shore, Sir, is delightful; shore and sea, Sir; — And when am I to have the promised piece of bride's cake, Miss B.? — A fine brown girl, one of eight. — This man over the way, Mr Rust, has eight children also; eight children has he. Lived there three years; three years there lived I. Next Gentleman, Mr. Baldwin, is a batchelor. Why, what Sir, can a man desire, more — the land beautiful, and the water beautiful. There comes Miss Butler again — a good brown face — I like a brown woman — married one myself — and am going to marry again — home is home. — That dog now following that poor man, he'll never leave the man; the man he'll never leave — I've known both, Sir, a sort of years. — Pray, Sir, have you seen the Sea-House at Felbrig? worth seeing is Felbrig Sea-House — I'll shew it you with pleasure; with pleasure I'll shew." This courteous offer produced the first momentary pause, of which I was about to avail myself, when my rapid inviter, who was a physiognomist, assured me that I need not give myself the trouble of making a speech, for that my look convinced

him, I had nothing to do, but to follow him ; or rather, added he, taking off his hat, proceed with him upon a sociable plan, after this fashion. " Yes, Cromer for my money ; for my money, Cromer. — These streets, to be sure, seem to be paved with tenter-hooks, and cut a man to the *soul* : " (his emphasis on that word and his arch look, indicated that he spake punningly) : " but then that nice wood above, and that water below, and those hills and vallies between, make amends for being crippled a little in the feet ; in the feet a little crippled. I see you are of my opinion ; of my opinion are you. "

It was no easy matter to keep pace with him ; he passed through the streets, scaled the mountains, traversed the beach, and descended into the vallies, with a speed that did full justice to the ardour of his description.

" I love a hill, Sir, better than a dale, because a man seems to be above the world when he has got to the top, — nearer to heaven, as it were. Now *there's* a view for you ! I have gone up to this light-house on the cliff ; a handsome light-house by the bye as any in

England, a handsome light-house — I have gone up it all weathers and humours, — you have there half the county of Norfolk under your eye. When I have gained this point, I always feel myself bigger and taller, by I do not know how many inches, than when I am crawling along any of the bottoms. On a mountain a man is where he should be! Do *you* feel any thing of this? Only look down — what poor shrunk miserables are moving about! The horses and that waggon almost like dogs and a wheel barrow; the men and women in the streets, like ants scuttling about for a mouthful of food, and hurrying back to *their* hill; which to them I suppose, seems as vast as this we are now upon to us. Then for the beach — there's mommucks, for you! a good decent mouse, seeing them from where we stand, might think himself a match for the best of them. — And those people dabbling after shrimps, little better to look upon than the shrimps themselves. There's master Jacobs, the bather, bringing a gentleman out of the water; see, he cuts no better figure from the summit of this cliff than a drowned cat or

blind puppy. Lord help us ! we are poor creatures, Sir ; poor creatures, Lord help us, are we ! I hope you are of my opinion ; of my opinion, I hope you are ?”

Fain would I have *spoken* my full assent to this question, but I had only time to nod my answer. It was justly construed into an affirmative nod, and my querist observed on it — “ This view of matters mends us ; and though I always feel while I stand here, that I may hold my head higher, I soon drop it again, and my lofty thoughts of myself too, when I cast a look beneath — and I often enough say to myself, if a man wants a cure for his pride, let him get upon a mountain and walk down it again — if he thinks himself a giant at the top, he will soon feel himself a dwarf at the bottom — a dwarf at the bottom, and a giant at top ; — so when I have got any conceited conundrum in my head, that makes me top-heavy, up I get, and after taking a squint at the creepers, down I go, dwindling all the way I descend, till, in mixing with them, I feel I am no bigger than they ; than they no bigger.”

With the *moral* of the reflection full upon him, down went the moralist, not however with slow, though solemn steps; for every thing he does and says is rapid, and his gravest thoughts are often delivered in a hasty stride. He next sought the beautiful wood adjoining Cromer-Hall, which I described for you in a former letter. But nothing in the way of making it better known to you fell from my new acquaintance, except that he threw over both it and Felbing certain recommendatory touches which made the foliage look fresher to the eye and the mansions occupy a nobler space in the imagination. "Mr. George Wyndham, Sir, is the poor man's friend, when he comes down; when he comes down, Mr. George is the friend of the poor man; and Mr. William, though a secretary and minister of war, and all that, is the friend of the poor, whether he comes down or no. As we walk on, I will shew you a few bye places on the side of the common, which you would not find out in a twelvemonth by yourself, where those whom he never saw cry out

God bless William Wyndham ; William Wyndham, God bless !”

“ And here comes merry and blind James Reynolds and his Donky ; his Donky and blind merry James ! Ah poor James ! not a speck of any thing has he seen, in this world full of sights, from the time he was half a year old ; yet he comes twice a week to Cromer with fruit and flowers, as you see, and travels up and down the country, opening all the gates, passing all the lanes, and crossing all the fords and washes without any guide but that Donky.”

While he was yet speaking, we joined the person described, who knowing the voice of my communicative associate, returned the greeting, by pulling off his hat and holding out his hand.

Without the smallest aid from what has always been called the sovereign feature, unilluminated by those orbs, the loss of which seems the least supportable of all personal deprivations to those who are in possession of the blessing of sight, never did I behold a more intelligent countenance, nor one in which the beams of

philanthropy, good humour, and courtesy, were more engagingly lighted up.

“ And how does the world use you now, friend James ?” questioned my companion, cordially shaking the offered hand, — “ and how fares Donky ? Donky, how do you fare ? Here’s a bit of green bough for you, which I pulled from one of the Squire’s trees — or do you like a bit of this biscuit better ? better like you this biscuit, poor old Trusty ? Come, then, let us go halves ?” My new friend was smoothing the wrinkled front of the poor ass, and presenting to his mouth what was mentioned, all the time he spake. The animal refused the bough, and accepted the biscuit, while James sat smiling acknowledgement from his back.

After more chat, in the same style, — I will not venture to call it conversation, where a single person only spoke, — James and his Donkey passed on towards Cromer, with his fruits and flowers, of which I laid in a little stock, and gave my address for the pleasure of knowing more of the vender. I then followed my loquacious, but truly pleasant leader to Felbrig

and several other contiguous places, whither I before conducted you : though it was not, as I have remarked, from expectation of adding any important local intelligence to my former accounts, but because my new companion had something original and interesting to say upon almost every thing we saw or heard, whether of persons, places, or things, in his comments and description of which he blended so much humour and feeling, that even his quaint tautologies constituted part of the amusement and *character* of his company. How sincerely did I wish you had been present to *see* this extraordinary page of nature's book unfold itself, so replete with the spirit that fades and comparatively dies on the paper, even like a falling leaf ! To view either in the freshness of their beauty, we must be within sight of the tree, or contemplating the branches. This wish, however, being at present unattainable, I have only to hope the founder of my feast in this ambulation may be as wise and as merry, as moral and as sportive, as I have just found him, when you make your visit to this part of Norfolk. We regained

Cromer to dinner, after a healthy and diversified walk ; and as we passed through the streets in the way to our respective abodes, it continued my gratification to observe my new-made friend distribute the articles which he had purchased of blind James ; an apple to one, a pear to another, a few nuts to a third, a pink to a fourth, a branch of hiac to a fifth, with an accompaniment of a nod, a bow, a shake of the hand, a good *night*, — that is to say, a good *day*, with his usual repetitions, whether to man, woman, or child, on horseback or on foot, — enhancing the pleasure of the gift. I bade him adieu, with the French urbanity of an *au Revoir*, which very happily expresses the wish of meeting again, and most sincerely the Hope, of

Dear Baron,

Yours, &c.

P. S.—On taking a second glance at the above portrait, I perceive I have neglected the drapery, which however is no less extraordinary than the person which it enfolds. The original always dresses, not simply to the season, but to

the day ; sometimes to the hour. You see him either in a great coat, half great coat, or without any coat, in a waistcoat buttoned up to the throat, as if in malice of the air, or thrown open to the girdle, as if in worship of the sun, with a chitterlin deep as a ruffle, when ruffles were the mode. He makes these rapid changes, with every alteration of the atmosphere, in so much that he may be almost said to dress to the weather-cock, and shift as it shifts, in obedience to all the winds of heaven. And he has an oddly pleasant reason for all this — “ Just as well to pass an hour or two this way, as any other ; as any other Sir, as well this way. As for cold, and heat, why should I go shivering along, when the wind veers north about in a minute, where if it remains but half an hour, I am to be more than half starved — no, if it feels like summer when I breakfast, and winter before I dine, as it often, Sir, does in England — in England, it does often ; why am I not to apparel myself in July just as if it were December, and in December as if it were July ? — answer me that, Sir, if you please ; if you please, that answer ? — Thus I am

a match for all weathers, and am as stout as brandy; as brandy, Sir, stout am I."

Such is the man — such his dresses, such his expressions, such his manners, — and without claiming any merit in the drawing but its fidelity; I will now send it off, without adding the humiliating information of the name written on the back — for there is not a single inhabitant in Cromer, who will not ascertain it.

LETTER II.

I REACHED my apartments just as the family with whom I lodged were sitting down to tea, and as I have always found that beverage — (I presume the critics, who, it should seem, have the *orthographical mint* in their possession, might accuse me of the crime of coinage, unlicensed by authority, were I to say *brewage*,) — that beverage, then, agree with me far better than less forbidden things, and as I delight to mix myself unceremoniously with the kindly disposed of all ranks in life, I accepted the invitation of mine hostesses, to add another cup to their board.

Gratified, however, with the sketches of character which my morning walk had produced, I did not even think of a farther gleanings, till I had sufficiently regaled myself with reviewing

the touches of the new portrait. But how frequently do the most pleasant scenes of life present themselves unsought ! How often do they woo us, as it were, by the way ; meet, overtake, or travel with us, side by side ! — It is a kind of love at first sight ! One of these came smiling, fairy-like, to my cup, even as I was lifting it to my lips.

Only four persons, not including the family, were assembled, and the whole group appeared to be on the most familiar footing. Yet I was struck with the singularity of observing three tea-pots, with as many sugar basons and plates of bread and butter placed upon the table. Waiting the unfolding of this little mystery, I saw the three tea-pots regularly filled and emptied, the bread and butter handed about, and the sugar dispensed liberally ; but the four visitors oddly split into pairs, were seated in a kind of detached way, each serving the other from their *own* stores, without any assistance from the people of the house, who only attended to themselves, without taking the smallest notice of their guests, as to the honour of the tea-table,

while the most perfect good humour, gay chat, and harmless merriment, pervaded the circle. My curiosity kindled, yet I forbore enquiry. The three divisions continued in this sociably unsociable way, till the repast was finished, without one exchange of the customary civilities from hostess to visitant as to "taking another cup"—"I fear the tea is not to your liking?" &c. &c. &c.—an etiquette of the tea-table instituted as early as the tea-table itself, and forming indeed part of the equipage. The visitors nevertheless did just put these questions to their own party, and the visited were civil enough—to themselves.

"And what is the meaning of all this?" to mine hostess queried I, when opportunity favoured. — "Lack a day! Sir," replied she, smiling, "have you yet to ask what that means? we call it, *going-a-neighbouring*."

And here will follow, my friend, an explanation. The middle and lower ranks of people in this county, and in some others, continue a practice, of making an afternoon visit at each other's houses, on as social, and as little selfish

a purpose as possible. The visitor-neighbour takes to the neighbour visited a few lumps of sugar, a pat of butter, a small loaf, and a little tea, nipped up in paper, to the intent of uniting economy with friendship. "You, neighbour, have the fire to-day; I to-morrow." This is chiefly in summer, as each *must* have her fire in the colder part of the year: so that the warmth of friendship may not seem to have so much to do in this business, as the heat of the fire to boil the water; yet between the two discordant elements, much social harmony is produced, inasmuch as it promotes good-will amongst neighbours. "It is a practice honoured in the observance."—It brings the inhabitants of a small place, and all their concerns, under one point of view; by which means the gossip's tale, which is said to be part of the tea equipage, is maimed of its mischief; because where friends and enemies meet together, there will be found, if not an *equal quantity* of antidote, at least enough to counteract in general the baneful quality of the poison. It has been

my good fortune to hear and see this exemplified at the little assembly I have just left.

“ Don’t tell me that, neighbour,” quoth one of the party to another — “ Mrs. ***** was no more in the *way she is now than* I am, before her husband went his last trip,” — (this relates, Baron, you already see, to a supposed *trip* of a different sort,) — “ and it is thirteen months within a few days” continued the accuser, “ since he set sail from Blacking Roads.”

“ Nay, come, come, — don’t make bad worse, — I do not believe it exceeds the year ;” — observed a second, putting some sugar into her cup, as if to add a month’s sweetening to the rumour. “ Why, it was better than a quarter of a year before my Sally was born, neighbour, and you can tell how long that is ago.”

“ This milk is a little turned, I think, neighbour,” interposed a third speaker.

“ I ought to know the time pretty well,” observed a fourth, sugaring highly, — “ for it was in the week I lost my poor William, which is barely a twelvemonth, and I shall never forget how kindly Mrs. *****’s husband took hold

of my poor boy's hand, and hoped he would be able to weather his sickness, and be sound enough for a little sailor. He was intended you know, poor fellow, for a sailor, if he had lived."

"Twelve months, or twelve years," exclaimed a fifth, briskly twirling her tea-spoon round the cup, "if the man is satisfied, I don't see what *we* have to do with it — besides the woman has not fallen to pieces yet, I understand; and I have heard say, it is a very different complaint."

"Humph!" interrupted one of the tea-makers — "ha, ha, ha! just like the head-ache for the heart-ache. Another lump of sugar, if you please, neighbour."

One of the Miss Cooks — you remember the name of my landladies — noticed that the poor woman they were talking about was, she had been well-informed, nearer death-bed than child-bed, and whether she lived or died, deserved a far better name than her neighbours were giving her.

This softening circumstance made an opening

for others ; and while the business of attack and defence was in progress, a fresh neighbour dropt in, with the evening rumour —

— that her sister had received a letter by the post stating the terrible situation of poor George L****'s wife, who, after being five times tapp'd in one day, had died in a manner drown'd by her sad distemper, only in her 25th year.

The above report was but too well founded. After the accused wife had been obliged to relinquish the hope that the alteration in her shape arose only from her being, “ as women wish who love their lords,” she remained in the village where her husband had left her, near Cromer, till various speculations were formed about her ; and on her, at length withdrawing herself from her former residence to a distant part of the county — where by the bye her own mother resided, and resides still — but what cannot the *spirit of accusation* do ? the effect was traced by the alarmists to the *supposed* cause — and a tender parent's reception of her daughter under those circumstances, was allowed to be

natural enough in a mother, in order to conceal the shame of her own child, but other people were not to be so blinded !

It is, however, a hard case, when a woman must lose her life, before she can redeem her character. The evil of a detractory report, when a cruel whisper has settled into an inveterate slander, especially when a female is its object, is incredible to those who have not watched its progress. No sooner does the falsehood become fixed, by whatever means, than it has acquired all the reverence due to the most sacred truth, and without any farther examination ; and the very virtues of the devoted furnish arguments to prove her vices. Does she weep ? it is with the tears of the crocodile. Does she blush in the midst of reports against which no innocence is at all times a shield ? it is, it *must* be the blush of guilt. Does she seek refuge from the voice and eye of her pursuers in retreat ? well may conscious wickedness seek to hide itself. Does she dare to buffet the storm by remaining amongst her assailants ? it is hardened effrontery. Does she even attempt the

soothings of piety by mixing in public worship? it can be nothing but hypocrisy, and it must be religion to avoid the place of worship, while so *outrageous* a sinner pollutes the temple.

My Friend, we are, as I have variously declared, a gentle and a generous race; but in no part of the social earth has the *fend* of *reputation* a more established throne than we allow her to have in England. I have seen many instances of what I have just described,

LETTER III.

Cromer.

My Friend, there are spirits — at least of the imagination — in and near this favoured spot. I am honoured by the correspondence of one of them. She is an immediate descendant of those women inspired by heaven, who flourished in different parts of the world, denominated SIBYLS; who were accustomed, as all the world knows, to write their divine effusions on leaves which were preserved with great care, and consulted as oracles of truth and wisdom. Ancient authors differ as to their number. Plato speaks of one only, Pliny of three, Ælian of four, and Varro of ten; which latter opinion, say the mythological books, is universally adopted by the learned; and of these ten, we are told, the most celebrated was that of Cumæ

in Italy, who has been called by the different names of Amalthea, Danophile, Herophile, Daphne, Manto, Phemonoe, and Deiphobe. When the Roman capitol was burnt in the troubles of Sylla, the verses of this Sibyl, which were there deposited, perished in the conflagration ; and although there are many Sibylline verses extant, they are accounted spurious. That those, which have lately fallen into my hands are genuine, the best evidence will offer itself to your judgment ; and leave little doubt on your mind that the island of Great Britain ought to be as much distinguished as the birth-place of genius, and of the heaven-inspired muses, as either Persia, Libya, Marpessa, Cumæ, Tiburtis, or Ancyra.

That there is one of these beings (as we quaintly say in common language, when we would express one thing by its opposite) “ not a hundred miles from Cromer,” cannot be doubted, any more than that Apollo is enamoured of her. She seems to fly, now over the sea, now over the fields, and now to settle on the cliff. Some of her leaves, on which are written Sibylline verses, have occasionally drop-

ped from her wing, even as I was gleaning ; it was therefore my good fortune to take them up before they were dispersed by the wind ; and thence their meaning became comprehensible. Several of them have been already received addressed to the Gleaner, and signed SIBYLLA : they are all upon pensive subjects, introduced by lines of *apology* for what might *claim* attention. When you have read these, and the elegiac verses which were her *second* fairy favour, you will not wonder that I take the earliest opportunity to wreathe them around my sheaf,

LINES OF APOLOGY
for presenting any Lines at all.

MUSE of the heart ! if such there be,
Hear thy own votary's prayer ;
Protect me from the critic's frown,
And make my verse thy care.

Quick from the throb 'tis thine to give,
Thou knows't my lays depart ;
Like thy own pulse my numbers flow
Immediate from the heart.

And be the theme or gayly dress'd,
Or clad in sorrows hue ;
No colours tint the transient strains
But what to thee are true.

And this thy agent in my hand
Boasts no poetic fire,
Nor have I heard, as Bards have sung,
Apollo tune his lyre.

That magic lyre I ne'er address
Or sought its meed to gain ;
A short-liv'd wreath in haste I twin'd
Around *this* sacred fane,

To Phœbus, then, 'twere vain to sue,
Or hope his splendid ray,
As vain to woo the high-born Nine
| To help my humble lay.

And if the wing by Genius spread
Far distant met my view,
Ev'n as it caught my raptur'd gaze
The meteor Glory flew.

Hence, far from every tuneful power
And ev'ry letter'd art,
Whene'er I dare to touch the chords
My Muse is still my heart.

Save then from scorn these scatter'd leaves,
The truants of the pen ;
Be thou their advocate, my heart,
From each fastidious ken.

Or else, submissive to my doom
With speed will I convey
To drear Oblivion's deepest shade,
O Heart ! thy future lay.

*Written after a late Walk in the Church-Yard
of *. ****.*

As late I wander'd from each festive scene
 And sought in sorrow's hour this lone recess,
 To Fancy's eye flow rose my Father's form
 Benignly mild as when he liv'd to bless.

Impulsive nature knew the honour'd shade
 And wing'd me to the spot uncheck'd by fear,
 While mute attention hung upon the sounds
 Which seem'd in words like these to meet my ear :

“ Child of my earthly pride, my earthly care,
 “ But ah ! how different from the child I lov'd !
 “ Where is the roscate health, the temper bland,
 “ The soft content which o'er her features rov'd ?

“ These sobs convulsive which thy bosom heaves,
 “ These burning tears which bathe thy faded cheek,
 “ Proclaim a heart by wildest conflict torn,
 “ And all the whirlwind of the soul bespeak.

“ Why dost thou lonely seek these awful glooms,
 “ And shun the social circle late so dear ?
 “ Why with enfever'd anguish court despair,
 “ And waste the season peace and joy should cheer ?

- “ Forbear fond mourner these impatient plaints,
“ Nor let thy self-wove griefs assail my tomb,
“ Call not my spirit from allotted rest
“ To chide, or witness still, a mortal’s doom.
- “ Yet while my form upon thy vision stays,
“ Let me this sacred lesson once impart,
“ No human misery can subdue the mind
“ ’Till Guilt’s dark colours soil the coward heart.
- “ This truth allow’d, thy high-wrought feelings calm,
“ And led by Virtue all her laws obey ;
“ Conquer the passion which absorbs thy soul,
“ And unrepining yield to reason’s sway.”
- The vision ceas’d, and o’er my sinking frame
Lean’d as in blessing e’er it join’d the dead ;
With filial impulse I essay’d to grasp
The shadowy hand which wav’d around my head.
- “ Dear honour’d shade,” I cried in trembling haste,
“ O hear the vow my erring heart shall prove ;
“ No bribe shall lure my feet from duty’s path,
“ Or sully in my breast a daughter’s love.”

LETTER IV.

BUT I am called away suddenly from my Sibyl enchantress, to attend upon yet higher powers; upon oracles mightier than those at Delphi, Delos, Claros, Tenedos, Cyrrha, and Patara, or even than the Delphic god himself, albeit he unites in his character the *deityship* of medicine, music, poetry, and eloquence. Yes, my dear Friend, this divine inventor of the fine arts, and consequently, his son Æsculapius — who was struck with thunder by his uncle Jupiter for saving so many by his art — were minor physicians — mere Tyroes in the art of healing, to the MEDICAL MAGI, who are carrying all before them at this very instant of time, in the far-famed country of which I have the honour to be a native.

I believe they are of German origin, and that Austria may also contend for the honour of their birth. Be that as it may : what is the silver-bow'd god or any of his family to these ? The practitioners upon this our sickly planet indeed, the Podaliruses and Machaons of this nether sphere, embody themselves into a phalanx, and joined by those who call themselves *regulars* in medicine — the surgical, chirological, and apothecary-cal corps, each with the appropriate weapons and accoutrements — lancet, forceps, dissecting-knife, and all their other instruments of torture — their prescribing pens, more potent than even the spear of Ithuriel, the wand of the conjurer, or the sword of harlequin, now waved in air as their truncheons, and now issuing their commands ; and although these edicts are scratched on slips of paper, in mystic characters which they themselves can scarcely read, or their subalterns, that do their bidding, understand ; yet the sacred scrolls of eastern high-priests have less in controul the life and death of the people ; yet, with all these advantages, the regular bands are put to the

rout—their ranks broken, their solemn truncheons torn out of their hands, their sacred scrolls laughed at and defied, and themselves obliged by their more powerful, yet less numerous opponents, to retreat with precipitation, and to entrench themselves in the fast holds of their college citadel, or take refuge in their hall of defence — sometimes even in danger of being reduced to live upon their own drugs, or be starved out !

When I come to speak more decidedly of the victorious arm, whose very name, like the armour of Achilles, carries conquest in the sound — conquest over the whole *body corporate* of the land — you will attribute all that those who are put to flight can say about the conqueror, to a spirit of envy or wounded pride. Marsyas, you know, the celebrated piper of Celænæ, was *flayed* alive by the medical god for having dared to challenge him to a trial of skill as a *musician* ; and Midas, having had the impudence to assert that Pan was superior to the same deity in singing, and playing on the flute, had his ears changed into those of an ass : should any of

the vanquished fugitives who have escaped, continue to presume on their diplomas, and persist in asserting their pretensions to the life and death of the public exclusively, it would not, in this age of wonders, be a matter of surprise to see some such corrections and punishments as those inflicted on the rebellious opponents — that the ass's ear, for instance, should become visible on the head-side of a regular physician ; and that, in his turn, *he* should be *flayed* alive who had, as the case might require, authority to flay others.

Dear Baron, I should insult the understanding my acquaintance with you has taught me to reverence, could I believe you had not long since anticipated the name, pretensions, talents, magic powers, and mighty operations of the gifted beings whose miracles I have here glanced at : you have forerun my now needless mention of the QUACKS of Great Britain — and during these introductory pages to their august subject, the *Quacks of ENGLAND* have, in your mind's voice, re-echoed to your ear !

LETTER V.

I HAVE sometimes been excited by the grandeur and importance of my theme to think of daring an epic flight, the better to do it justice! to invoke the poetic spirits which inspired the sublime muse of Homer, Virgil, and of our own Milton, to assist my adventurous pen, and aid me to tune the lyre. For what are the achievements of Achilles and Æneas, of Belial or Belzebub himself, to the exploits of the more than demi-gods, or demi-devils, I have to recount? And what, alas! can I do to glorify, or indeed to avoid disgracing my heroes — heroes of the pill, more fatal than the spear — chieftains of the powder, more unerring than that which wings the cannon-ball — potentates of the draught, more

certain in their effects than rivers of poisoned waters. How, my Friend, can I help disparaging, debasing these, without the aid of some celestial auxiliary? Oh what shall pale, poor, inefficient, prose do with so rich a subject! What even could the poetic prose of Ossian — he who despaired to relate the DEATHS of the people, and the deeds of mighty heroes — when Fingal burning in his wrath CONSUMED the sons of Lochlin — when he broke the echoing shields — when Ossian himself stood near his arm, — while Gaul lifted his terrible sword, Fergus bent his crooked yew; Fillan flung his lance through heaven, and Runa went on like a pillar of fire?

Ah! my Friend, if even he who sung the song of Fingal thus despaired to relate the *deaths* of the *people*, how am I — frail, unenlightened, unfavoured mortal! — to record the *lives* of the multitude *saved* from death by heroes of far greater might than any of the fore named — or than Oscar pride of youth, Trenmor the first of men, or Trathall the *father* of heroes.

What are these, or any I have yet enumerated, to those which I should record? What

was Ossian, wounder and killer of men, to * the balsamic, balmy Healer of his fellow-creatures? What Runa, who went on like a pillar of fire, to Lamert, from before whom scurvy, palsy, dropsy, ague, asthma, rheumatism, and gout, fly at the word of command? — What Fillan, who flung his lance through heaven, desolating like the lightning all in his path, to him whose cordial balsam of honey is unparalleled in the annals of medicine? or what the terrible sword of dark-brow'd Gaul to that blazing son of THE Sun, whose “† Solar Tincture,” and pabulum

* First of mortals, in his *more* than mortal power of curing disorders in every part of the human frame — more especially in totally subduing head-ache, lowness of spirits, alarming dreams, mental agitations, approaching insanity, indigestion, loss of appetite, bilious complaints, rheumatism, jaundice, slow, putrid, and malignant fevers, declines, consumptions, flatulencies, spasms, heart-burns, cholics, costiveness, &c. Paralytic and apoplectic affections, startings, fainting fits, palpitations, and other incontrovertible proofs of the derangement of the nervous system, which, in all cases, either of debility or relaxation, it braces and restores to its proper tone, — also persons afflicted with *deafness*, *blindness*, or *other causes*.

† The Solar Tincture combines the essential and occult virtues of all scorbutic vegetables, ready digested, concocted,

of nature, is as grateful to the internal organs of the human frame, as the solar rays even of the blessed sun itself are chearing to the external? — Or what, my Friend, is Swaran in his wrath, to the peaceful and benevolent Pretermortal, who lays low, with a restorative drop, the diseases, more fell than the lance of Swaran, and which have been “ever considered by the Faculty as the “opprobrium medici.” Hail, Antiscorbutic Chief, and thy life-preserving * drops!

purified, and resolved into an elegant balsamic essence, pleasing to the taste, and grateful to the stomach. It flies immediately to the *heart*, whether internally or externally applied, blends and assimilates with the venal and arterial blood, which it generates, corrects, warms, purifies, animates, and impels through the whole system. It cleanses all the viscera, and glandular parts, particularly the lungs and kidneys; stimulates the fibres, whereby the gastric juice and digestion are promoted; dissolves viscid humours, and expels infection. It exerts very considerable effects on the whole nervous system, sensibly raises the pulse, strengthens the solids, and invigorates the animal spirits. It penetrates into the most intimate parts of hidden nature, opens the mouths of the minuter vessels, restores the natural perspiration, and promotes all the fluid secretions; and is, in short, *more than a match for disease and death!*

* Long and attentive practice, great and unexampled success, first induced the proprietor of this medicine to pub-

I dispute not the prowess of Fingal, and of his fellow-warriors in the fields of honour and of death. — I allow that the terrible armies of those renowned heroes came down, as roaring, vast, and terrible on Lena's echoing heath; as a hundred winds on Morven; as the streams of a hundred hills; as clouds fly successively over heaven; and as the dark ocean assails the shore of the desert. In consequence of all which I scruple not to believe, that the *groan* of the people spread over the hills, that it was like the thunder of night when the cloud bursts on Conna, and that a thousand ghosts shrieked at once on the hollow wind. I can even believe that

lish it to the world; thirty years establishment has only served to increase the character, and enhance the value, of these powerful, though innocent, alterative drops, in the cure of the scurvy, gout, and rheumatism, diseases ever considered, by the faculty, as the opprobrium medici.

Various cures, of the most extraordinary nature, have been daily and continually published to the world, and hundreds, yet unpublished, might be produced were it necessary to add farther conviction of their already *unequalled*, *unsullied*, reputation. — O Death! where now, indeed, is thy sting? that is the question. Let the conquerors, whom I have enumerated, answer it to thy confusion.

in such an hour — if such an hour ever happened in the course of time — Fingal rushed on in his strength, terrible as the spirit of Tremor, when, in a whirlwind, he comes to Morven, to see the children of his pride.

Yet, what is all this but a song of carnage — what but a history of desolation and death? In effect what is war but a dire theatre for these? and what its warriors but the bloody instruments? Far otherwise, the peace-crowned heroes of Hygeia; and were I as beloved of the sacred Nine as Ossian, I should expect on this occasion the inspiration of her who came with her songs from the hill, like the bow of the showery Lena — even the maid of the voice of love, the white-armed daughter of Toscar: For what less beautiful, less gentle, is worthy to sing the prowess of those, who, whether from the * land of stran-

* We are assured by one of these that his essay on his own "Drops" *must* afford the most ample satisfaction to all who peruse it; and that his "List of authenticated cures, in the last most dreadful stages of fevers, when every assistance seemed useless, will be read with pleasure by every true philanthropist." — And, for that earth-treading star,

gers or Briton-born, are “ calm as the evening beam that looks from the cloud of the West, on Cona’s silent vale, even when extirpating the most tremendous disorders.”

All unsupported as I am, by muse, or harp, or lyre, what a goodly display have I to make of the heroes of health ! Lo, they assemble on the plains, on the hills, in the cities, and in the smallest villages of this medicine-defended isle. It is true, they go forth prepared for battle — but not to spread, like Fingal, the *groan* of

Dr. Hocus Pocus, his generous soul, has, upon the testimony of *ten thousand* ulcerated patients, cured them of their dreadful disorders without either ointment or plaister. — It is presumed, as this Doctor does not state his method, it must be by *singing* or *whistling* away the sores, something like — Presto pass, be gone. He also cures — we have his own words for it, and we believe he is the only person in the secret — vain fears, alarming dreams, agitation of mind, sometimes approaching to insanity, dizziness and buzzing noise in the head, blindness proceeding often from the optic nerves, loss of memory, depraved appetite, and bad digestion, with other disorders of the stomach and intestines, relaxed habits from long residence in hot climates, weaknesses occasioned by miscarriage or difficult labours, and by the imtemperate indulgence of the sweetest pleasures, palpitations of the heart, spasms, and palsies. to a DEAD certainty.”

the people over the mountains, nor like him to listen or to *create* the *shrieks* of a thousand ghosts on the wind. Ah, no ! they muster and march to *silence* those who shriek, and bid the voice of the groaner **BE HEARD NO MORE !** Led on by their unrivalled and indefatigable General, who, himself an host, putteth indigestion, and coughs, and colds, and consumptions, and impurities, and debility, and destiny itself under his feet — a myriad of colleagues under his banner obtain a complete victory over the grave ; and, assisted by the solar re-animator, can from sudden death restore to life. Why do the troops, of which I here speak, arm ? for the preservation of mankind. Why do all other troops ? for its destruction. What are the weapons of the latter ? *sword, spear, lance, bullet, and bayonet*. What of the former ? innumerable *panaceas, lenitives, and never-failing anodynes*.

Let me conjure you, my Friend, to enter yet more profoundly into the comparison. Imagine you behold the friends of mankind (injuriously called Quack Doctors) drawn up rank and file against its numerous foes. Think you see each

medical hero at the head of his company, and destined to attack some particular detachment of the enemy with appropriate weapons — place yourself so as to make a grand review of the whole empirical army — survey them for a moment while they rest upon their arms — examine those arms : no steel, no iron, no flint, no fire. They fight, * blameless and bloodless men, only with balms, balsams, essences, honies, and oils — no harsher instruments than these are employed against the fiercest enemies of human life.

Next suppose you see the troops engaged, but fighting in divisions — some contending with coughs, asthmas, and consumptions — a numerous train of sworn foes to man's feeble race.

* On the flag or colours of the medical army are painted these cheering words — the “Balsamic Elixir,” of which the inventor *asserts*, too much cannot be said, as it is the most extraordinary and beneficial discovery ever made in medicine. Thrice hail, sublime discoverer! — But to the motto on the medical colours,

“*Health to the diseased and comfort to the HOPELESS.*”

“Let those hope now who never hop'd before.”

But presently the fight grows general. Here Capt. Broad drowns rheumatism in a single pint of his compound ; and dropsy is drenched in his own swoln troubled waters, or gets a good ducking for the inconsiderable reward of half a crown. — Gout, fever, and bile, cannot long hold it out against the botanical syrup of the immortal Commander in Chief, because it sets at defiance “ *all the disorders to which the human body is subject,*” particularly that triple-headed hydra, “ *scurvy, leprosy, and scrophula.*” A detachment of light troops are marched with no less success against the corns of my countrymen ; while my fair country-women are defended by a corps-de-reserve from certain annoyers of their lovely frames, more especially by the Solar Hero *, paragon of all wisdom and science

* This great man does not altogether depend on his interest with the sun ; but in delicate cases, where the ladies are concerned, his influence with the softer planet, as one more appropriate, is exerted *with no less success*. For his fair patients, therefore, he has a *lunar tincture* — a medicine peculiarly adapted to *all* their complaints, and a certain cure in each — so, that if after this invitation to health, a

— both a college and a Sorbonne in himself —
 who, no less delicate in delicate cases than the
 delicate Solar Hero, has most profound things of
 high and mysterious import to whisper chastely
 in the ear of the fair,

A WORD TO THE WISE,

lady resolves to be sick, it will not be the fault of the delicate Doctor; who farther asserts, and with as much nicety of expression, as the *honest coarseness* of the vulgar English tongue will allow, that his lunar tincture, in its renovating quality and action on the blood, participates much of the solar; but there are circumstances attending the bodily conformation and temperature of females, very opposite and distinct from those of the males, which require, in the different periods and situations of their lives, the nicest and most critical aid to fulfil in them the *primary ordination of the Creator*.

To commit in detail to the vulgar eye, an enumeration of those particular cases, or to show how admirably the Lunar Tincture is adapted to them, would be extremely improper. For this reason, an Essay on the Diseases of Women, through every stage of their lives, as well in marriage as in celibacy, is sealed up, and given with each bottle, by the way of *sug.*

There's a delicate, and considerate, and confidential Practitioner for you, Ladies — favoured both by sun and moon — and you his stars.

in order to "complete the original design of the All-wise and Omnipotent Author of the Universe."

From all this, my dear Baron, you will perceive that, whether sick or well, sorrowful or merry, this is the country to come to.

LETTER VI.

*Cromer.*

ONE would think it no easy matter to surpass the achievements of these illustrious sages and heroes ; but I am just returned to my lodgings from hearing of the wonders of the *acromatic belt* ; of which, that you may be the more awfully impressed with its transcendent virtues, I shall send you a printed card with all its sublime insignia — its polar magnetometer, dipping magnetometer, centrifugal, and centripetal globes ; the globular heart, as it flies from the belt to the earth, and from the earth to the belt, which the said card so attractively represents ; scarcely more to the honour of the grand belt-maker himself, than to the ingenious engraver thereof, Mr. SPELMAN, who, was not

only a witness of the wonderful effects, but recovered the use of his *dead* arm by the application of the said belt; compared with which, the club of Hercules, the wand of Prospero, the cestus of Love, and the girdle of Venus herself, were mere **playthings** for children. — This phenomenon has performed the tour of the universe, but not on the narrow system of Banks, Solander, or even Anson, to fill the gaping mouth of curiosity, or gratify the eye by a fresh importation of useless weeds, cockle-shells, or a sight of savages and wild beasts, or with the history of desert islands; far nobler aims — to gird and belt up every invalid of every country into perfect health — and which is, or ought to be termed the magic girdle of Hygeia. Disease is afraid to look upon it, and Death himself keeps his distance. O what miracles has it not recently done in this favoured country — yea, even in this little town, where it is my good fortune to become its faithful historian! Yet, such is the still increasing demand for its use in this happy island, that a single morning only can be spared by the hea-

ven-favoured inventor, to cure a large city; and not more than one short hour to a town or village. A remarkable instance of indulgence, however, was lately granted to the neighbouring town of Holt, and that upon the day of its fair. Then, indeed, the proprietor of this invaluable girdle treated the public — perhaps by way of fairing — with *ten extra minutes*, — minutes worth ages of vulgar time! — minutes, in which were worked such wonders as have left in every house, cot, hut, stall, stable and sty, the never-to-be-forgotten name of the inventor, whose philanthropy extends to all animal life, and cures beast, bird, and fish as well — quite as well as man. The generosity of the extra ten minutes is a story worth sending from pole to pole — the allotted time previous to this bountiful extension being expired, he thus pathetically addressed the multitude: — first placing his watch in the centre of the carriage, not as a memento of death, in the usual way, but of life triumphant over the monster; and his carriage served not only as a magazine of medicine, but his

rostrum of eloquence, in which he stood, like another Hector, armed at all points to wound and kill every foe of human kind — “ My beloved friends and fellow-creatures, I have, beyond what I ought, remained with you, and given you every opportunity to equip yourselves with my invaluable belts ; a few, however, are in hand ; and as I see some amongst you are discontented, and look with jealous regard on those who have been fortunate enough to become purchasers before you arrived, I am resolved to sacrifice ten minutes more to make you as rich as your neighbours — for which indulgence, I shall add only a single half-crown on each belt, merely to make up the loss of time in other places.”

He now paused, and examining the croud, went on — “ You, good woman, (pointing to a female), I perceive, have strong symptoms of a dropsy — lose not a moment in belting. You, honest farmer,” directing his eye to a man, “ are troubled with the gravel — I know you are — belt then ; and you, goody, (to an aged woman) have a difficulty that shall be nameless, — this

belt, under God, will confer almost immediate relief—and as for that poor emaciated figure in the corner, one of my girdles, even this slender one, gently fastened round his middle, will, in a week's wearing, make him quite another creature. In a word, ye who are sick—*buy and be well*—that is my maxim—*buy and be well*,—but let not the precious minutes escape—behold! two of them are gone even while I have been speaking. No more then—but to business; you know your diseases, so do I—behold your remedies.”

The effects of this eloquent appeal, at the close of which he held the magic girdles at arms length, was almost incredible—but what cannot faith and physic, even *without* the aid of magic—but with it, what are rashly called impossibilities become possibilities. In this case, the persons who had not before possessed themselves of the inestimable belts, bought them up with an eager speed, that demonstrated each jealous for even PRIORITY of possession—“*buy and be well*” seemed to be the resistless impulse communicated from one to another that carried every

hand first into the pocket, and then outstretched to grasp the treasure. And now three belts — three belts alone were left, equal to the extermination of three thousand disorders; when lo! time pointed his envious finger at the *tenth minute!* The grand magician hastened to put the three girdles into the seat of his chaise — they already shone, as if conscious of their power, in his enchanted hand. The attendant was ordered to put the bridles into the mouths of the caparison'd steeds, who stood pawing the earth as if they too were conscious of the mighty feats they had performed, and the treasures they had borne. The magician made his bow — in that instant, two persons — happy mortals — who had been in deep consultation with each other, hustled through the croud, and precipitating themselves before him and his horses, with uplifted palms, supplicated him to make time go back a little, that they might become owners of two of the remaining belts. — “We are, ourselves, thank heaven! in health, Sir,” exclaimed one of the supplicants, “but our wives are sick in bed; and as neither we nor their doctors, nor indeed

they themselves, seem to know what is the matter with them, mayhap, an please your goodness ——” — “ You are right, friend,” interposed the magician, governing his steeds, “ I know what you would say. — Here, fold up both the women in these belts, and if they are not cured of all their maladies, claim a hundred fold of the insignificant sum you are now to pay when I return into Norfolk.” The farmers, for such they were, touched with his liberality, paid for and seized the girdles with a thousand thanks. The third and last belt was bought up by a sagacious personage on *speculation*. “ It will be wisdom,” said he gravely, “ to have a belt by one against the time some one of my family should be taken with an otherwise mortal disorder, seeing it is equally good for every ailment.” In which indeed, he advanced no more than the truth. “ I wish,” continued the last purchaser, “ I had another ; because if I had *two*, and your doctorship should not come again, why, my spare belt would be a fortune.” — “ It would so,” answered the magic doctor ; “ and as the belt-box for Yarmouth is sacred to that place, and ‘ can

on no account be opened elsewhere, I am resolved to let you have my own, even this, which has preserved my own body from the contagion of a myriad of diseases, from which, in my travels, I have defended others : There, friend ! and now your fortune is indeed made — farewell, for you cannot fare ill.” Here the charioteer smacked his whip, and, amidst the loudest acclamations of the populace, drove off at full speed to Yarmouth, where the performance of his new miracles are to begin to-morrow morning ; and when Disease’s Augean stable is cleansed there, he is to sally forth, to encounter and to vanquish the distempers of Suffolk, Cambridge-shire, and Huntingdonshire ; so that, I do not expect to hear of, or see, so much as a cough or headach during the remainder of my circuit. In the mean time, you will join me in homage sincere as my own to the magic girdle !

But the marvellous exploits of this race of patrio-medico heroes stop not even here. They are numerous beyond numbering, insomuch that a distemper stands no sort of chance to elude their vigilance — and when I repeat that

we are honoured with at least a dozen doctors to a disease, you will be much surprized that there are still some hundreds of hospitals, and you will be yet more astonished that death has not entirely left the island for want of employment. On the contrary, it must be owned that his passing bells are still *too* frequently tolling in our ears, graves opening at our feet, and sights of decay and dissolution infesting our eyes. But you may depend upon it, this is owing to the perversity of those who refuse the offered *preparatives, preventatives, and restoratives*, which solicit their attention, and almost their acceptance—and emblazoning every wall from the ground floor to the attic, which seem to cry out to all passengers, in the words of the last mentioned philanthropical binder and belter—

“BUY ME AND BE WELL.”

Were it not for a determined obstinacy of this kind, my good Baron, how could sickness, or the king of terrors, as death *used* to be called, prevail or triumph in any part of Great Britain? Surely, I have already mentioned remedies

enough to heal a whole kingdom of Lazaruses : but lest any subtle malady should resist *their* influence, I will, in close of this letter, make an additional list of medical *infallibilities* which are so cheap, and so easy of attainment, that if, after the publication thereof in this *collected* and concentrated point of view, any person or thing whatever shall presume to sicken, much less to die, it must be from a most obstinate and incorrigible prejudice against one or other of the never-erring specifics hereafter to be mentioned.

At the same time, do not imagine I am insensible to the claims of other countries, which have to boast their medical miracle-workers. By no means. Due credit should be given *en passant* to the quacks of Germany and France. Amongst the former, I remember to have encountered, while on the Continent, one mighty man—in truth, a medical Atlas, who offered to carry the diseases of the world upon his shoulders; and all by means of a nostrum of sovereign use from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, being, as he himself, *viva*

vace, protested, equally good for all the members that compose the human machine, and adapted to the different periods of the day, and seasons of the year. His pill, taken in the morning fasting, cleared the fumes of the night and fortified the stomach for the day; swallowed an hour before dinner, it increased appetite; gulped down in a few minutes after, it promoted digestion; in the evening, it produced an easy supper; and at night, you had but to add two more to ensure a composed rest. This grand specific was moreover approved by thirty-two physicians; and though not one of them signed their names thereto, the patients themselves attested the cures in so many disorders to be so absolute, that had the said thirty and two professors denied its virtue in any one instance, the multitude of valetudinarians who declared themselves convalescent would establish the nostrum. A few of the specific qualities of this grand panacea, literally copied from the bill, are as follows:

“ This blessing, granted by Providence to the sons of men, and appointed to be prepared by

the proprietor and vender, for the service of his fellow-creatures in general, and of his countrymen the Germanic *body* in particular, is —

Good for the teeth — renovating the decayed !

Good for the breath — cleansing the foul !

Good for the scurvy — sweetening the blood !

Good for gout and rheumatism — curing both !

Good for melancholy — creating mirth !

Good for the bile — expelling it in an hour !

Good for a cough — curing it at once !

Good for pains in the loins — giving instant ease !

Good for irregular ladies — giving them all they want !

And *good* for the pest — fairly driving it out of the country !”

I must own, I was, for some time disposed to discredit the universality of this sublime medicine, and in despite of its pretensions treated it as a piece of mere German quackery: I was, indeed, rash enough to conclude that as it affected to be *good* for *every thing*, it was, in fact, *good* for *nothing*. Happening, however, to converse with a learned friend, about a year after, on this sub-

ject, he completely settled my faith as to this medical miracle of Austria, by recounting a yet greater miracle in France; and I have not the least doubt, my dear Baron, but that you will have as little difficulty in giving credit to the one as to the other.

A French quack standing on the Pont-neuf, was boasting of the powerful effects of his pills or powders, which were sufficient to cure every disorder; then he exclaimed in a persuasive tone — “Cassez vous les bras, cassez vous les jambes, ça m'est égal; voilà mon baume*.”

Among modern empirics, says an ingenious essayist, *Mesmer* justly claims the palm. He commenced his career at Vienna, where he established a cabinet of natural curiosities, laboured secretly in his laboratory, and acquired the reputation of being an alchymist; at length he burst from his concealment, like the sun breaking through a cloud, and dazzled the in-

* Break your arms, break your legs, 'tis the same thing. Behold my balm!

intellectual vision of the admiring throng by his wonder-working "animal magnetism." From Germany he travelled into France, and made his *entré* with the most flattering success in Paris, notwithstanding four philosophers were appointed by the French government to investigate his art. Nor was medical adventure on the continent confined to Mesmer; for we are told, that the Count of St. Germain made a splendid fortune by the sale of his "*Téa for prolonging life*." A chevalier of France was enabled to purchase a whole *county* by the profits arising from the sale of a powder for the benefit of his fellow-creatures; and another sold his "balm of life" at an exorbitant price; and well he might, when he swore "it had enabled him to attain the age of two hundred years!"

The "SPECTATOR," the title of our great periodical moral work, which is so justly the pride of the English nation, and which has been so widely diffused into every other of polished Europe, was no less a friend than I am, and indeed, than the great majority of mankind are, of the sublime artists under consideration, who

sell health a bargain to the buyer — the Machaon and Jassiss who, like those of Homer and Virgil, make at least as much haycock among their enemies as among their friends.

The favourable sentiments of the above named illustrious moralist are highly in point, and worthy transcription in this place. — Accept them, therefore, in the following Note :

NOTE.

“ There is scarce a city in *Great Britain* but has one of this tribe, who takes it into his protection, and on the market-day harangues the good people of the place with aphorisms and receipts. You may depend upon it, he comes not there for his own private interest, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of these public-spirited artists at *Hammersmith*, who told his audience that “ he had “ been born and bred there ; and that having a special regard for the place of his nativity he was determined to “ make a present of five shillings to as many as would accept “ of it.” The whole croud stood agape, and ready to take the Doctor at his word ; when putting his hand into a long bag, as every one was expecting his crown-piece, he drew out a handful of little packets, each of which, he informed the spectators, was constantly sold at five shillings and sixpence, but that he would bate the odd five shillings to every

inhabitant of that place : The whole assembly immediately closed with this generous offer, and took off all his physic, after the Doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no foreigners among them, but that they were all Hammersmith men.

These workers of physical miracles have invented elixirs of all sorts, pills and lozenges, and take it as an affront if you come to them before you are given over by every body else.

I lately dropt, continues our moralist, into a coffee-house at Westminster, where I found the room hung round with ornaments of this nature. There were elixirs, tinctures, the *anodyne fatus English* pills, electuaries, and in short, more remedies than I believe there are diseases. At the sight of so many inventions, I could not but imagine myself in a kind of arsenal or magazine, where store of arms was deposited against any sudden invasion. Should you be attacked by the enemy side-ways, here was an infallible piece of defensive armour to cure the pleurisy : Should a distemper beat up your head-quarters, here you might purchase an impenetrable helmet, or in the language of the artist, a cephalic tincture : If your main-body be assaulted, here are various kinds of armour in case of various onsets. I congratulate the present age upon the happiness men may reasonably hope for in life, when death is thus in a manner defeated ; and when pain itself is of so short a duration, that it but just serves to enhance the value of pleasure."

Supplementary to the above, let me present you with the following true history of one of the very greatest of my great men — the sublimated Dr. *****.

LETTER VII.

DR. *****.

THE above-mentioned personage, as rumour has dared to report, was once of a menial employment ; in which, being born for higher things, his failing was an inevitable consequence, nor is it to be wondered at that in his charge of a small grammar school he succeeded as little. Rules of grammar are, you know, vile trammels upon a mind above all rule : In due time he struck into a more congenial profession — namely, a fortune-teller ; and finding his genius herein was consulted, he soon mellowed into a conjurer ; but this was only a step in the grand ladder it was predestined he should ascend ; he soon communicated with the spirits of *air*, got upon the best terms with the stars,

and thus sublimated into an astrologer. And here he paused a while — for you see, without totally leaving the earth, he could go no higher ; yet, for a considerable time, though he consulted the heavens, drew signs on the earth, permitted the prophets beard to envelope his chin, and summoned all the exterior signs of wisdom and prescience into his countenance, which a few visitors surveyed with a kind of awe ; that daily bread which even the sky-aspiring astrologers must condescend to eat, was, as yet, hardly obtained. But his time was not come — the hour had not arrived when to daily bread, he could add daily meat, and the richest wine to give it zest into the bargain. The progress of physic like that of alchymy, is slow. In due time Dr. ***** became a proficient in both.

Accident, or more probably, the sudden inspiration of his prophetic spirit, conveyed him into a bookseller's shop, where it was fated for him to see a few leaves of the work of old Culpepper — casting his eye upon a receipt for the ague, he borrowed the book — found out that

physic was better than prophecy, and turned *ague-doctor*.

This receipt, though nothing more than a preparation of *carduus benedictus* and black pepper, soon transmuted paper into gold, and soon became the panacea or universal remedy ; and, if punning upon the name were allowed, the sequel might be said to prove how well he *culled* the pepper, for with the pepper dose, he had the good fortune to cure some cases of the ague, and at the same time he cured himself of poverty.

And now the multitude began to flock about him — and seeing this the line whereby to live, he boldly diploma'd *himself* Doctor — giving it out that, by his knowledge of astronomy — for he still dealt with the stars — he could know the disease of every person, and all its symptoms only by their sending to him a little of what every patient had more than *a little* to spare.

The decoction was at first his nostrum — but as crowds soon brought to him from far and near what he required, he found it necessary,

for so great a variety of diseases, somewhat to vary his remedy. What was to be done? Ignorance is not vice, and a wish to be wiser is virtue — but as yet he knew not magnesia from chalk, or rhubarb from jalap.

Emboldened by success, he could meet no impediment — he therefore took the train of symptoms which his astrology discovered in the phial to the shop of a neighbouring apothecary, and begged of the apprentice — a youth of common gallipot-knowledge, but shrewd — to give him something good for the disease, desiring this unshaven tyro of the healing art to take care that it should “do no harm” — a caution worthy of imitation. The youth with serious brow took the hint, and delivered to this *now* infallible doctor a bottle of water duly disguised by tincture of saffron, or some other colouring ingredient, assuring him that this was the best remedy for the malady. The physician feed the apothecary, paid his *two* or *three* shillings — took it home and sold it for *seven* or *eight* — and strange to tell — *being given from his hand it never failed to cure* — such is the wonderful

effects of the imagination upon the mind — and indeed body too. Had it been administered by a regular physician it had been, as indeed it chiefly was, mere water — but tendered by Dr. ***** , who had miraculously found out every symptom by a single peep at a certain fluid, whether that fluid came from the *patient*, a *stranger*, a pig, a cat, or a cow — it was an *infallible specific* ! It was every thing — and the patient was restored. Most glorious Doctor ***** !

The Doctor had too much wisdom, however, to depend wholly on the astrological signs and wonders — notwithstanding the revenue it drew from the admiring crouds. He relied yet more on a neighbouring innkeeper, in whose house the people were kept for hours in attendance, while the Doctor served *those who had been "long waiting."* — This mortal landlord was a better friend than any which our doctor could boast of in the skies ; for he kept the patients in conversation, and extolled the wonderful powers of the mighty ***** , as if he were indeed a heaven-descended prophet-physician —

he usually heard the diseases of the friends whose phials they had brought, and, agreeable to the compact between host and doctor, took care to convey the intelligence to the latter—who always struck them with surprize on holding up the bottle, which he did in awful and imposing silence—then, with his eye intent upon it, immediately describing the malady to the mute astonishment of the auditors, who not only astonished the sick persons, but almost wished themselves to be sick that they might be cured by the wonder of the world.

Soon this wonder opened an apothecary's shop and prepared his own remedies—attended the neighbouring markets—cured every body—killed nobody, that ever accused him of their death.

In a short time he *rented a small house*—quickly afterwards he *bought a large one*—he then set up his carriage, and in a very few years became astrologer, prophet, physician, and a man of property.—He yet lives, continuing to do as much good as usual.

LETTER VIII.

Cromer.

NOTWITHSTANDING these incontrovertible facts, attested by so many witnesses, and every witness a man, woman, or child completely *cured* of a disease, before deemed *incurable*, there remain to this day a multitude of incurable unbelievers, who insist—it is much to be lamented that in this enlightened age the attention of the public should still continue to be turned towards specifics, when it is well known, that the same disease not unfrequently proceeds from a variety of causes; and therefore, properly speaking, *no specific remedy can exist*. What reason can we assign then for the

astonishing, and still increasing demand for quack medicines and quack books? Whence is it, that quack medicines and quack books are to be found, not merely among the lower classes of society, but in respectable families, and almost in every house? Is it, that they have a higher opinion of such medicines and of such books than of the judgments, the skill, the extensive experience, of men devoted to the science? of men, who have been regularly bred, and who are in the daily habit of distinguishing disease? No, certainly it is not. But I leave this important question to be answered by writers on political economy, and in the mean time anxiously caution the unwary of being • misled by those who have obtained the king's letters patent.

I repeat, dear Baron, that I have read all these sorts of arguments, and heard a great many more; but a simple question addressed to myriads of lame, and blind, and sick, and sorrowful — amongst all ranks and orders of man and woman kind — *are you cured or not?* answered by the redoubtable monosyllable **YES**,

defeats all that *physic, philosophy, or reason*, with all their volumes, though they should be brought into court on the shoulders of their august professors can advance.

But, in the unreserved correspondence of bosom Friends, such as yours and mine, why should a man hesitate to confess an error of judgment—why, indeed, should he scruple to own such error, long since duly repented of, to the whole world? I know then, Baron, there has been a time—alas! the dark days, I ought to say the dark nights, of ignorance, when I was myself half inclined to become one of the incredulous upon this grand subject.—But then, I had been tampered with—I fell into company with a dogmatic, common-matter-of-fact reasoner, who called my medical oracles a pack of impostors,—“*albeit*,” quoth he, “you meet with their compounds in the columns of every newspaper; and although the testimonies they give of the innumerable cures they have performed, the infallible effects of their wonderful nostrums, and the astonishing cheapness of their potent drugs, tempt one to believe, they had

robbed time of his scythe, and snatched his death-dart from his hand. I am convinced that they are, if not more skilful, at least more successful, in the art of wounding than in healing; in accelerating rather than in retarding the scythe of time and the dart of death. If the empirics," cried he, persisting in his erroneous opinion, "do not know from the remark of one of the sages of antiquity, they at least find from modern practice, that, 'the people *love to be deceived*;' that they have a sort of natural propensity to the marvellous, and always prefer the difficult and incomprehensible nostrums of art, to the easy operations of nature, or the dictates of that knowledge 'which is not *puffed* up, and which vaunteth not itself,' as these medical boasters vaunt and puff.

"It must be confessed," continued he, "that, exterior splendor, and unabashed confidence will always have their influence with the vulgar, the timid and irresolute; and the quack who shall have *virtue* enough to deal out powder of post and other simples, is a less mischievous knave than the more subtle drug-monger, who deals

in more destructive compounds — but, believe me, Sir, they are all rogues more or less, and divide between them the three degrees of dishonesty — positive, comparative, or superlative, cheats.”

He then told me a story in the hope of confirming this, saying he had met with it by accident, and looked upon every syllable to be of more sterling use to society than the gold of Ophir — that he perused it by day and dreamt of it by night.

For my own part, I shall give no opinion; yet having got thus far into the topic, I think it but honest to make a copy of it for your perusal, to the end of enabling you to see all sides of the question.

“ In the island of Ceylon, in the Indian ocean, a number of invalids were assembled together, who were afflicted with most of the chronic diseases to which the human body is subject. In the midst of them sat several venerable figures, who amused them with encomiums upon some medicines, which they assured them would afford infallible relief in all cases. One boasted

of an elixir — another of a powder, brought from America — a third of a medicine, invented and prepared in Germany — all of which, they said, were certain antidotes to the gout — a fourth cried up a nostrum for the vapours — a fifth, drops for the gravel — a sixth, a balsam prepared from honey as a sovereign remedy for a consumption — a seventh, a pill for cutaneous eruptions — while an eighth cried down the whole, and extolled a mineral water which lay a few miles from the place where they were assembled. The credulous multitude partook eagerly of these medicines, but without any relief of their respective complaints. Several of those who made use of the German preparation, were hurried suddenly out of the world. Some said their medicines were adulterated — others that the doctors had mistaken their disorders — while most of them agreed that they were much worse than ever. While they were all, with one accord, giving vent in this manner to the transports of disappointment and vexation, a clap of thunder was heard over their heads.

“ Upon looking up, a light was seen in the sky. In the midst of this appeared the figure of something more than human — she was tall and comely — her skin was fair as the driven snow — a rosy hue tinged her cheeks — her flowing robes disclosed a shape which would have cast a shade upon the statue of Venus of Medicis. — In her right hand she held a bough of an evergreen — in her left hand she had a scroll of parchment — she descended slowly, and stood erect upon the earth — she fixed her eyes, which sparkled with life, upon the deluded and afflicted company — there was a mixture of pity and indignation in her countenance — she stretched forth her right arm, and, with a voice which was sweeter than melody itself, she addressed them in the following language :

“ Ye children of men, listen for a while to the
“ voice of instruction : ye seek health where
“ it is not to be found. The boasted specifics
“ you have been using have no virtues ; even
“ the persons who give them, labour under
“ many of the disorders they attempt to cure.
“ My name is Hygeia : I preside over the

“ health of mankind. Discard all your medi-
“ cines, and seek relief from temperance and
“ exercise alone. Every thing you see is ac-
“ tive around you : all the brute animals in
“ nature are active in their instinctive pursuits.
“ Inanimate nature is active too : air, fire,
“ and water — are always in motion. Unless
“ this were the case, they would soon be unfit
“ for the purposes they were designed to serve
“ in the economy of nature. Shun sloth ; this
“ unhinges all the springs of life — fly from
“ your diseases — they will not, they cannot,
“ pursue you.” Here she ended — she dropped
the parchment upon the earth — a cloud re-
ceived her, and she immediately ascended and
disappeared from their sight. A silence en-
sued, more expressive of approbation than the
loudest peals of applause. One of the throng ap-
proached with reverence to the spot where she
stood, took up the scroll and read the contents
of it to all nations. It contained directions to
them as to what they should do to recover
health. Soon after perusing this scroll the hy-
pochondriac and hysteric patients discharged

their boxes of assafoetida, and took a journey on horseback to distant and opposite ends of the island. The melancholic threw aside his gloomy systems of philosophy, and sent for a dancing-master. The studious man shut up his folios, and sought amusement from the sports of children. The leper threw away his mercurial pills, and swam every day in a neighbouring river. The consumptive man threw his balsam out of his window, and took a voyage to a distant country. After some months they all returned to the place where they were wont to assemble, perfectly satisfied. In a word, they all enjoyed a complete recovery of their health. They joined in offering sacrifices to Hygeia. Temples were erected to her memory; and she continues to this day to be worshipped by all the inhabitants of that island. Adieu."

P.S.—I will own, at the same time, that after my meeting with this allegory, the strength and simplicity of which was more hard to be got rid of, or digested — so protested the friend who told it me — than a thousand waggon loads of pills or powders, that to clear my doubts, I

entered upon a course of medical reading, as well of the regular as irregular professors; several of the most popular of whose works I borrowed of a friend; alas! and alas! they did but augment my perplexity, and give me experience of one more disease of which I had not, before I opened them, the least idea—I mean that epidemic distemper *caught from reading medical books*. You will not be surprized, therefore, to learn that I sent back the borrowed publications, and with them, my sentiments on their subjects; and you will forgive their being the *impromptu* of the moment, and in verse; I tried to rhyme and smile away my new disorder: for I thought it whimsical, while I was reading of the *cure* of a malady, to be infected with the most inveterate symptoms of that very disease; and it appeared to me still more absurd to perceive that as I proceeded to the description of another distemper, I caught that too; then I fell sick of a third—then found contagion in a fourth; though each was as opposite to the other as consumption to dropsy, or the ear-ach to a pain in the great toe. From the whole of which, I concluded,

and I believe, you will think, not unwisely, that *medical books should be read only by medical men* ; and that the less an unmedical person has to do with either, the better, unless they were like to the “ Infallible Guide to Old Age,” or to the inimitable, the never-dying, and never-suffering-to-die Doctor of Doctors, the author.

I'll not return the books you lent
Without a courteous compliment ;
Yet would I ne'er had seen 'em :
For tho' I give to each their merits,
They've play'd the devil with my spirits,
And frighten'd me between 'em !

From page the first to page the last,
O'er the poor body they have cast
Such loads of care and trouble :
Such aches and pains from head to foot,
With maladies of mind to boot,
Life seems *indeed* a bubble.

While cover'd o'er with bone and skin,
The motley things that hang within,
Lie snugly, nor alarm us :
When well wrapp'd up, indeed, for years
The strange machinery appears
In smooth array to charm us.

Neatly embox'd, the beauteous case,
Discovers each attractive grace,
And makes a goodly show ;
We gaze on lips, and teeth, and eyes,
And feel the kind emotions rise,
And passions softest glow.

But when we come more close to look
Into Dame Nature's mystic book,
Beyond the handsome cover ;
To peep at things behind the screen —
Ah ! what becomes of beauty's queen ?
And what of thee, O lover ?

That face so fair — that form so fine —
That bosom that you thought divine —
Conceals a pack of frights :
Fond Romeo would from Juliet start,
And cry — could he behold her heart —
“ Heaven shield me from such sights ! ”

And every one, alas ! of these
Is saddled with its own disease,
To stop our span of breath :
Sorrow, and joy, and love, and hate,
Are each, in its extreme, a fate,
And terminates in death.

Phthisic and hectic, gout, catarrh,
Famine, and pestilence, and war,
 With spasm and apoplexy ;
With here a bruise, and there a sore,
And your blue devils by the score,
 With nervous fiends to vex you.

With trifling losses by the by,
A leg, an arm, a tooth, an eye,
 Just to give man a hint,
Howe'er the love of life allure,
When grey-beards talk of death as sure,
 There's really something in't.

Then the long catalogue of ills,
Roll'd up in boluses and pills,
 Th' enormous train of *killing cures*,
That those fell human wolves and foxes,
Retail in vials and in boxes,
 The plagues that *quackery* procures.

In short, the feeble frames we bear,
So constantly demand repair,
 Now beat by wind, and now by weather ;
My wonder is not that frail man
Is made to last so *short* a span,
 But, that *he holds one hour together !*

In the midst of these insinuations I, luckily for my great men, read as follows —“ Quack medicines have generally the peculiar virtue of not only alleviating every pain to which man is subject in this transitory world, but also of conveying him to the regions of immortality.” Consequently, the quack doctors ought to obtain from his holiness the Pope the power of dispensing absolution; and thus act in the twofold capacity of physicians of the mind and body.

Putting these reflections together, I imperceptibly became more and more persuaded of the infallibility of these high and mighty powers I have so strongly, and as you must have noted, so seriously applauded and defended in a former letter. In the end I drew these inferences from a survey of the whole subject : *1st*, Health is too sacred and important a blessing to be sported with; *2dly*, The august body, opprobriously called Quacks, ought more than any set of men now in the world to be held up as its benefactors, heroes, and demi-gods; and if, by way of taking breath, I suspend the investi-

gation at *present*, it is but to reserve the collected strength of my mind, assisted by the muse for a series of heroic epistles, addressed to one or other of the grand empirics; and in which they shall be tried on their own systems, and examined by their own witnesses, to prove and ratify their pretensions!

In the mean time, defending these medical philanthropists from all scorers, you will join me in applauding the eulogy of an ingenious writer, who has said — So infallible are these medicines, as every attested case will prove, that it must be a matter of wonder to hear of any persons labouring under sickness in England: and so numerous are our *infallible* remedies, that the existence of disease is not only a wonder, but a *shame*; and I am surprized that our legislators, to whom the population of the kingdom must ever be an object of importance, should not enact a law, making it *criminal* for any man to have a bodily complaint beyond the number of minutes or hours necessary to reach the temple of Hygeia, or one or other of its high-priests. One would think, indeed, that

most people were enamoured of disease ; that there was something pleasant in a fever, something genteel in the gout, or something extremely *degagé* in an inflammation ; one would suppose that pain was pleasure, and that racking tortures and aches were the most desirable of earthly blessings. But if this be absurd, if it be both a sin and a shame for a man to carry about a voluntary intermitent, a welcome rheumatism, and a cherished asthma, what shall we think of that more obstinate species of human beings, who enjoy, with apparent glee, *incurable* disorders ; who pretend to have consulted physicians in vain — to have made the grand tour of the hospitals, and been at last turned out as incurable ; what shall we say to these — when it is notorious that they are the very persons for whom our benevolent doctors have made up their infallible nostrums ? One of two things must evidently be the case — either they hug their disorders as parts of themselves, or, which is least probable, they never look at a dead wall, or a newspaper, because either of these would shew them *certain* remedies : for it is

morally, or I should say *physically*, impossible that an *infallible medicine and an incurable disorder* can exist together in the same kingdom.

If, after this, any one should presume to doubt their all-curing qualities, or, still more hardy, affect to pity their ignorance, I shall intrepidly come forward in the words of rare Ben Johnson, and assert,

“ They are the only knowing men of *Europe* ;
Great gen’ral scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admir’d statesmen, profest favourites,
And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes ;
The only languag’d men of all the world !”

Of course what follows is poetical nonsense and defamation.

“ And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors,
Made all of terms and shreds ; no less belyers
Of great mens favours than their own vile med’cines ;
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths :
Selling that drug for two-pence ere they part,
Which they have valu’d at twelve-crowns before !”

To sum up their characters then, generally, we may consider them also as prophets—for many of them have the power of knowing the

name, nature, and seat, of disorders, without the vulgar aids either of seeing or hearing the patient ; and right-learnedly predict a disease, and *insist* on its cure, instinctively and intuitively. But, indeed, this art of medical divination likewise flourished about the time of the above author ; and its description by an old English bard, you will perceive, holds good to the present day :

“ 1st. Good Doctor Alcon, I am come to crave

Your counsel to advise me for my health ;

For I suppose, in troth, I am not well ;

Methinks I should be sick, yet cannot tell :

Something there is amiss that troubles me,

For which I would take physic willingly.

2d. Welcome, fair nymph ; come, let me try your pulse.

I cannot blame you, t' hold yourself not well.

Something amiss, quoth you ; here's all amiss !

The whole fabric of yourself distemper'd is ;

The *systole* and *diastole* of your pulse

Do shew your passions most *hysterical* ;

It seems you have not careful been

T'observe the *prophylactic* regimen

Of your own body ; so that we must now

Descend unto the *therapeutical*

That so we may prevent the *syndrome*
 Of symptoms, and may afterwards apply
 Some *analeptical alexipharmacum*,
 That may be proper for your malady.

It seems, fair nymph, you dream much in the night?

1st. Doctor, I do, indeed.

2d. I know you do.

You're troubled much with thought?

1st. I am indeed.

2d. I know you are.

You have great heaviness about your heart?

1st. Now truly so I have.

2d. I know you have,

You wake oft in the night?

1st. In troth I do.

2d. All this I know you do.

And this, unless by physic you prevent,
 Think whereto it may bring you in the end;
 And therefore you must first evacuate
 All those *colaxical* hot humours which
 Disturb your heart, and then refrigerate
 Your blood by some *menalchian* cordials,
 Which you must take, and you shall straight find ease,
 And in the morning I will visit you."

DANIEL'S Arcadia.

I remember reading this passage to the severe friend I have before mentioned, by the way of adding another laurel to the brows of my quack heroes ; and he attempted, as usual, to invalidate their claims by comparing this sublime gift of Vaticinatum to the insidious arts of gypsies and fortune-tellers, who first cajole their dupes out of their histories by indirect questions, or tampering with servants, and then very sagaciously return the information they have received, with an interlarding of pedantic phrases, which give to the intelligence an imposing air of wisdom and novelty.

LETTER IX.

AND now, my Friend, for the promised *list* to close this grand national subject, to the laud and praise of which I have so fully and feelingly subscribed.

Let us begin with the *tooth-ach*, for which, under God, an “unparalleled lozenge” has been found — a lozenge, which the happy finder avers — and who can doubt it — surpasses “*any thing ever known* ;” cures the most excruciating tooth-pangs, be they ever so violent, in a few minutes ; and has made an oath of the *utter* impossibility his “unrivalled lozenge” should ever fail. — Justice ! awful goddess ! calls upon me in this place to mention a grand specific restorative to prevent *any tooth-ach at all*. — “This exquisite powder has had the assistance of several physicians to analyse it, and their report is,

that its astonishing, though innocent virtues, are not to be equalled by any other ; in a word (say they) it is the only article to make and preserve teeth beautifully white, fasten those that are becoming loose, entirely eradicate the most obstinate scurvy and tooth-ach, and to a certainty, not only prevent decaying teeth from becoming worse, to extreme old age, but restore them by degrees to their pristine *soundness and delicacy*."

I take shame to myself for neglect of the EARS, for the diseases of which, inside and out, are "specific drops," working the most amazing cures, including the removal of deafness.

Now, who on earth, after reading this, will not assign to this grand restorative the palm, unless *he* should be deemed a competitor whose powder

" Albifies the teeth,

Dulcifies the voice,

Purifies the breath,

And gives an agreeable rubicundity to the visage."

From the teeth and face we may proceed to

the stomach, for which, thanked be heaven! another great man has absolutely the *most* restorative tincture *in the whole world*; and which not only invigorates *life*, but ENSURES it to an extreme and healthy old age!— This tincture is as infallible as the lozenge.

I beg pardon, however, of the sublime inventor of the “ *oyster salve* for the HAIR,” because this certainly ought to precede the *stomach*, and indeed to have taken the lead, in the order of anatomy, of the *teeth*. This salve, my dear Baron, is *warranted* to make the hair that is *on* the head defy fever, triumph over the extremes of heat and cold, and in a few months cover the most bald and barren old head with the most beautiful tresses of youth. O rare *oyster salve*! 'tis pity any of thy *gentle* race should ever have been “crossed in love!” as we are told by the highest poetical authority (Shakespear) they have.

It would be a sin against beauty not to place close by this, the “TRICOSIAN FLUID; the extraordinary virtues of which, are such as to render it superior to every other beneath the

sun, moon, and stars, for changing red or grey hair to *natural* and beautiful tints; from the most delicate flaxen to the *richest* brown or black; and such is its *permanency*, that neither the application of pomatum, brushes, nor even *washing*, will cause the least alteration in the colours, so that every particular hair is dyed in grain; its genial virtues are equally estimable, as it strengthens the weakest hair, prevents its falling off, and increases the growth to a degree of *luxuriance* that rivals every composition yet offered for similar purposes; and in short, surpasses nature herself, even till the goddess is jealous of the inventor! It is also fragrant in smell, easy in application, and may be used at any season of the year without danger of taking cold. By the use of this fluid, the public will be most happily preserved from the impositions they have so long experienced; and also freed from the use of those *pernicious compounds* * that

* It should be particularly noted that the principle of moral honesty is very nice in all the quack-tribe: each philanthropist cautiously guarding the public against the chicanery and imposture practised by the other.

destroy the hair they profess to beautify : for this composition, instead of rendering it harsh and disagreeable to the feel and view, bestows the most silky softness, while it changes grey hair to the most *splendid* and elegant flaxen, brown, or black, that ever adorned the tresses of youth.

“ In a word, to convince the public of the above assertions, any lady sending a lock of hair (*post paid*) sealed at the end which is cut from the head, shall, in the course of three days, have it returned (free of expence) changed to any colour shewn at the places of sale : such an unequivocal and liberal offer, the proprietor trusts, will convince more than all the panegyric words can bestow :” for which reason the Tricosian Doctor has, as you will perceive, modestly forbore to puff his preter-human fluid, as others have puffed !

Fain would I now go on with the catalogue to the relief of the other members ; but it would be a most flagrant want of gallantry not to make room, in this its place, for a something of sovereign use in certain cases to my fair country-

women, yea and to *yours*, my good Baron — to wit, a most “Incomparable DEPILATORY, for removing SUPERFLUOUS hairs” — “and such there are, from lovely lips or alabaster chins; and that such superfluities,” justly and pathetically observes the Extirpator, “are one of the greatest drawbacks from the delicacy and loveliness of the female face, is allowed by every class and description of men from the prince to the peasant. The coral lip, the ivory teeth, the dimpled cheek, the blooming complexion, the sparkling eye, the whole “set of features,” can never communicate to their possessor the power of pleasing, if shaded by the rough and and masculine appendants just mentioned. To expatiate further in favour of depilatories in general, would be useless. In praise of the above, which has long held a place at the toilet of almost every woman of fashion, but little need be said. The proprietor will therefore only observe, that it removes the hair in two minutes, without any pain or unpleasant sensation, and leaves the skin perfectly smooth, soft, and fair.”

I beseech you, my Friend, to be at no small

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pains, or indeed cost, to expand the knowledge and utility of this smoother and softner of complexions ; this appendage of the toilet ; this renovater of blooms and dimples : and, remember, that I devote myself to the service of the ladies abroad, who may happen to have any of these hairy superfluities, from a single bristle to a face like Esau's : and you have only to mention your list of bristles to receive depilatory eradicaters to any amount, assuring yourself I shall look upon myself as abundantly rewarded if I am the happy means, under my grand operator, of mowing the chin, or shaving the upper lip of but one bearded lady, so as to render her more amiable in the eyes of her lover, should he chance to be of Isaac's opinion in the Duenna :

“ A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,

“ But *I* only desire she mayn't have a BEARD !”

And now to return to the stomach, the vast importance of which, as connected with every movement in the human machine, remarks one of my great restorers “ cannot be too sedul-

ously studied by the physician, or too seriously considered by mankind in general, this organ being ‘the seat of life, disease, and recovery.’

“To that relish for sociableness” continues he, “which so highly characterizes the British nation, to the festive board and its alluring appendages, may commonly be traced that debility of the stomach which may be considered as the source of gout, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, gravel, jaundice, spasmodic affections, hæmorrhoids or piles, asthma, and nervous diseases, with all their melancholy train.

“It is no small consolation to know that these evils may be prevented or relieved by this admirable stomachic, which in a very extraordinary manner rouses the languid powers of the stomach into action, removes habitual costiveness, expels wind, and by its aperient quality carries off stagnate bile, or ill-digested food. How comfortable also to know, that to constitutions drooping at an early period of life, from habitual indulgences, this invigorating stomachic affords a safe and *certain* support.

“If taken the morning succeeding the free

use of the bottle, it *instantly* removes that languor and nausea which frequently follow the excesses of the table.—PRICE 5s. 5d.”

Good heaven ! what a miserable gratuity for the *absolute cure* of gout *, rheumatism, sciatica,

* But if infallibility *should* ever fail, as his Holiness the Pope once fell from his horse, it is said, and broke his leg ; should the sublime inventor of these cures, ever be found unable to master these disorders, the disappointed patient may depend upon a late-invented antarthritic tincture — O obstinate, ungovernable, rheumatism, art thou not ashamed to torture the flesh and bones as thou art wont ? Hear, and blush, how thy *arch* foe, our best friend, reasons upon thee :

“ Of all maladies affecting the human constitution, none in this variable climate is more general than the rheumatism. How grateful then to the sufferer must be the information, that for this disease, however *violent its attacks*, there exists, in “ Radcliff’s Antarthritic,” a remedy *instantaneous*. The efficacy of this tincture is not confined to rheumatic complaints, but it will, in cases of lumbago, spasms, bruises, sprains and chilblains, be found to operate *with the force and rapidity of a charm*. Its virtues are *so* potent, that it frequently restores the use of the limbs in paralytic affections, and it is of great service in the gout, when that disease attacks the stomach, or when the swelling is subsiding, in giving tone and strength to the debilitated part. What is here said, is *said in the spirit of truth* ; the virtues of the tincture have been proved by *thousands* of sufferers, and the cures which it has performed are attested by persons of the most respectable characters and unimpeachable veracity.”

lumbago, gravel, jaundice, spasmodic affections, hæmorrhoids, asthma, and nervous diseases! — not sufficient, indeed, to pay the advertisements, but what may not be expected from benevolence in union with science? My heart warms and bounds at the thought: and I charge you, by your love of human kind, to recommend the infallible, incomparable, aperient!

Descending in the system, we now come to various indescribable parts and morsels of human organization, which are not unfrequently, in these wicked days, considerably disturbed and out of order; and though, in these cases, perhaps, in a moral sense, it would be more orthodox to withhold any remedy whatsoever, let the punishment be considered as justly entailed on the crime; yet, as humanity and loving-kindness are the leading features of the illustrious race of Disease and Death-defying men, I cannot but notice the peculiar liberality and tender-heartedness which they have shewn to a certain disorder that proceeds from youthful indiscretion, or antiquated infirmity; and that neither youth or age, suffering in this way,

should be publicly disgraced. The worthy empirics, one and all, have *nem. con.* determined to treat the error of their patients with the utmost delicacy, and "secrecy is so precisely preserved that no person who consults a doctor can possibly be seen by any other;" and there is generally "a back door" and "a private bell." All which indulgencies are not intended as encouragements of vice, but done with a sincere hope, that mercy and pity will produce repentance: on which account, it is obvious, that the quacks, in this instance, are as great moralists as physicians. Acting on this virtuous principle, you will not therefore be surprized to understand, that every one of my Doctorial heroes has a specific for the complaint in question, which is removed "without loss of time, restraint in diet, or hindrance of business!" But the thrice renowned nostrum of one above the rest seems to insist on the palm of victory, over all his sage company on this occasion, as he "challenges the whole world to prove a single instance where his method of cure has failed of the desired effect."

In the next place we come, by a natural gradation, down to the FEET, for the various little and great ailments of which, we have numberless infallibles, but none so honourable, as the proprietor of that most excellent remedy the corn plaister, which has gained so much reputation in your country, and been gathering fame since its establishment in ours for upwards of half a century, “ in the whole course of which it has never once failed to eradicate, root and branch, those horny excrescences that presume to grow on the toes of ladies and gentlemen — and if one wreck of a corn ever afterwards dares to become troublesome, the honest proprietor engages to *return the money*, wherever said proprietor may be found.

Philanthropy forbend I should forget in this general survey, to mark in the list, with particular lustre of recommendation one more *universal* specific, those nostrums of nostrums the *reanimating pills*, which are really so excellent that if taken regularly into the system cannot but prove a sovereign remedy for *all* nervous

disorders, muscular debility and vascular relaxation.

“ To those afflicted with *any of the infirmities of nature*, and desirous of health, vigour and *long life*, these pills are *conscientiously* recommended. A list of those who have happily experienced their wonderful effects, would fill a *folio volume*. Thousands are now the living and grateful witnesses of their value, and ‘ *ages yet unborn* shall bless the remedy.’ Without the empty boast of empirical vanity,”— how modest ! “ but arguing on principles that cannot be denied, and on facts abundantly proved, the proprietor will venture to say, that no one will *ever* take this grand pabulum of nature without finding an *immediate relief* and a *speedy cure*. The long train of direful diseases which harass the aged and the delicate, the sedentary and the studious, the bacchanalian and the voluptuary, fly before its irresistible power. The cold and tremulous nerves will be warmed and steadied ; the fibres will be braced ; the muscles will be invigorated, the sinews will be strengthened ; the emaciated

limbs will be covered with firm flesh ; the impoverished blood will be enriched ; the watery fluids will become balsamic ; the languid circulation will be roused ; the enfeebled pulse will be quickened ; the animal spirits will be revived ; the organs of digestion will be assisted ; the tone and elasticity of the system will be restored ; *and the whole constitution will be regenerated.* In short, all the aid that the vegetable, the animal, and the mineral kingdoms can afford, or the utmost art of man can yield, will be found in these restorative and reanimating pills *."

* The *Spectator* has taken notice of a person who, in his time, amongst other strange maladies, undertook to cure, and no doubt did cure, " Long sea-voyages and campaigns." And the *adventurer* informs us, " that the minister, the overseer, and the churchwarden of a parish in Kent, after setting forth the misery of a young man who was afflicted with a rupture, proceed to address the public in the following terms :

" His friends applied to several gentlemen for a cure ; but all proved ineffectual, and wore a truss, till we sent him to Mr. Woodward, at the King's Arms, near Half-moon-street, Piccadilly."

It hence appears, not only that this unfortunate young man was cured, but that several gentlemen, in the zeal of

My dear Friend, what after this that is salutary, or sublime, in art or nature, in physics or philosophics, in this island, or in any other, in the great globe itself, can be said or sung? — truly nothing.

This divine inventor, I likewise read aloud to the cavilling friend so disposed to dispute the pretensions of my imperial empirics, — and, I



their compassion actually wore a truss for him ; and that, nevertheless, he would have continued to languish in great misery if they had not at last sent him to Mr. Woodward. I cannot help, therefore, but agree with the ingenious recorder of the above extraordinary cure, that the good which would flow in a thousand streams to the community from these empiric fountains of health, beauty, and vigour, (since almost every noble family in the kingdom continue to declare they have received benefits of invigoration, cleanliness, or beauty) are much intercepted in their progress, by the envy and folly of persons who have crouded our towns and cities with building and endowing hospitals, where many practitioners have declared diseases are not cured but rendered incurable ; where a cancer, or gangrene, for instance, produces the amputation of a limb, though a cure for the cancer might have been purchased in Fleet-street for a shilling ; and a powder that instantly stops the progress of a gangrene, might have been obtained on Tower-hill for sixpence. — The best of it is, a sagacious professor of the day, advertised a cure for *the hospital incurables*.

prefaced the recitation by a triumphant flourish of the hand, and victorious elevation of the tones; hoping thereby to overwhelm the censure by a concentration of medical excellencies which he would not have the temerity to oppose or to deny.

Judge, then, if you can, of my disappointment when, with provoking *sang froid*, he took from his pocket a book, which he told me he had lately purchased:—"Your reanimating pills" said he "remind me of a story which pleased me extremely; and which, methinks, you might, with good effect, bring into your catalogue of miracles, as a parallel case. I pray you, hear it:—

"I was at Count Przebossky's noble country seat in Lithuania, and remained with the ladies at tea in the drawing-room, while the gentlemen were down in the yard to see a young horse of blood which was just arrived from the stud. We suddenly heard a noise of distress—I hastened down stairs, and found the horse so unruly, that nobody durst approach or mount him. The most resolute horseman stood dismayed and aghast: despondency was expressed

in every countenance ; when, in one leap, I was on his back, took him by surprize, and worked him quite into gentleness and obedience, with the best display of horsemanship I was master of. Fully to shew this to the ladies, and save them unnecessary trouble, I forced him to leap in at one of the open windows of the tea-room, walked round several times, pace, trot, and gallop ; and at last made him mount the tea-table, there to repeat his lessons, in a pretty style of miniature, which was exceedingly pleasing to the ladies, for he performed them amazingly well, and did not break either cup or saucer. It placed me so high in their opinion, and so well in that of the noble lord, that with his usual politeness, he begged I would accept of this young horse, and ride him full-career to conquest and honour, in the campaign against the Turks, which was soon to be opened, under the command of Count Munich.

“ I could not, indeed, have received a more agreeable present, nor a more ominous one at the opening of that campaign, in which I made my apprenticeship as a soldier.

“ We took the field, and had very hot work in the van of the army, when we drove the Turks into Oczakow. My spirited Lithuanian had almost brought me into a scrape : I had an advanced fore-post, and saw the enemy coming against me in a cloud of dust, which left me rather uncertain about their actual numbers and real intentions : to wrap myself up in a similar cloud was common prudence, but would not have much advanced my knowledge, or answered the end for which I had been sent out ; therefore, I let my flankers on both wings spread to the right and left, and make what dust they could, and I myself led on straight upon the enemy to have a nearer sight of them ; in this I was gratified, for they stood and fought, till, for fear of my flankers, they began to move off rather disorderly. This was the moment to fall upon them with spirit — we broke them entirely, made a terrible havock amongst them, and drove them not only back to a walled town in their rear, but even through it, contrary to our most sanguine expectation.

“ The swiftness of my Lithuanian enabled

me to be foremost in the pursuit ; and seeing the enemy fairly flying through the opposite gate, I thought it would be prudent to stop in the market-place, to order the men to rendezvous. I stopped, gentlemen ; but judge of my astonishment, when in this market-place, I saw not one of my hussars about me ! are they scouring the other streets ? or what is become of them ? they could not be far off, and must, at all events, soon join me. In that expectation I walked my panting Lithuanian to a spring in this market-place, and let him drink. He drank uncommonly ; with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but natural enough, for when I looked round for my men, what should I see, gentlemen ? the hind part of the poor creature's croup and legs were missing, as if he had been cut in two, and the water ran out as it came in, without refreshing or doing him any good ! How it could have happened was quite a mystery to me, till I returned with him to the town gate. There I saw, that when I rushed in pell-mell with the flying enemy, they had dropped the port-cullis, unperceived by me, which had totally cut off his

hind part, that still lay quivering on the outside of the gate. It would have been an irreparable loss, had not our farrier contrived to bring both parts together while hot. He sewed them up with sprigs and young shoots of laurels that were at hand—the wound healed; and what could not have happened but to so glorious an horse, the sprigs took root in his body, grew up, and formed a bower over me; so that afterwards, I could go upon many other expeditions in the shade of my own and my horse's laurels."

If any gentleman will say he doubts the truth of this story, I will fine him a gallon of brandy, and make him drink it at one draught!

"But not to pin down your faith to one enormous fact," resumed my narrator, after he had closed the above account,—"What do you say of this? day-light and powder were spent one day in a Polish forest," says the great author of this great truth: "when I was going home a terrible bear made up to me in great speed, with open mouth ready to fall upon me: all my pockets were searched in one in-

stant for powder and ball, but in vain — I found nothing but two spare flints; one I flung with all my might into the monster's open jaws, down his throat. It gave him pain, and made him turn about, so that I could level the other at his back-door, which, indeed, I did with wonderful success; for it flew in, met the first flint in the stomach, struck fire, and blew up the bear with a terrible explosion."

L E T T E R X.

AT the end of all these heroic achievements and magnanimous medical facts or fancies ; you may, perhaps, call out like the good man in the play to the apothecary for “ an ounce of civet to sweeten the imagination ! ” And, luckily, in the very instant that such relief becomes expedient, my sylphiad friend and correspondent presents it in the form of a snow-drop, which I will communicate to you as I receive it fresh-dropping from the wing of genius. In a word, I am this instant favoured with another effusion of the virgin muse, white and unsullied as the floweret it describes ; and although it is upon a chilling subject, it is full of fragrant promise that the poetic blossoms of a spring so sweet and genial, will expand and open into an abundant and rich intellectual harvest.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

POETS still in graceful numbers,

May the glowing Roses chuse ;
But the Snowdrop's simple beauty
Better suits an humble muse.

Earliest bud that decks the garden,

Fairest of the fragrant race,
First-born child of vernal Flora,
Seeking mild, thy lowly place.

Though no warm, or murmuring zephyr,

Fan thy leaves with balmy wing :
Pleas'd, we hail thee, spotless blossom,
Herald of the infant Spring.

Through the cold, and cheerless season,

Soft thy tender form expands,
Safe in unaspiring graces,
Foremost of the bloomy bands.

White-rob'd flower, in lonely beauty,
 Rising from a wint'ry bed ;
 Chilling winds, and blasts ungenial,
 Rudely threat'ning round thy head,

Silv'ry bud, thy pensile foliage,
 Seems the ang'ry blast to fear ;
 Yet secure, thy tender texture
 Ornaments the rising year.

No warm tints, or vivid col'ring,
 Paints thy bells with gaudy pride ;
 Mildly charm'd, we seek thy fragrance
 Where no thorns insidious hide.

'Tis not thine, with flaunting beauty,
 To attract the roving sight ;
 Nature, from her varied wardrobe
 Chose thy vest of purest white,

White, as falls the fleecy shower,
 Thy soft form in sweetness grows ;
 Not more fair the valley's treasure,
 Not more sweet, her Lily blows.

Drooping harbinger of Flora,
 Simply are thy blossoms drest ;
 Artless, as the gentle virtues,
 Mansion'd in the blameless breast,

When to pure and timid virtue,
Friendship twines a votive wreath,
O'er the fair selected garland,
Thou thy perfume soft shall breathe.

LETTER XI.

IT will naturally be expected, that in letters written to inspire a just idea of the English nation, a subject so important as its politics, with which the honour, the prosperity, the liberty and the lives, of the people are interwoven, should form a part. But politics is, amongst the numberless words in constant usage, very little understood.

You will not imagine I mean to dignify with the name of "Politics," the common paragraphical or pamphleteering effusions of the moment, whether in favour of what we call opposition or ministry. Nor will you consider such abuse or panegyric as entitled to a place in our correspondence.

It should seem, my dear Baron, that, notwithstanding king Solomon's observation in the be-

ginning of history, and the echoes of it from divine to moralist ever since, that "there is nothing new under the sun;" an IMPARTIAL THINKER and WRITER UPON NATIONAL AFFAIRS, is yet to be found. We are even told by the most popular advocates of this country, on either side, that there is a physical as well as political impossibility of such a character's existing. They say, that a man choosing his party, can be but of one colour; and, that although men and measures may be placed in opposition to that colour, the hue first given can admit of no variation. What is still more extraordinary, that colour is confined to black or white; which you may perhaps tell me are no colours at all; however, we must use the words, even the *shadings* of colour are disallowed: *this* must be dark as Erebus, *that* fair as heaven. Each party appropriates the white to himself, and assigns the black to his opponent. It is hence become a political maxim of this country, that the friends you act *with* cannot be wrong, and those you act *against* cannot be right. In times of imminent danger an uniform

conduct, grounded upon this maxim, cannot but prove highly mischievous. The spirit of party ought to bend to the public welfare, otherwise it is a spirit of public destruction. And the conduct which ought to be adopted for promoting the public good, is generally more obvious than the means to unite parties in its accomplishment. The people, however, in a free and enlightened country, on all momentous occasions, usually feel what is right; and an IMPARTIAL THINKER and WRITER UPON NATIONAL AFFAIRS, would not fail to explain those feelings; and, undismayed by any party, call upon *all* the members of the state, to do their duty.

I readily admit that it is very difficult, perhaps it is dangerous, for the links which form the grand political chains, one the support of ministry, the other of opposition, to be disunited from the cause each is to sustain: and it may require no inconsiderable skill to lend strength to one another, even when any of the particular links happen to connect. To quit the metaphor, men opposed to each other may be unap-

nimous on a given measure, and may avow that unanimity, as has been the case in various instances of our parliamentary history : yet, great care has usually been taken to distinguish the concession, by the cogency of its motives, by its imperious necessity, or by the nature of the motion itself ; about which, indeed, it must sometimes be impossible for any two rational beings to differ.

Remunerations to long-trying and faithful servants of the crown and of the publick, have seldom been opposed : and no man complains of the honours given to a HOWE, a DUNCAN, a NELSON, or a ST. VINCENT. It were, however, to be wished that instances of unanimity were more common. If the ministry were sometimes to adopt a salutary measure issuing from the opposition ; and the opposition were sometimes to forget the minister and approve the measure, much general good would result, and each party would acquire a greater degree of public confidence, and stronger pretensions to patriotic veracity.

It is a principle, and a vital principle of the

constitution, that it should never stagnate. The government of England, so often compared to a stately vessel, is in perpetual motion ; and the passengers in continual dread of the abyss of monarchy, the quicksands of aristocracy, or the gulph of democracy. Hence new parties are constantly arising, and hence every Englishman is a politician. As, however, the executive power is necessarily vested with prerogatives not always definable ; and the ministers of that power as necessarily exercising those prerogatives, the constitution has wisely provided that they shall not abuse them with impunity. The opposition sift every measure, and scrutinize every proposition. The task of the minister is arduous ; and it is doubly so when he dares to meditate undue advantages. But happily the eye of the Lynx is always upon him. He may vary his wiles to attain his objects, but he cannot escape the attention of this vigilant observer. Far be it from me to express a hope that this salutary guard should be taken from the state ; or that any of our political centinels should leave that grand citadel, the BRITISH CONSTITUTION,

undefended. If, in some instances, the fortress has been sold or betrayed, in how many more has it been rescued from tyranny, in how many saved from destruction! — till, in despite of the natural infirmities of human beings, and of the consequent fallability of human governments, it bids fair for immortality.

Nor ought it to be denied, that many of these advantages are derived from virtuous opposition. An adherence, therefore, to the party adopted, is, with certain limitations, amongst not simply political, but moral, virtues: and, when founded on principle, will necessarily generate public friendship; which, like that of a more private nature, should act up to the advice of the poet: —

“ The friends thou hast, and their adoption *tried*,
“ Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.”

A party, who, in opposing the ministry have no other motive than that of the public good, cannot, upon such principles, uniformly resist every measure of the Administration. Admitting, liberally, on both sides, all their perils

Of situation, and all the honours of good faith in constituted bodies, I cannot but enter the strongest protest against an inveterate, a *pre-determined* opposition to general measures *because projected by particular men* ; and you join me in reprobating an unjust monopoly of the immaculate *white*, and an unfair assignment of the inveterate *black*, in the members which compose either phalanx.

Disregarding, therefore, the partialities of men, and adverting only to measures, are you not fully impressed with the possibility of your correspondent communicating with you as a medium character between the two great political extremes? do you not feel that he may weigh in the balance of incorruptible justice the political pretensions of both parties, uninfluenced by either? that by the energy of such conduct he may steer between the Scylla and Charybdis of contending factions ; distinguishing the still small voice of truth from the outcries of prejudice, or the clamours of party?

I am perfectly aware of the difficulty, perhaps of the temerity ; the more especially as it is in-

sisted the science of politics does not, like a code of morality, or any other system, allow the GOLDEN MEAN to be preserved. No wonder that we so frequently behold in private life a dereliction, and in public bodies a subversion of that principle: passion and prejudice are, in all situations, and under all circumstances, its constant and potent enemies; and in politics we see it continually superseded by personal attachment, and the thirst of power. It requires some resolution, some judgment, and some virtue, perhaps, to guard against the allurements of popularity, and the fascinations of splendid talents. I trust, however, that I shall, in some future division of our correspondence, prove myself not wanting in the *fortitude*, or the temper, necessary to the discussion; and that however it may fail in other respects, I shall receive the suffrages of zeal and impartiality.

In the part of our intercourse, which will be devoted to the politics of Great Britain, will be attempted a comparative view of the good and evil arising from long speeches, brief retorts, and what is called freedom of debate, in Parlia-

ment; not forgetting the science of defence and attack, with the use and abuse of the British Senator's broad-sword, heavy artillery or small arms; and a treatise on what, collectively speaking, is of more "pith and moment" than brief retort or long speeches—the redoubtable monosyllables *aye* or *no*—champions of more command and decision in the warfare of the state than any other within the walls of St. Stephen—yea, even than the leaders and chieftains of the realm, FOX, SHERIDAN, and PITT—for either of these has *been upon his legs*, as it is technically called, for half a day together, playing off the artillery of wit, or oratorical small shot—or directing the thunder of powder and more grave arguments, the grape-shot of the Senate—against the question,—one or other of these single syllables has outweighed the eloquence of the wisest and ablest generals of the state. I trust, therefore, the secret history of these mighty heroes, the monosyllable members, or yea and no men, of whom I have many curious particulars, will not be uninteresting or unamusing, when I can sit down to arrange and collate their memoirs.

In the mean time, whatever may be the original defects of the fortress, which both the ministry and the opposition, profess to guard or to defend; or, however, it may seem by many to want repairs, and by some to be pulled entirely down, and another to be built up in its place; I shall have no difficulty to prove to you one great truth, which you have, no doubt, read of in a great variety of our political publications; but in none more clearly or in better expression could it meet your eye, than in the words of the author of an essay on the rise and fall of ancient republics.

“The British constitution,” says he “as settled at the revolution, is demonstrably far preferable to, and better formed for duration, than any of the most celebrated republics of antiquity. As the executive power is vested in a single person, who is deemed the first branch in the legislature; and as that power is for life and hereditary; our constitution is neither liable to those frequent convulsions, which attended the annual elections of consuls, nor to that solecism in politics, two supreme heads of one body for life, and hereditary, which was the great defect

in the Spartan institution. As the House of Commons, elected by and out of the body of the people, is vested with all the power annexed to the tribunitial office amongst the Romans; the people enjoy every advantage which ever accrued to the Roman people by that institution, whilst the nation is secure from all those calamitous seditions, in which every factious tribune could involve his country at pleasure. And as all our questions in parliament are decided by a majority of voices, we can never be subject to that capital defect in the Carthaginian constitution, where the single veto of one discontented senator referred the decision of the most important affair to a wrong-headed, ungovernable populace. The House of Peers is placed in the middle of the balance, to prevent the regal scale from preponderating to despotism or tyranny; or the democratical to anarchy and its consequences. The equitable intent of our laws is plainly calculated, like those of Solon, to preserve the liberty and property of every individual in the community; and to restrain alike the richest and the poorest, the greatest and the

meanest, from doing or suffering wrong from each other."

This, my Friend, is the wise and salutary plan of power established at the revolution. Would we always adhere steadily to it, and preserve the just equilibrium, as delivered down to us by our great ancestors, our constitution would remain firm and unshaken to the end of time.

In a former part of this letter, my dear Baron, I mentioned to you the names of Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt, concerning whose powers and application of them, I have at various opportunities made a copious gleaning, which I shall endeavour to make worthy of your acceptance, when I have leisure to lead my mind to the arrangement of the mass as it lies in my store notebook.

In the mean while I have very lately had under my eye so just, close, and well-expressed a discrimination of the talents of these three great men, in the "Life of Edmund Burke," a very valuable and *generous* composition, that I will bring this my introduction of political subjects

within a shortened description ; every sentence of which, my future remarks upon various important motions I heard debated by the parties delineated, will, I dare believe, very forcibly illustrate and confirm.

“ Among many extraordinary excellencies in the eloquence of Fox is his power of simplification. However intricate or complicated a subject may be, he unravels and unfolds it so perfectly as to make it intelligible to the most ordinary hearer. He strips truth of every dress, that from either artifice or negligence, might conceal her real form, and displays her naked nerves and sinews. Like Demosthenes, the excellence of his speeches consists in essentials ; in clearly stating important facts, in adducing and impressing forcible arguments. His orations are addressed almost exclusively to the understanding. In imagery he frequently deals ; but his are the images of illustration more than of embellishment. Like Demosthenes, he can call in humour and wit ; but they are called in as auxiliaries, and not suffered to act as principals. So extensive and variegated is his knowledge, that

he overcomes professional men not only in the principles, for that, in such a man as Fox, would not be surprising, but in the technical details of their peculiar knowledge. His arrangement is evidently not studied; thoughts rise so rapidly in his mind that it would be impossible for him to adhere to any pre-conceived order. His disposition is, however, the result of a mind that is comprehensive, as well as rapid and energetic: it is sufficiently luminous to convey to his hearers the different parts and relations of the most complicated subjects. His style is that which a powerful understanding and a thorough knowledge of the language, without any affectation, produce. He courts neither elegance nor harmony; but is not deficient in those secondary qualities. The primary qualities of language, clearness, force, and appropriation, characterize his speeches. Without rhetorical flourishes and gaudy ornaments, his language is merely a vehicle of feeling and thought.

“One of the chief excellencies of Pitt’s speeches is the clearness of the arrangement.

This appears to result from a comprehensive mind viewing the subject in all its parts and relations, and disposing them in such a way as, from that view, he perceives, will render them most effectual. In clearness and comprehensiveness, I think he considerably resembles Dr. Robertson. He completely finishes all that is necessary to be said on one point before he proceeds to another; so as to preclude the necessity of repetition. He makes his arguments bear strongly on the question.

“ The acuteness of Pitt very readily perceives a flaw in an opponent’s argument. His eloquence, as well as that of Burke and Fox, is original. We do not find that it so specially resembles that of any other orator, ancient or modern, as to give ground to believe that he has followed a model. While closely attentive to logical precision, he has not neglected rhetorical art. His language is proper, elegant, and harmonious. His speeches are the result of a strong, full, capacious, and well-formed, mind.

“ About the same time another member appeared on the side of opposition, also displaying

talents very superior to those of the majority of parliamentary speakers. Mr. Sheridan having earned and acquired a character by his comic poetry, surpassing that of any writer since the time of Congreve, came to display in the Senate a genius that had procured him such applause on the theatre. Penetrating acuteness of discernment, fertility of invention, variety, abundance, and brilliancy of wit, force and justness of humour, Sheridan possesses above most men. His powers he directs with great dexterity, so as to give them all possible effect. He is an elegant classical scholar, and has an exquisite taste."

LETTER XII.

IT is well that I had pre-determined to reserve all political disquisitions for a future opportunity. I had scarcely made a pause in this thorny path, when, even as I was turning out of it, that child of fancy and feeling, my Sibyl, came trippingly in view. Imagination had now given her form and visibility, and a voice well suited to these: "Accept," sighed she, "a few more sad leaves which sorrow has withered. It is at length permitted me to appear before you. Alas! the tearful subjects I now bring weigh heavy on them — Lo! they seem but as the shrivelled scroll; yet they once soothed a wounded heart, dropping on its wounds the Muse's balm. O, then, let them mingle in the

Gleaner's sheaf. It has been allowed me to retain even in my ærial state these mortal effusions. Yet, why, in this new mode of being, are they still dear? wherefore do I wish them to be preserved from oblivion? not for their poesy, for that is nothing worth in my sight; not from love of fame, for even had I a more golden opinion of them while I roamed in the world of mortals, I shunned the hills and shrunk into the vale, as my proper sphere, uninfluenced by that air-raised ambition — Ah, no! it is from the love of cherishing the griefs which love produced, and of knowing there is a record of them in a world where the same affections will continue to cause the same sensibility and sensation. — It is hence that I desire to blend the consciousness of what I am with what I was, as I wing my way through the world of spirits, and hover over the scenes of earth; for the powers of a Sibyl are, in my present state, united to those of a Sylph."

If fancy did not make me her sport, the person of the being was before me while she spoke

thus, and having spoken, she disappeared, — at any rate here are the rest of her verses, and whoever has a tender heart and a poetic imagination, will know how to give them welcome.

To * * * * *.

OH ! charm again the frighten'd form of Peace,
Now hov'ring on the wing to quit my breast ;
Sooth as it rises ev'ry stormy fear,
And steal composure from the halcyon's nest.

Lure to my dreary path one joy-ting'd ray,
Give but one glitt'ring image to my heart ;
Invite, with syren sweetness, Fancy's aid
To bid these sombre visitants depart !

For oft array'd in robes of darkest grain,
O'er my sad bosom broods the fiend, Despair ;
Blasting with baleful dew each vernal joy,
Hope's genial hand once set to flourish there.

But if nor love nor friendship can bestow
A talisman to charm this aching breast ;
From Apathy alone I'll seek relief,
And with her torpid vot'ries sink to rest.

Oh, thou dull Goddess ! hear thy suppliant's pray'r,

O'er my sick mind thy numbing sceptre wave ;

Lull with thy opiates every throbbing sense,

And freeze each warm emotion nature gave.

Dry the fond tear impassion'd sorrow pours,

Till my chill'd bosom owns thy dull controul ;

So shall I gain the regions dear to Peace,

And lose each quick sensation of the soul.

TO A FRIEND.

WHEN o'er my mind the cloud of care
Distills its baleful dew ;
And weaker gleams the torch of Hope
At every cheerless view :

Then drest in Pity's softest robe,
Thy friendship dries the tear ;
And Sympathy, in Syren tones,
Beguiles each ling'ring fear.

Protected by thy guardian love,
That cloud forsakes my eye ;
The gathering gloom in softness breaks,
And shews an orient sky.

Calm'd by thy voice, my bosom storms
Their restless waves compose,
And o'er my heart the dove of Peace
Her ruffled pinions close.

A gentle train, by quiet led,
Re-settles in my breast ;
Again the lighten'd form of Love
By fost'ring Hope is drest.

The laughing band of festive mirth,
Unmov'd, I saw depart ;
Too light the giddy joys they boast
To reach the throbbing heart.

Yet save me from the hydra form
Of dark presaging Fear ;
And when a prey to sick suspense
Do thou the prospect chear.

So ev'ry grief which mars my rest
Shall soften at thy power ;
And, aided by thy friendly truth,
Shall gild each passing hour.

S O N N E T.

AH ! why my heart thus nurse a flame,
Which Reason should remove ?
Why dwells remembrance on a name
I dare no longer love ?

Yet, ah ! the bands affection wove
Were twin'd with ev'ry thought ;
While Hope to guard the blossoms strove,
Her fost'ring sunshine brought.

And still, though droops the rose of Love,
Its with'ring sweets are dear ;
Nor can I from this heart remove
The thorn that rankles there.

Fond Mem'ry cherishes each faded joy,
And Passion spares what Reason should destroy.

E L E G Y.

OH! thou for whom my bitterest tears have flow'd;
For whom my martyr'd heart each conflict prov'd;
Descend from regions Faith assigns the blest,
And sooth the being once so fondly lov'd!

Ah! if e'er conscious of these grosser realms,
Thy pity lingers over human woes;
Steal from a Seraph's wing one temper'd ray,
To gild the gloom Constantia's bosom knows!

Bid the known accents sound in Fancy's ear,
Which chain'd attention to the parting vow,
Reclaim the wreath by sanguine Passion twin'd,
And take the wither'd garland from my brow.

Vain the appeal my plaintive numbers urg'd,
My humid eye-lids clos'd in tearful care;
When Fancy caught, in dreams, the fleeting wish,
And pour'd in wilder energy the prayer.

Sudden, from skies whose sombre colours broke,
A cloud-veil'd phantom hung upon the height —
Held to my view a slow unfolding page,
And paus'd at distance from my eager sight!

The shadowy visitant in splendid light

Lean'd from the cloud, where glow'd a thousand dyes,
My Donald's figure seem'd to float in air,
And his lov'd features met my grief-stain'd eyes !

Instant, to read the heaven-imprinted scroll,

In chasten'd rapture I the vision hail'd !
Delighted sprang to meet the well-known form,
Then, sunk in selfish grief, his change bewail'd.

Effulgent semblance ! fault'ringly, I cried,

If to assuage my sorrows thou art come,
O nearer bend to earth thy gleamy form,
And waft Constantia to thy starry home !

The guardian spirit saw my weak despair,

Nor let his mission meet my nearer view ;
Sigh'd, in compassion to terrestrial tears,
Then, wrapp'd in folding clouds, thro' æther flow !

Th' impressive image sank upon my heart,

And its fond anguish own'd the new controul,
Submission rais'd her altar in my breast,
And softer slumbers o'er my senses stole. —



LETTER XIII.

Cromer.

I AM still, and shall remain yet some weeks, at this place. It has at length acquired, from my habits of residence, the comfortable and independent ease of a home. It answers a triple good purpose. From its connection with the sea, the bath and beach supply what our Thomson has justly deemed "the purest exercises of health:" from its central position, it extends either the walk or the ride to the fairest towns and villages of the country; and having already visited these — and in the letters of my former volume, given you descriptions of what appeared to me most interesting, I have leisure from time to time to give you my unbiassed thoughts, and the unprejudiced impressions of my mind.

and judgment upon various subjects, no less *characteristic of the English nation*, and certainly no less worthy the notice of a foreigner—I mean the modes and manners of the people; with an account of such of their public institutions as may literally be said to lift the laurel-crowned head of our Britannia above her fellows. All enthusiast as I am to the sovereignty of her trade, the grandeur of her cities, the comfort of her villages, the victory of her armies, and the almost omnipotency of her fleets, I feel my bosom more proudly swell to greet and to recount her CHARITIES, the numberless palaces which she has raised to the unfortunate, and to whom pity's angel administers, as if bearing the commission of GOD himself, whatever is expedient to their several necessities of mind, body, or estate.

“ Pre-eminent in arts, in commerce, and in arms,” says an ingenious friend, to whose kind communications I shall soon introduce you, “ the glory of Britain shines with superior lustre through her discriminating benevolence. In this temple to the Deity her fame will stand

recorded when the hand of time shall have obliterated all other monuments."

Upon my heart's favourite theme, therefore, — a theme, in which every other heart of every country will fly out to meet, confirm, and welcome, every sentiment I CAN utter, of praise, admiration, and triumph — the CHARITIES of the English Nation, I enter with the pride of a citizen, and the loving-kindness of a human being, concerned in, and connected with, the welfare of all mankind. It is here that the brow of our Britannia is raised above the clouds — that the crown of glory, radiant and cheering as her benevolence, composed of sun-beams, seems to play around her head — and that, if specks, or even spots, of the darkest hue had been discovered in her orb, miriads of bright emanations have descended upon miriads of human creatures, who have felt, and are feeling still the rays of her bounty. O what of good and great does not that bounty effect? — ye wretched! of all characters and countries, speak its blessed force, its blessed energy — does it not dry the tears on your cheeks, heal the

wounds of your bodies and your souls ; and bid plenty, even in times of dearth, drive famine from your doors ? Ye infants and sucklings does it not *indeed* foster ye, even when bereaved of your mothers care, with the milk of human kindness — does it not line your cradles with down ? — ye youths of either sex does it not nourish ye to the exercise of every health, of every virtue ? — and ye of the silver hair, does it not form your crutches of whatever is most soft ? — and, does it not smooth your pillows even with the tender hand of parent or friend ? Is it not medicine to the sick, food to the hungry, and consolation to the sorrowing ?

O England ! O my country ! may every Briton proudly ejaculate on this subject ; and that without derogating from the benevolence of other lands — for other lands will indeed unite in and chorus the exclamation ! In matters of public bounty, my lord Baron, we know not an alien. In the code of our humanity we have no distinct idea to the name of *stranger*. It stands indeed as a word in our dictionaries, but it stands as a mere *expletive* in our hearts, and

and admits not of a cold circumscribed interpretation. No, my Friend, they who come to us from distant climes, from shores hostile to our own, if they apply to the feelings of the nation, on the recommendation of misfortune, apply not in vain — so much the more acceptable, it is true, if their distress has been the result of inevitable events — of suffering virtue — of good men struggling with the storms of fate; but suffering vice has claimed and received the tribute of our compassion in their hour of trial. The famished have eaten our bread, and drank from our cup; and the naked have been clothed, when we have been constrained to despise the objects of our pity, and when they have even contemned themselves.

A tour of the metropolis of Great Britain — and all our provincial cities, towns and villages, adopt the principle and the practice of its beneficence — made leisurely, and with a view to estimate the national bounty, would fill the bosom of our most inveterate foe with the pleasure which necessarily attaches to the very sight of good and generous deeds. And what sight can

be so gracious to the human heart as that which rescues human beings, a second time as it were, from the dust of the earth. A circuit of London, deliberately taken by a real philanthropist of any part of the habitable world ; his mind's eye intent, only on contemplating the CHARITIES, would occupy attention for a month ; at the end of which he would return to his own abode, wheresoever it might be placed, with new and enlarged ideas of the benignity of his species ; and however multiplied he found mortal calamity, he would be satisfied that the means of mitigating or removing it were yet more numerous. He would discover that every distinct disaster in the mighty catalogue of ills, had its appropriate palace and temple ; that the royal pavilions were surpassed in the splendour of exterior, and equalled in the comforts of internal arrangements, by the abodes of the poor and the unhappy. And were I solicitous to impress a prejudiced observer upon our country, with an antidote to any poisonous opinion concerning us, I would only desire to be his guide and his companion of a survey of this kind. Oh ! it would

be a proud walk, my Friend, and its history would live for ever in the mind and memory of my associate!

With what joy should I conduct *you*, Baron, in this round of loving-kindness, from one noble institution to another; giving your throbbing heart a pause that you might the more amply take in the whole scope of our benevolence! How would it touch me to observe your affections kindle in your cheeks, and your eyes do us homage by the sweet and silent incense of tears, as you surveyed the almost incalculable objects for whom public pity has provided. Mine would be the blessed office to shew you the late unacknowledged babes of the isle fostered at the bosom of their mother country, whose cradle is as soft, and whose milk, the milk of human kindness, is as sweet as that with which Nature supplied the cruel bosom that denied to give them suck. Thence should I lead you to the *infants of the public*, in their second stage of protection; a host of future grateful citizens, either intent on their studies, or busied in their occupations; — and thus progressively

should we go on in our career, perceiving the liberal hand of national wisdom and mercy outstretched to all orders, conditions, and ages, from the first to the latest respiration of life—the very offspring of robbers and assassins, and even the criminal children themselves, are not struck from the code of our benevolence!

In a beautiful oration which was delivered many years ago at one of our universities, but has never been made public, and which a friend of the author's has communicated to me, with permission to use such passages as may apply, the orator took occasion to observe, that, the great *motives* of charity are “to reform the dissolute, to strengthen the sinews of honest industry, to call forth the young into active life, to support such as are already engaged in it, or to provide a retreat for those, who have performed a laudable part on the theatre of action.” This is at once the most correct and concise definition I have ever read; and amongst the most important of these, and the one, therefore, most worthy to take the lead, is that which opens its indulgent arms to receive the children of *illegitimacy*;

who, but for this hospitable retreat, might be sacrificed to a principle of guilty shame, and barbarously perish, even by maternal hands.

Turn we to that mansion where human *reason lies in ruins*. Who that contemplates the various forms of insanity which are here offered to his view; the incoherent levity of one, the sedate melancholy of another, and the distracted madness of a third, but loses every thought of arrogance in the dismal speculation, and departs, awefully convinced on how precarious a tenure man holds his boasted characteristic. How soon, alas! may that ray of the Divinity, which plays upon the brightest understanding, be intercepted by some shadowing cloud! Nay, such is the lot of humanity, that the finest reason is most exposed to this dreadful reverse of folly. Indeed the most extraordinary flights of the mind are subservient to the mechanism of the body; and that composition of nerves and spirits, which though it may not originally diversify souls, is yet observed to be most delicate in the sublimest intellects, may, therefore, in these be most easily discomposed: as in the

nicest machine, that subtle adjustment which constitutes its excellence renders it more liable to obstruction.

Before I leave the consideration of these more peculiar provisions for distress, I cannot help specifying those *two noble structures of royal munificence, which receive under their roof the hardy instruments of national fame and prosperity, the superannuated SOLDIER and SEAMAN; affording, with the greatest propriety, a retreat for the old age of those, whose active season of life has been spent in the acquisition of public advantages. It was doubtless an unpleasing sight, to behold the mutilated veteran, after a life of toil and intrepidity, unfeelingly abandoned to extreme penury, and wandering in quest of a precarious subsistence. How repugnant was it, not only to humanity, but even to common justice, that, whilst the conquests acquired by their bravery gave opulence to the merchant, and luxuries to the great, the humble

* The hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea.

obtainers of these advantages should be left destitute of every comfort, even though by obtaining them for others, they were rendered incapable of ministering to their own support ! Such are the more peculiar institutions, calculated to relieve some singular species of misfortune. There are yet others of a more diffusive nature, whose *general* object are the distresses of the subordinate part of mankind.

It is the excellence of these institutions, that they are founded on that useful principle, which considers the industry of the poor as the sinews of a commonwealth ; and that true charity is not that which supersedes their labour, but which makes it the necessary instrument of their support. But should they at any time be oppressed by some more severe misfortune, from which they are incapable of extricating themselves by their own assistance ; then, and then only is the interesting moment for liberality to step in to their aid. There is a demand upon affluence to part with its superfluities, when the needy peasant, or laborious mechanic, on whose daily services depend, perhaps not only his own

support, but the happiness also of a domestic society, who are immediately connected with him; and when such a one is attacked with disease, or disabled by accident. His fortune, perhaps, has placed him where gold alone can purchase the aid of medicine; where a mercenary practitioner was never influenced by motives of ungifted sympathy to reach out a generous disinterested help; and where that dernier resort — the relief of a parish — is dealt out in portions too scanty to be serviceable, and even that small allowance without a hearty good-will. This circumstance may induce a person of an independant turn of mind, to languish at home in silent misery, rather than solicit the assistance which he knows will be unwillingly granted. These are very important events in the life of a poor man, which the rather merit compassion as they are not the consequences of pampered luxury, but the unavoidable inflictions of Providence.

But it is with pleasure that the humane mind beholds these distressing circumstances in a great measure removed by those numerous in-

firmaries, which, through the munificence of various persons, have not only been erected in the metropolis, but are variously dispersed through the kingdom. By these institutions, the patient will avoid those chicaneries of medicine that might otherwise be sometimes adopted, as the interest of his physician depends not on procrastinating his cure: nor will those of moderate fortune be oppressed by furnishing this necessary expence, (which would unavoidably happen in parochial contributions) since the whole thereof is properly transferred to those who are not sensible of the weight of it. Glorious the sight, when those on whom fortune has indulgently smiled are not more distinguished by their rank and affluence than by the benevolence of their minds, and who, blest with the power of communicating happiness, are laudably zealous to display that power!

It must be a grateful reflection to the generous promoters of these benefactions, that they will propagate religion as well as health. The superior opportunities of instruction, which the patient here enjoys, and the favourable moments

of affliction, will conspire to imprint upon his mind those notions of piety, which, either in the security of health he overlooked, or perhaps, amidst the ignorance of common life, he had never the means of acquiring.

Such and so great are the benefits that result from nurseries of health to those, for whose sake they are more immediately constituted. But very considerable are the more remote advantages that flow from them; and most extended is their utility, considered as seminaries of medical knowledge. Where shall the young disciple of Hippocrates better confirm his theory than amidst this multiplicity of disorders? where divest himself more easily of that timidity, so detrimental in practice, than by being daily habituated to scenes of such complicated distress? From these academies, as I may call them, of *experimental* physic, thus furnished with practical skill, thus fortified with courage to display that skill, numbers are continually issuing forth to convey the powers of healing and medicine to the remotest corners of the kingdom: so that in the national as well as natural body,

the current of health, which is discharged from these fountains as from the heart, not only refreshes with its salutary stream, those parts to which it is more immediately conducted, but is also collaterally diffused to the most distant branches of the whole system.

What a view of the tenderness, the goodness, of a nation does the collective body of this evidence present to the human feelings!

But this lovely subject, the just *glory**, but not the *ostentation*, of our country, and concerning which I write with the mingled emotions of a patriot and a philanthropist, shall be resumed but not concluded in my next letter, as I deem it the centre jewel in the crown of our island.

My Friend, farewell.

* One of the brightest rays of which emanates from the PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY, instituted for the prevention of crimes by the admission of the offspring of *convicts* and reform of criminal poor children — the great object of this bounty is to unite the purposes of *charity* with those of *industry* and *police*. The annexed account is as true as it is interesting, and as the knowledge of it goes to the honour of the country I am describing, I am proud to contribute to its publicity by inserting some authentic particulars.

Among the calamities to which the children of indigent parents are exposed, the want of moral and religious instruction, with early habits of industry, is the most to be lamented; such wretched objects are not only subjected to the temptations attendant upon poverty, but are without the disposition and ability to gain an honest livelihood. When to these circumstances are added the baneful example of parents, whose crimes have subjected them to banishment, or an ignominious death, the condition of such children is truly deplorable, and demands the benevolence of the christian, the interference of the statesman, and the exertions of the patriot.

There are no reflecting minds, or feeling hearts, but must have frequently lamented the fatal depravity which pervades the lower classes of the people, especially in the more populous parts of this kingdom; and there are few who have not, at one time or other, trembled for their own safety in consequence of this depravity.

With the increase of crimes our *penal laws* have multiplied; but while it is obvious that to prevent crimes is better than to punish them; and while every humane person must view with the deepest compassion and regret the numbers which are annually swept away by banishment, or consigned to an ignominious death, it is worthy of observation, that previous to this institution, the proper remedy for these disorders had not been adverted to, nor any plan of preventive police so much as projected.

No nation has been more distinguished than Great Britain, for its various and excellent charities. — The truth, however is, that most of our charitable institutions have confined their beneficence to the *deserving*, but *unfortunate* part of the community; whilst the offspring of the *vicious* and *dishonest* have been unhappily involved in the guilt of their parents. Those who have violated the laws in any instance have been excluded from society, or at least have

been treated with extreme severity when received again within its protection; and before this institution, no asylum was ever opened for the *repenting* culprit, where the wanderer might be recalled from the error of his way, not by harsh and cruel treatment, but by gentleness and kindness; where he might prove the excellence and benefits of virtue, and contemplate her no longer under an austere and threatening aspect; where, by his own industry, he might contribute to his own subsistence, and be no longer under the NECESSITY of stealing for bread*. It is the peculiar characteristic of this Society, to *continue its care and attention* till its objects have attained to *such a mature age*, as to be able to think and act for themselves, and have acquired such habits as will probably ensure their future good conduct through life.

It is a well-known fact, that of the multitudes who fall victims to the violated laws of their country, the majority are trained and educated by experienced thieves, in a course of dishonesty, and are as regularly brought up to this way of life, as other persons are to common trades and professions. Hence their dexterity and adroitness in all the departments of this dangerous system; hence their union with each other, which renders their attempts so much the more formidable; which frequently eludes the pursuit of justice, and even intimidates those who see the wrong publicly committed.

To break the chain of these pernicious confederacies, and to cut off all their supplies, is the intention of the Philanthropic Society, which aims at the *prevention of crimes*, by removing out of the way of evil counsel and example, those children, whose destruction, without their assistance, would be inevitable.

In order to carry into effect these desirable purposes, the doors of the Reform have been thrown open for the re-

* These unfortunate children are frequently *forced on* desperate courses; with blasted reputations, with dangerous connexions, and coming from suspicious places, what private family will open a door to receive them?

ception of the infant offspring of *convicted felons* ; for although such children may not have begun as yet the criminal practices of their profligate parents, yet it is to be feared, the pernicious sentiments and principles imbibed from those parents, and their wretched connexions, will operate so forcibly on their youthful minds, as to render them more open to temptation than the children of parents of an opposite description.

“ Another class still more wretched, and the next object of this institution, are those who have already commenced their criminal course by the commission of *petty thefts*, or *fraudulent practices*, and, in consequence of detection, have been brought before a magistrate and discharged for want of legal evidence to produce conviction, although no doubt remained of their actual guilt : also those who have been tried and convicted ; but by reason of their tender years, or some other mitigating circumstance, are recommended by the judges of assize, or other magistrates, before whom such trial took place. Such recommendations are particularly attended to by the Committee.

“ For the employment of the children, buildings have been erected with suitable workshops, &c. in St. George's Fields, called “ The Philanthropic Reform.” In this Reform, under the direction of the several master workmen, are carried on the trades of a Printer, Shoemaker, Taylor, Ropemaker and Twinespinner ; to one or other of which the boys are apprenticed, carefully instructed, and excited to industry by rewards that bear a proportion to their exertions. The girls are educated as menial servants, and have otherwise abundant employment in washing the linen, making their own cloathing, shirts for the boys, &c. Several of them have been placed out in service, and, upon producing testimonials of their good behaviour, have received the rewards which the committee have thought it right to hold out for their encouragement. A steward resides upon the spot to keep the accounts, distribute the provisions, &c. and

the whole is under the care of a superintendant, also resident on the spot, who sees that the master tradesmen do their duty, and that the children conduct themselves properly in every respect.

“ The important task of inculcating religion and morals is assigned to the Society’s chaplain; and the children are supplied with such books as are likely to promote those salutary ends.

“ The Society is under the direction of a president, twelve vice-presidents, a treasurer, and a committee of twenty-four governors, chosen by the Society at large. Besides these, there are four visitors chosen annually, and three auditors of accounts, the nature of whose respective offices will be better understood by referring to the laws and regulations.

“ The committee meet every Friday at twelve o’clock, precisely, at the St. Paul’s Coffee-house, in St. Paul’s Church-yard. It is open to any governor who may be desirous of witnessing its proceedings, or of proposing any thing for the benefit of the institution.

“ Quarterly general meetings also, where every governor may attend and vote, are held at the same place, on the first Fridays in March, June, September, and December.

“ A sub-committee meet every Monday at the Reform, to examine the progress of the different trades, to suggest the means of farther improving the resources of the institution, to adopt plans of economy, and to superintend the internal regulation of the Reform. The collectors once a fortnight report to this sub-committee such sums as they may have received.

“ The whole number of children of both sexes that have been received by the Society amount to 376, and the number now in the Reform is 152. Among these were many, who, though young in years, were yet old in iniquity. There are amongst them boys who have been guilty of felonies,

burglaries, and other crimes: yet, singular as it may appear, these very children are now become no less remarkable for industry, decency, and obedience, than they formerly were for the opposite vices. Their diligence in their several employments, will be best estimated by the annexed statement of the profits of their labour, which are appropriated towards the support of the institution.

“ Till after seven years (the usual term of apprenticeship) had elapsed, it could not be expected that any *succession* of objects would take place to make room for others; but at the anniversary in April 1796, were exhibited the *first fruits* of this noble institution, when *four young men*, who had completed their term of servitude within the Reform, were presented to a very numerous and respectable assembly, *regenerated* in their morals, complete masters of their business, and useful members of society. Others, in a similar way, have annually gone forth into the world with character and abilities to acquire their own livelihood; and at this time there are now serving their apprenticeships to the masters within the Reform, no less than 54 boys, who, there is every reason to expect, will go out under the same advantages. Several also have had their indentures assigned over to masters without the Reform, who have applied for them, and continue to express satisfaction with their behaviour.

“ In order to extend the benefits of the institution to a still greater number of objects than the funds will enable them to maintain within the Reform, the committee endeavour to obtain masters out of the Reform for those boys that have become entitled to good characters, by paying an annual sum with each for the two or three first years of their apprenticeship; and propose to distribute rewards to such of *those* boys who behave well, either at the end of their several apprenticeships, or at any intermediate periods, when they appear to merit them. And they continue the protection of the Society to all boys so placed out, putting each of them under the *guardianship* of some one of the committee, or go-

vernor of the Society, whose residence near the boy and his master may enable him to watch over the conduct of each towards the other.

"Such are the grounds on which the Philanthropic Society claim the attention and solicit the patronage of the public.

"If we regard humanity and religion, this institution opens an asylum to the most forlorn of the human race. It befriends the most friendless. It saves the lives of a number of orphans and deserted children, and endeavours to rescue their souls from perdition.

"If we regard national prosperity, and the public welfare, it is calculated to increase industry, and it directs that industry in the most useful and necessary channels.

"If we regard self-interest, its immediate object is to protect our persons from assault and murder, and our property from depredation; that our wealth may not endanger our lives, our repose be interrupted by thieves, nor our dwellings exposed to the desperate designs of midnight incendiaries."

P. S. — For a description of the children that have been taken into this noble Reform, and for various particulars of the laws and regulations by which the Society are governed, you will be referred, when you visit the charity, not only to written, but respectable oral testimony; and, as your eyes traverse as mine have done, the several warehouses of the little traders, they will fill with many a generous drop of pity, loving-kindness and admiration; and you will quit the scene not without an indelible impression to the honour of a nation who has thus liberally endeavoured to prevent the sins of the fathers from being visited on the children.

“ Let us only reflect” says a feeling writer “ on that variety of distempers to which poverty is exposed, without the means of relief. And in this view what objects of compassion present themselves before us? objects which must awe the pride of man, and awaken his tenderness. —

“ Numbers of all diseases’d, all maladies,
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all fev’rous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,

Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums."

To meet this tremendous catalogue of human ills, a spirit of charity has diffused itself amongst all ranks of people—amongst our merchants, our lawgivers, and our nobles. The liberality of our fore-fathers is at least equalled, and their wisdom in *choosing objects* of that liberality much surpassed. But I will bring this lovely theme to a pause, till we come to our vast metropolis, where almost every species of distress has been considered, pitied, and relieved.

Meanwhile, we will suspend the subject by relating an interesting circumstance which recently happened at one of the noblest of our institutions, called "The Foundling Hospital."

A boy and girl who had been admitted rather later than the usual period, after having been some months in the place, met, and knew each other to be brother and sister. The agony of

joy at this recognition is not to be expressed. The governors, with the humanity which peculiarly marks the conduct of that excellent institution, ordered that every possible indulgence should be shewn to them, and that they should be suffered to see each other every day, in order to confirm that sense of kindness, from which, otherwise, they would most probably have been for ever excluded.

I thank you for the anecdote of the Ring-dove, and shall endeavour to make a return in kind by the following verses, the fruit of a morning visit from my Muse, in consequence of rehearsing to her the circumstances which supplied the idea,

THE DOVE.

It is said that a pigeon applied warm to the stomach of children in some dangerous maladies, will attract the disease, and with the loss of its own, save the infant's life. A recent fact of this kind lately appeared in one of the public prints : — A beautiful baby appeared to be suffering the pains of death. Its wretched parent, after many useless tears, had recourse to a dove : the breast was stripped of its feathers, and thus bared, placed upon the breast of the child. By degrees, the infant recovered ; while the bird, receiving the disease, expired in agonies.

The Bard has told us, God of Love !
Thy fav'rite sister is the DOVE ;
And oft Love's Sister has been styl'd
By Sympathy, sweet Pity's child.
Ah ! who can wonder then she gave
Herself a sacrifice, to save
The cradled innocent, whose breath
Was purchas'd by thy sister's death ?

The babe, she to her bosom press'd,
Transferr'd its anguish to *her* breast ;
There it respir'd on Pity's throne,
And all the agony her own.

Hail, sacred bird ! this act shall prove
Thy kindred to that mystic Dove ;
Whose pinions mingle in the rays
Where dazzled cherubs scarcely gaze !

LETTER XIV.

YOUR favour by the mail is infinitely welcome to me. I had begun to chide, not only the winds and waves but the skies themselves; all of which I considered as accessaries in the disappointment of my heart. The emotions, while expecting the post, and the interval betwixt his arrival in the street where you reside, and his summons at your door, are scarcely to be conjectured but by minds of real sensibility, under the most lively influences of a genuine affection, no matter whether of friendship or love. To describe them is almost impossible; and, although I have within the past hour, experienced them all, I feel my want of power to tell you what I have suffered from the alternations of hope and fear: hope, that the circumstance

suggested in your last had taken a more comfortable turn ; apprehension, that it had not.

I read in the paper, two days since, of the arrival of the German mail, and I rose with a conviction, and " what we wish we easily believe " that I felt I *must* hear from you by its medium this very morning, in regard to that formidable business ; but yet a dread of your silence, being imposed by the worst event which could have befallen you, of a merely worldly kind, made me keep no poise of mind, nor attend to any calculation of time. I looked for the postman before the mail had probably reached the general office of this town. I examined my watch, when it pointed to ten, and felt assured it was too slow by at least an hour ; the house-clock soon after gave but ten strokes, yet I was not more inclined to admit its fidelity. At length the far-off, but well-known double-knock struck upon my listening ear. Truly, may I say, " as if an angel spoke, I felt the solemn sound." I threw up my window to give it welcome : it advanced : the postman himself appeared in sight :

the emotions kept pace with, or rather outstepped his honest trot: the pauses between one rap and another at the different houses seemed unusually long: How tiresome some people are, exclaimed I, in receiving and paying for their letters; which, whether good or bad news be the result, are certainly purchased, even by the miser, with the least hesitation or scruple. By a mind of any ardour, letters, even though their contents should be anticipated by the persons addressed — yea, although they should be *expected* to renew, or to aggravate scenes of regret, and circumstances of sorrow, are amongst the grand objects of the human heart. They were not only taught —

“ ————— for some wretches aid,

“ Some banish’d lover or some captive maid ;”

but for ALL the passions and affections — all that most unreservedly and in the most lively manner paint the hopes and fears, prepossessions, and prejudices — and all that comes most “home to the business and bosoms of men,” as well as all the commerce and all the credit of nations. Truly has it been said, “they are writ-

ten to the great and to the mean, to the learned and the ignorant ; at rest and in distress, in sport and in passion."

To the truth of this, every observer of the passing scene can bear testimony. I have seen it exemplified, on the receipt of letters, in their different effects on persons of the same family. The emotions of the receivers are finely contrasted by the indifference and mechanical dullness of the servant who delivers them. The rapidity, the preference of some to others, the agitation, calm, tremor, firmness, pain, or transport of the *opening* moment — according to the circumstances, connexions, temper, habits, and feelings, of the several correspondents — are all very interesting speculations. Letters frequently display nature and character more truly than conversation ; and whatever may be the average of good and evil, joy and sorrow, which they impart, the love of hearing from those who are absent, and the hope which still lives in our hearts, amongst a thousand hopes destroyed, like one bright spark in a heap of ashes — as well as for all the reasons above given — make this

nation in particular, and the human affections in general, more indebted to the man * who has accelerated the receipt of our letters, and thereby assisted the very *wings of thought*, than to any other individual of the realm.

Betwixt the interval of *my* anxious hope, and of your gratification of it, I tried to bend my mind to the muse, whose visitations are soothing in the pensive moment.

* And that man is Mr. Palmer, of whom you have received my statements in another part of this correspondence, to which, you perceive, I have made considerable additions in the second edition of the printed volume.

See vol. 1st. of *Gleanings in England*, Letter the 4th. For the *additions*, same letter, *second* edition.

SONNET TO SUSPENCE.

WHAT art thou, dubious Power, that to the earth
Now sinks the sadden'd heart, now lifts it high,
At once of human and of heavenly birth ;
Mortal thy sire, thy mother of the sky,
Or borne by seraph hope, thro' fields of air,
Or plung'd in caverns, by the fiend, Despair ?
E'en now thy double sway divides my breast,
Thy tyrannizing poise 'twixt good and ill,
Yet equal both to rob the mind of rest,
As each alternate works thy torturing will :
O then, to certain joy or certain grief,
The balance turn and give my soul relief !
Give me the worst to hear, or best to know,
This dread delay unfits that soul to bear,
With wonted fortitude, new loads of woe,
And bliss deferr'd must mix corroding care.
Too late the sun his stronger rays shall dart,
When flow'r-worms feed upon the Rose's heart.

LETTER XV.

~~LETTER XV.~~

October.

AT length I am bending my way back to Lynn, and stop at a small village on the road to offer you a literally *passing* adventure, characteristic of a race of men to whom I wish to introduce you, and who appear only to exist in other countries, but come to their full growth, and the perfection of their characters only in England — I allude to the SEAMEN of Great Britain; a general description of whom, for skill in their profession, for courage in combating upon the rudest element, and for their generosity to the vanquished in the very hour of victory — a generosity, mild as if they lived upon a summer stream — *cannot be over-praised*. This is, indeed, almost the *one* subject, and the one class of men, without any disparagement to the

rest, which precludes the possibility of panegyric; for, if we look at them collectively, and judge of them by their private humanities, and public services — in all stages of our history, but more especially in the present æra * :— the sum of natural benevolence, and of national good, and that without any emblazoning pretensions or ostentatious displays, is sufficiently admirable in this part of the people of England to merit all which has been spoken or written of them ; in short, to place the British sailors in the very first rank of character in *any* nation upon earth.

They may challenge the full energy and weight of this eulogy, which comprehends all that is valuable in the patriot and the philanthropist, even though the majority of them do not understand the common definition of those words. I cannot be supposed to extend the assertion of verbal ignorance to the officers. These have the additional merit of knowing from education,

* The late partial dissatisfactions, as readily redressed as explained, make nothing against this. Of these I will offer you a brief account in the course of this letter.

and the culture of their minds; that they *do* fill those sacred characters, and act up to them on a sort of impulse of loyalty and bounty, without being in the smallest degree inflated by a consciousness of their importance to the state.

I have often endeavoured at a reason for this almost unbounded; and justly provincial, benevolence that animates the English sailor. It cannot be, altogether, from the general ignorance of what I am constrained to call in the world's language, the *use* of money; nor from the sudden flush of it when they receive their pay; for these circumstances happen to very many others, who, collectively speaking, are by no means so open-handed or hearted. Probably, various causes may contribute. They pass most of their lives on an element whose waving habitations do not admit some of the most inimical passions; even some of the worst vices can only be occasional intruders, while many of the virtues are residents. The billowy theatre on which they exist keeps them TOGETHER — their being necessarily exposed to the same hazards, embarked in a common cause, the early ideas of

good-fellowship and of glory, with which they have been brought up, the traditional history of a sailor's soundness of heart, of heroic deeds performed on the roaring ocean, of their bravely buffeting the storms, of victories obtained in the teeth of them, with numberless glowing tales of dangers escaped, crowned at length with good cheer and the smiles of Old England — moreover, the constant sight of each other, so that the whole crew — a powerful attraction — seem but as one great family, at their daily work of war, conquest, and of adventure. Most of them, likewise, and this too is of great account, bear in their bosoms a fond impression of some object beloved, the memory and absence from whom naturally tends to soften and ameliorate the heart; and we know that such of their songs as are not upon the perils or glories of the sea, celebrate and commemorate their mistresses. Luckily, too, they are beyond the *temptation*, and, of course, the practices, of that earth-born avarice which often locks up the hearts of landmen. It would be curious, were it not invidious, to see how far mariners employed in ves-

sels of commerce, and those engaged in ships of war are similar or distinct in their general habits of profusion, and of oeconomy *when on shore*. But, without any illiberality, it may be presumed, that men devoted to trade, and to the profession of arms, must materially differ in their ideas of both getting and spending money. Let us go somewhat into the comparison ; the subject is not worn and may amuse us : — The occupation of a seafarer in a trading vessel is an affair of business ; that of a seaman in a war ship is, or soon becomes, a point of honour, and by a generous emulation, it grows into a real passion. In the first, a man counts his gains, in the second he reckons chiefly on his glory — the one calculates, that if his venture is ultimately successful the perils of the voyage will be recompensed with interest ; the other, reckless of such long-sighted policy, mixes, in every thought of profit, when by chance such thoughts cross his mind, the idea of friend, husband, father, lover, king, and country ; perhaps, frequent separations from relatives and from their native land may supply more ardent fire to feed these

sacred characters — If it be so, even the weakness of human nature but adds strength to my argument ; and for that weakness, what is to be said ? what advised ? but to love, forgive, and compassionate, one another.

But to finish our parallel. It may be farther observed, that an image of wealth attaches more or less to all commercial concerns ; and the anticipated profits thence arising are, generally, placed by the *mind*, or at least a great part of them, in some safe fund, long before they can be deposited in a place of real interest or security. Whereas, I am persuaded, that not one ship of war's man, out of at least fifty, ever thinks of placing out his pay or prize-money to any sort of worldly advantage. His affections, indeed, know well how to appropriate the larger share: he sees many a gay ribbon and new gown, with nameless other love-tokens, for the girl of his fancy ; and the rest goes lightly down his throat to warm his guileless heart, and perhaps to overheat his head — but even his indiscretions are social ; for while the artizan is sullenly taking his solitary draught in some sly corner

of the pot-house, honest Jack, as we call him, will invite all within his reach, whether comrades or strangers, to partake of his flip or his grog, and to join him in chearing his young and his old mistress — namely, England and the Lass he loves. It is ten to one, indeed, if in his way, even to that lass, he should encounter an object of sorrow or of want, but he would joyfully deprive himself of half that flip, and curtail his beloved of at least the price of one gown, to dry the eyes, fill the stomach, and clothe the nakedness, of the poor creature who had fallen within his immediate observation.

If these remarks have any value, you are to make your acknowledgements to poor Tom Cox, from whom I have just parted with many a God bless you on both sides. On this very spot we have exchanged our adieus, after travelling several miles chearily together, he on foot, and your friend at a foot-pace on his gleaming horse; with many a courteous offer of a lift by the way, as courteously refused; and many a pause, that I might beguile my companion, who is lame, either to rest at a gate or on

a bank, or even to refresh himself by leaning against the pommel of the saddle.

A single passing question, and of the simplest kind, led to what worked an interest in my affections. The very report of it will vibrate on yours, because it will touch the right chord of nature and of truth.

“ Master, will you tell a lame fellow how far it is to Lynn? I have limped all the way with this bundle in my hand from Plymouth, where I have been invalided, and laid up as idle as a hulk these four months; and I am now going to the hammock of a friend's at Lynn, and must next day hop off to the *she* part of my family; then, after a buss, and a God be with you or two, I shall make the best of my road to shake hands with the *he* part of my family, who are on board the *Diomede*, Capt. Elphinstone, and God be with him also.”

“ Notwithstanding your lameness, you speak as if you were a contented, and both where you *command* and where you are *commanded*, my friend, a happy fellow, both with your chums on land and your mates at sea.”

“ A happy fellow, master ! yes, I believe I am, and if I were not, I ought to be hung by the neck at the top-gallant yard-arm ; and if you an't in a hurry, as by your way of fair and softly I think you are not, and can walk your horse to my hop, for I am but weakly as yet just here i' the hip, I will shew you that if you are as happy as Tom Cox of the *Diomede*, there is little left to pray for you — I see we are both going the same way, so what say you, master ? ”

“ I say, that, were I riding for a wager I would forfeit it, rather than lose your history, or your company.”

“ That's so kind-hearted now, and as like our Captain as if it came out of his mouth — so here we push off our boats.”

He sprang lightly from the bank on which he had been resting, slung his small bundle, tied up in a black Barcelona handkerchief, over his shoulder, took the footpath with a gay air, and then I walked my horse in the road, beside him, as close to the causeway as possible.

Now then for a slice or two of happy Tom Cox:—

“Soon after my boys were pressed,” quoth he — “bad work that pressing though — ‘specially at your *crimping* houses — over the doors of which a shipmate of mine wrote ‘take notice — *man-traps* set here,’ — but let that pass — ‘all’s well that ends well.’ — Soon after my boys were pressed, — the crimpers trapped them just as they went to fresh themselves with a draught and away at public house, ‘hot with hard work — I goes to Captain Elphinstone — Captain, says I, I am Tom Cox, own father of two young Coxes your crimp-men carried away in the middle of a job — you must know we were in the carpenter and joiner line — so, as you’ve taken away my hands, and by the bye you might just as well have taken away my head — the rest of my body is come hopping after them, just to desire you will either *faster* them on again, or else take said body also — Ha, ha! I always had my joke, merry or sad. — On this the Captain took measure of me from top to toe.

“ But what say the young men to this,” cried Captain Elphinstone?

“ Wish for their father, please your honour, to be sure — and to help him to work for mother and sisters in the old shop — but ask them, your honour.

“ So said, so done — the Captain quarter-deck’d them directly — up came the Coxes, one, two, and I made the third, you know, Sir, — *they* on each side, I i’the middle. ‘ Boys, what say you to me, Tom Cox, your father? — here are you, boys, aboard o’ship, and little young she-ones at home, and old one who bore ’em to me, and gave ’em suck, if they don’t die of grief must starve, and *my* heart is well nigh broke already!’ ”

“ Love you and love they, father,” answered Danny, the eldest, “ but the Captain, mayhap, may be a father to them, us, and you too, if we make ourselves right and tight sea-boys; ” — “ and there’s money to be got ” cried Nat, putting in his oar “ by water as well as by land, father, and as we shall have less need to spend it at sea, we may save the more for you, mo-

ther. and sisters :” — “ and, mayhap,” said Dan “ get you ALL bread without your working any more for they or for any body.”

“ So said my eldest, and his brother was not behind hand ; and both took all at once such a fancy to the sea and ship life, that Captain said it would be a pity to baulk them.” — “ Here, friend,” said he to me, putting a couple of his majesty’s pictures in gold into my hand, “ carry these to your family at home, and consider these boys as provided for by King George, a good part of whose bounty will, no doubt, find its way into your pocket to help you at home.”

“ And why, please your honour, may I not become an humble servant of King George’s too, and be provided for in the same way ? why may not the old trunk stay and stick to the young branches ? They are but half and half things thus cut in two, but we shall make a goodly tree, when put together after this fashion. Ha ! ha !

“ Upon this I gave a hand to each of my boys, and the Captain laught, and we cried, but all for joy. So, still holding them thus-

fashion, I went on with my joke, though I never was more in earnest since I has born.

"Yes, Captain, said I, we do make a goodly tree — root and branches, thus-fashion united — and every inch of us heart of oak! — as all the enemies of Old England shall find, if your honour will but keep us near one another!"

"Enough said," cried our noble Captain; "but what will your wife and daughters say, to me, for running away with you, too, friend Tom?" — only think of his honour calling me friend! — reason good, however, for friends we all were from that moment; as you shall hear:—

"As to wife and daughters, your honour — said I, slyly — I will settle it with them in an hour's confab: Tom's commanding officer there, your honour, as much as you are in the Diomedé — Ha! ha!"

"Do so," answered the Captain; "and as I love to encourage hearts of oak, I will advance sufficient to keep your crew on land both in grog and good biscuit till you return to them."

"Whereupon I measured him just as he had

done me, and I saw that he would keep his word ; and so did I keep mine — for I went and settled business at home, and got back to the *Diomedé* as if I had a pair of legs as nimble as the youngest of my sons : a little scolding, and fondling, and whining, and cooing, to be sure — and I whin'd with them for company. — but heart of oak still.

“ Well, the week following, we were all merrily out at sea ; and though I scarcely knew the mainsail from the mizen, when I first began to swim on salt water, I know what to do now either in a storm, a calm, in peace, or in war, aye, as well as either Nat or Dan.”

It was impossible not to gratify a wish to shew a sense of the pleasure this honest fellow had given me by some small token of remembrance — my offering, however, was refused ; and the boatswain of the *Diomedé*, for such it seems he was, after a long hearty shake of the hand to thank me for my love, thus concluded his narrative.

“ You are to know, Sir, I got a wound that brought on this lameness, and not being able to

do much as a seaman, our Captain — Lord bless his good heart — ordered me to be about his own cabin, attend upon him, and only do such little odd jobs as a child might have done without tiring ; and whenever he saw me working at any thing he thought I could not manage without hurting myself, he damned me for an old fool with all the good-nature in the world, and banished me from his presence — a punishment ten times worse to Tom Cox than being brought to the gangway — and he would not, mayhap, let me come within eye-shot of him again for half a dozen hours.

“ One morning I took it into my head to clean the Captain’s cabin windows, while, as I thought, he was safe in his cot — but from throwing up the middle sash too much in a hurry, it stuck too fast for poor Tom to pull it down again. — Just, however, as I was tugging to do this, down I dropt myself ; and his honour, whom the noise had brought out of his birth unseen, demanded, in a voice more terrible to me than a broadside, how I dare be such a scoundrel as to make free with my precious

limbs in that manner, and then, on peril of never seeing him again, ordered me to go to my birth, swearing it would have served me right if I had broke my stupid old neck—and a great deal more of that sort of lingo—but all the while he was thus firing away at me, he was lifting me up from the place where I had fallen with as much gentleness as if I had been a sick lamb; and so then he led me to my hammock, as kindly as either of my own sons would have done; and afterwards brought me some comfortables with his own blessed hands, which I put to my lips and kissed with all my heart. And, do you think, while I can walk, hop, or even crawl, I will not follow such a master? yes, d—n me, if I would not work to him on stumps, were hands and legs lying in the four quarters of the world; yes though I was sure, after I got to him, I could only live to say, Captain Elphinstone, I am come to let you hear my dying words, which are these—God bless you, Captain.”

This ambulatory narrative was brought to the apostrophe by which it is closed, just as the

well-known scenery of my friend's villa at Runc-ton, on my return to that, alas! * now dismantled and bereaved place, rose to view. I repeated my acknowledgements to the interesting narrator, and was about to bid him farewell, when we were met by a groupe, at which every traveller must have paused. A mutilated — it would have been a truer epithet to have said — a mangled soldier, who had landed from an invalid ship, was about to be conveyed to the Lynn hospital, and his numerous family attending his — I had well-nigh written — remains. And though this was but an individual — an atom out of the bleeding mass — the appearance of the wounded man, and the sorrow of his mourning household, fastened upon the affections and must have created an interest in every beholder. His offspring would not suffer him to be carried in the common waggon, but were drawing him by turns in a kind of easy chair,

* See the account of some heavy domestic reverses which have taken place, in a note to the second edition of the former volume of English Gleanings, Letter 6th.

swarming about him, kissing his pale visage, and demonstrating their grief and love by every possible means.

“What you offered me before, Sir,” said my former companion, “I accept now, and I will put, if I can, as much more to it, for that poor soldier.” No sooner did I give the money than he turned away, forgetting his lameness, and pressing the invalid’s hand, earnestly, but softly, to his breast, said — “*there*, brother! soldiers and sailors are one and the same thing — so are friends and enemies — and so indeed is all the world, when he who sits up aloft gives the bullet or bayonet an order to do its commission, as we say; and so God help and heal thee, brother, make thee stout to fight again, else lay thee up comfortably for life, otherwise, take *thee* up aloft too.”

He had scarcely turned from the object of his sympathy, when, as if recollecting himself, he hasted back, and opening his bundle, took from it several articles that might be of immediate comfort. I had followed him close, and heard him distinctly utter these words, while he was

dispensing his little bounties:—"This cap is as soft as velvet, though you see it is only cotton lined with cat-skin—a cat of our own—a poor old Tab; who died o' fits by our fire-side—so wife, out of pure love, had her skinned, and sewed her hide into this night-cap, which has often made me think of her when she used to jump and pur on my knee, or come to keep me company in the old shop, and sit at the end of a plank, or roll herself up in the shavings—there, it will keep you as warm as wool; and this black Barcelona will serve to wipe the salt drops from your pretty eyes, young woman, who I suppose to be the poor fellow's daughter, though I don't care who you are for that matter—and when you have done crying you may wear it round your neck in memorableness of Tom Cox."

The good mariner now had leisure from his sweetly-exercised feelings to advert again to the Gleaner, who honoured him for so entirely losing sight, during these active exertions of his honest heart; and probably he forgot, not only every part of the preceding con-

versation, but his relatives both on water and on land.

I soon regained my friend's villa; and not without the most sincere emotion of good-wishes and good-will, I bade my new friend, in the spirit with which I shall now bid you —

Farewell!

LETTER XVI.

October.

You are not, however, to consider this as a partial selection, which fell in the way of my journey, at this particular crisis, applying only to individual sympathy. It is one specimen of the naval character, as to its humanity. Ten thousand others might, without difficulty, be gathered of our Tats, on the most unquestionable authority; the whole tending to confirm those sentiments, which you remember I addressed to them, when I called them the *natural* defenders of our country. A character, I observed, which they have established for ages.

It is enrolled, amidst the archives most precious of our sea-girt isle. Their courage and loyalty has generally contrasted the stormy and uncertain element on which they have acquired

their laurels and founded their fame. The steady-generosity and manly zeal, likewise, of the British Tar stands distinguished both as a land and sea-mark in the map of the world : It is even as a beacon on the margin of the main which they command ; it serves as an example to other nations, and denotes the proud pre-eminence of their own. — Pre-eminence gained by themselves—in life their honour — in death their glory.

In truth, my Friend, the English seaman furnishes to his own, and to all other nations, the most lively image of bravery and good faith. Does a friend or an enemy, at home or abroad, on sea or on shore, ever seek his succour in vain ? Has his ready benevolence ever waited for solicitation ? — No ! the eye, the voice, the sight, the sound, of sorrow, was as a signal of distress held out to the feeling hearts of the ocean's lords, and answered by the most prompt alacrity of bounty. How many thousand even of foes have been preserved from the jaws of death, yet live to bless their timely aid ? How many preservers became the very victims of that

preservation ? Could the transparent sea conduct our view, or could the human eye penetrate to the bottom of the waves, and ascertain the bones of those generous Tars, who have been the voluntary sacrifices of their hearts to save the wretched, and which lie buried there—gratitude would wish to collect those bones as the sacred reliques of a British sailor's humanity. Have we not been taught, even from our infant days, that to give relief in time of need, is the characteristic of every genuine son of the waves ? And is it not hence we blend our sailors with every liberal thought, with every manly action ; that we consider them as our pride in the day of success, and rely upon them as our anchors in adversity ?

NOTE.

In the history of our country a moment arrived, and it is in every man's recollection, at which the wise, the brave, and the good of all parties cordially united. **TO REPEL THE INVADER** was the point in which every Englishman agreed.

It was the grand centre of Union; no beat of the drum, nor exhortation of the commander, was necessary to stimulate true Britons to the duty of defending their native land upon such an occasion. Every honest man volunteered his service; a common duty gave the alarm; a kind of natural affection animated courage; and every lover of his country waited *instructively* for the hour that should summon him to action. It was, perhaps, the *only* cause in the support of which men of the most opposite passions and principles could meet. Accordingly, it became, as before observed, a common cause: the generous public, though hardly pressed by the exigencies of a ruinous war, gave it their best support; our fleets and armies were equipped: and each man relied on the courage and good faith of the other.

But mischief was secretly at work; and in a quarter little to be suspected. A foul and unnatural, though God be praised, not a general, piece of treachery was discovered, where, from local circumstances, we had placed the most strength. A link, in the great national chain that holds us together, was broken by some unruly spirits, even after they had declared their satisfaction with measures adopted in their favour. A disorderly part of the British seamen quarrelled even with the accomplishment of their own wishes; and while the main body of those valuable hulwarks set sail, with willing hearts, to pursue their duty on its proper element, we were assailed, as you know, in our very ports, by the men whom we had bred, nourished, and rewarded; the cir-

cumstance was sudden, but we provided for it with manly alacrity. Indeed there cannot be a doubt, but in such a dilemma, England had not an arm that would not have been raised in her defence. Every noble would have left his mansion, every honest labourer his cottage, every virtuous man his occupation; not more to repel an invader, than to chastise an ungrateful insurgent: but this universal patriotism was not then, and, I trust, never will be necessary. The majority of the navy were found faithful — and the British army deserved our confidence. It was firm in the hour of temptation, and persevered to march in the fore right road of honour and virtue, when the seducer had beset it with snares. The dark assassins who had tampered their integrity, only excited their manly indignation; and they felt it not more as an insult on their country than on themselves. Like pure gold tried in the fire, their virtue has come forth without alloy: and they proved to the surrounding world that there is no base metal, no dross in the heart of a British soldier.

At the same time, it is but justice to observe, that our SAILORS soon resumed themselves: They had wrongs which were redressed, and they returned to their sworn duty, and their claims were allowed a thousand fold. They soon turned every instrument of death and of desolation *from* the bosoms of their countrymen; — displayed ensigns of loving-kindness to the faithful Soldiers who had set them an example of honourable conduct. — They pointed their cannon to the proper

mark, and the flag of *true* honour and *true* courage prevailed over that of ungenerous rebellion. — In a word, they unfurled their sails, invited the officers, whom they had dismantled of *their* rights, to accept their stations: and, agreeable to the advice of those who appealed to them publicly — myself amongst the rest — they became *good men and true sailors*. It was, indeed, the moment, and the only one they had left themselves, to redeem the character of the British Tar, or consign it to eternal infamy! One and all seemed to feel the force of this important truth — that, the Almighty himself could not conduct the affairs of the world to any wise or good end, had the atoms that form the strength and harmony of his universe the power and the will to become lawless and undisciplined.

This, too, dear Baron, was the crisis, in which I contended, and shall for ever contend, that UNION was, is, and will for ever be, the one thing needful to the preservation and prosperity of the British Empire. And, in the hope of bringing this awful and eternal truth home to the "business and bosoms" of the people; I threw out my whole mind, and its convictions, in an appeal to my countrymen, which I gave without a name, but in the fullness of my heart, under the title of "Our good old Castle on the Rock;" the dispersion of which, answering my warmest hope of its getting into reading amongst those for whose use it was intended, makes me proud now to own, and to preserve it by a republication in these papers — not in order "to swell my volume," as certain critics, who exhibit more of the politician than the patriot in their journal, will assert; but, because I think every sincere lover of the country, and of the still uncertain state of public events and affairs, will deem the arguments and sentiments neither local nor temporary; and because I shall never cease to feel the solemn duty of the very first

sentence in the address—namely, that every individual should contribute his talent, whatever be its nature and degree, to his native country, whenever her exigencies demand; and that there is not one amongst us, who, while the Providence of God permits him to enjoy any corporeal, or intellectual, function, has not the means of doing some public good,

It is under the sanction of these sacred convictions, now the time of collecting these papers is come, that I shall reprint the Appeal here alluded to, as this volume will probably meet the eyes of many which have not seen the address; and as the time employed in reading it will not exceed more than a quarter of an hour, which I dare flatter myself will not be thought wasted by those who love the peace of the country, and the union that maintains it. While those who persuade themselves, or try to persuade others, that the Old Castle is good for nothing, and had better be in ruins, rock and all, can but consider me as a weak politician; and if I do not herein wholly disgust them, pass over the leaves till they come to something they like better.

LETTER XVII.

OUR GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK,
&c.

THE COMMON CAUSE.

THE Cause now to be maintained is not that of any set of men whom the caprices of Fortune, or the constitutions of Society have placed on an eminence in trust for the rest: it does not move on the narrow scale of Ministers, Kings, nor any of their Partisans; it is not, simply, even the august, collective body of a TRULY great Empire; nor yet alone for the present age; it is the Cause of all Nations, and as we honour or disgrace it, will carry shame or glory to the remotest parts of the earth, and to the latest Posterity.

If ever the sacred words, COMMON CAUSE were more appropriate at one period of the human history than at another, this is that period : and for this, every eye should now be wary, every foot in motion, and every arm prepared.

From scenes well formed to assist and encourage peaceful contemplations, permit a sincere Lover of his Country, and of all good Men in every Country, to present you with the counsels of one, who, in a life of meditation, has never deviated from the serene and flowery paths of science, into the thorny track of politics, but when he has felt it the DUTY of an Englishman to quit the train of milder Reflections, has and *then* devoted himself, and the best of those energies which it has pleased the great Dispenser to bestow on him, in the hope of appeasing some disturbance of the public quiet, or moderate some unhappy contention amongst his Countrymen.

He will not divide your attention amongst many objects. There is, indeed, but one left, and that can call for few arguments ; but those

few will speak to your reason, your affections, and your souls.

. You have long been at war with others : too many of those whom you cannot even yet consider as aliens, are at war with themselves. Discussions of the motives of the *mania* that continues to drain most parts of Europe of its blood ; and cold or inflammatory disputes about which has been right, which wrong, in its origin or progress, are over. Civil Discord, assuming at once the speed and desolation of the thunderbolt, moves with giant steps from one land to another ; and even the Ocean is no longer a barrier.

Colossus-like, she strides from sea to sea, and almost, without borrowing a figure from Poetry, threatens to make the "*Green one Red.*" She acquires bulk and vigour as she goes ; and there is but one remaining way to check her sanguinary career : and unless it be immediately taken, even that will be in the grasp of this exterminating fiend : yet the way is easy, and after a brief pause, I will conduct you to it.

OUR GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK.

YES, my Countrymen, we have still to boast
OUR GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK; a Rock
which Nature has made impregnable to every
thing but that undermining power, which con-
tracts the strength of Armies, and makes em-
battled Nations feeble as the unsinewed Babe,
— CONFEDERATION AGAINST THE COMMON
CAUSE.

NOR is this our Castle a barren possession,
though encircled by the Sea; for while the idle
foam dashes against it, every billow adds to its
security, and the Ocean is at once its pride and
its protector. Which of you does not feel that
in this sacred Edifice you have an Interest, and
an Inheritance? Which of you does not exult
in the thought that it is your home, and that it
remains amidst the convulsions of the Earth,
an object of glory to its Friends, so doth it of
despair to its Foes? — It calls, perhaps, for some
repairs, — here an useless ornament to be re-
moved — there a column taken down — in one
part, a pillar to be strengthened — in another

the superstructure, and possibly some of the invisible supports, to be examined. In a less agitating hour these may become subjects worthy of your attention. In the mean time even were an Enemy to take a survey, he would find that the foundation is good, and that the fabric still stands majestically on the Rock, whereon our Ancestors have placed it. It was designed by genuine Patriotism, and executed by consummate Wisdom. Let none of the popular infatuations seduce you into a belief that it would be for the happiness or policy of any man, now its inhabitant, to pull it down; in other words, to destroy in order to make it better. Not even the union of all the world's wisdom or policy could in a thousand years make a new one with so many excellencies, so few defects: and if some of those defects be important, as it is not to be denied they are, let a calmer moment be chosen to reform them; and even let them then be reformed in the spirit of men, and not of Demons; as members of a Christian community, not as political Fanatics,

“ Hell’s work performing in the name of God.”

Be not persuaded that a new one would prove the Phoenix : it would but accumulate the mischief by increasing the ashes : it would heap ruin upon ruin, till the Rock itself, whereon Nature has sublimely enthroned it, should give way, and be hurled into the very sea which is now its guardian and its glory.

Would you, my Countrymen, examine the *reasons* why the venerable Pile, which amidst these almost

“ Wrecks of nature and this crush of worlds,”

has so long afforded you a shelter, should be defended by ALL whom it protects, those reasons are obvious : they are before your eyes, they appeal to your every sense, they are beating at your hearts. That Castle holds whatever in life is most precious to you : it contains the cradle of your infant Babes, whose slumbers are undisturbed and sweet ; it contains your wholesome Bed, unpolluted by the Rapine of Invasion : it receives you, after the honest labours of the day, whether of body or of soul ; and not even the Battle and Murder of other Nations,

nor any thing but Guilt, or the visitation of Heaven, which happens to all men, can prevent your enjoyment of unbroken repose. The apartment individually allotted to you, whether spacious or otherwise, incloses a thousand other blessings; but were there only these, let those senses and those hearts decide whether they are not sufficient to enrol you among the zealous Defenders of your Country? Which of you that duly appreciates these peculiar privileges, will not, as with one voice, exclaim, as if to bind yourselves in one solemn oath of voluntary allegiance to the COMMON CAUSE, — “ *I will live or die, fight or fall, in defence of my CASTLE?*”

Nor is this the Language of an Enthusiast. You will be justified in it upon every ground of natural feeling, reason, and common sense: for you may defy not only the Malecontents, but the Innovators themselves, to tell you in what other part of Europe, not too remote for the revolutionary contest, such a cradle for the young, a crutch so secure for the aged, or a couch so safe for all, is to be found? With all its blemishes, and amidst

all its injuries, the GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK, is still the best Protection of its Natives; and even the Sons and Fathers of its most implacable Enemies hail it, in this hour of peril, as their only asylum.

And what, my Countrymen, are your complaints against it? — Are your conditions, in some particulars, unequal? — Does the hand of Power seem to press a heavier burthen on some than on others? — and is the fruitful Domain, annexed to your Castle, parcelled out unfairly? — Do not judge in this way: there is no situation that has not its measures of evil mingled with its good: but even on your own estimate, you can only be comparatively high or low, rich or poor: an extension of the rule by which you judge will make your own allotment as much superior to those beneath your destiny, as to those whom you imagine to be above it: and, casting an eye of observation on the suffering world, there is scarcely an Individual in the Realm of England who may not, with grateful feelings, ejaculate,

“ What Myriads wish to be as blest as I!”

Under these happy emotions, look then, my Countrymen, at your still peaceful cottage, and its cheering hearth; — cherish your little gardens, — dress your smiling fields, — or, if you have none of the latter, consider what your culture of them, for others, produces to you in comfort, in health, and social love: — consider them as the wholesome toil and reward of your industry. Turn your eye on the Family whom that industry nourishes; on the sick neighbour to whom labour permits the morsel and cordials of loving-kindness to be dispensed; and as you survey these objects of the social and kindred heart, with numberless others that twine like its fibres around them, you will be proud of your Country; will feel yourselves more than ever pledged to support her; you will bless her fruitful soil, which so many envy; and detach your thoughts from every thing that would annoy your comfort in your GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK.

The recapitulation of the enjoyments, still sacred to the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, must have reached your heart, because your purest, affect-

tions. And while these are leading you to a grateful train of thought, and stirring your hearts to generous feelings, it is a crisis most favourable to the tenure on which you hold these enjoyments: and as that inevitably leads to a brief but tremendous account of the reverse of the Picture, we will make another pause before it is presented for your contemplation. In that pause, my Countrymen, whatever be your state and station, dwell fondly on the benignant privileges which you have yet to boast; and be it the earnest prayer of all Britons to the Fountain of Peace, that these privileges may continue to THEM, and be restored to the wise and just of every other Country, more especially those of the Sister Kingdom, for whom we must yet feel a kindred solicitude.



THE CASTLE IN DANGER.

To draw your feelings, my beloved Countrymen, from a sense of Security to an alarm of Danger; from an almost providential exemption

from the general tumults of Society to scenes which accumulate Dismay and Horror, seems inconsistent with the professions of a Friend. Yet it is only from clear and distinct views of an object that we can form any correct estimate concerning its good or evil; the motive, therefore, must excuse me to you for the salutary pain I must give by pointing at the possibility of your former happy sensations being converted into their reverse. Let us, for a moment, contemplate the Castle, and its richly cultivated domain, in ruins: for none of you can be ignorant that such ruin is meditated; and that it is, indeed, the darling passion of your most determined Foe. Let us imagine the menace to be effected. The devourer has taken possession of the sacred Earth that surrounds your Castle. Let us even suppose, preposterous as is the supposition, that you should deny her the succour she has a right to claim, how shall I exhibit to you the features of the hideous Portrait which would be formed by such Degeneracy? The fairest hopes of the Scythe and Sickle would fall in one crimson heap before you; and the In-

struments used at this tranquil hour to prepare the bread of life, would be constrained to reap a bloody harvest, in which not only the toils of the year, but of the whole lives of your forefathers, might, in less time than has been employed to entrust the generous seed into a single acre of the Earth, be involved. Here, as, alas! we have but too lately witnessed in other countries, every harmless utensil of Husbandry might be called in as an auxiliary of the destructive sword, to assist in the murder of your wives and innocent offspring. Or, what is yet more lamentable, your own hearts may be hardened by the contagion of dire example, and you, yourselves, become the assassins of those who are now most near and dear to you. Or, if there can be an extreme more dire, more disnatured than this, those very hands which you have espoused at the altar of God, and those arms which enfold you with conjugal or paternal love, and appeal to you for protection, soothe all your cares, and double all your joys, may — O shuddering thought! — be raised against the bosoms of friend or lover, or strike at the heart

of husband or father — every soft tie of nature and affection dissolved in the frenzy of mistaken zeal, and impelled by the head-lóng vehemence of civil fury.

From the summit of your Castle, survey a scene like this, even now carrying on in one of the fairest appendages of your Sister Country :— a repetition of the soul-sickening deeds which have been committed in another ill-fated land within your view.

Compared with these horrors, what are the local hardships, or all the temporary difficulties levied by the exigence of the times, to prevent them? — Which of you would not sacrifice a limb to save the whole body? — Think, for one moment, you see the wholesome, though perhaps hard-earn'd meal, which your Industry has gained, and your faithful wife prepared for you and for her little ones, snatched from you. Imagine you behold these dearer parts of yourself bathed in their blood — dying or dead before you.

Nor let such of you, my Countrymen, as are more opulently accommodated, believe that you

will, in any case, exchange one good for another. O how vainly do ye suppose, that in sacrificing *Riches*, ye will purchase *Liberty*! that glaring, but false meteor which deludes many from every point of reason, good faith, and common sense! You would only barter patrimonial fortune, or the nobler acquisitions of Industry, for dishonoured Poverty; and sell rational Freedom, which may be perfected without these horrors, for more confirmed slavery. What better than these exchanges have been made in any of the countries where the crimson Banner of Revolution has been reared, or the boasted Tree of Liberty planted? Survey the reeking trophies of the one, and the bitter fruits of the other. In each of the warring countries, whether successful or conquered, wherever Freedom had ten old wounds, she has now a thousand new ones. Avoid the last, and use a better weapon than the sword of Treason — Treason against your *own* majesty — to correct the daring offenders who gave the first!

There are political Cathartics yet to be found, more efficacious than the caustic which Rebel-

lion can apply : but I repeat, that no healing power can be used till the deep-mouthed wounds, which are now given to DOMESTIC ORDER, are cured by the return of DOMESTIC TRANQUILITY. And this brings us to the means by which this order and tranquillity can be attained, and which I promise to point out.

THE CASTLE PRESERVED.

WIDE spreading as is the mischief, my Countrymen, what is there of good, not physically impossible, which cannot be accomplished by UNION ?

Turn your eyes to the wonders, the almost miracles of UNION. Deserts converted to blooming pasture ; the craggy rock into a conveyance of living waters ; the sullen flint into genial fire ; the wild waste, which scarcely gives the verdure of the thistle, into a fragrant garden ; the most baneful poisons into salutary food for the healthy, or medicines for the sick ; the frowning pit, and mishapen quarry into a magnificent city. These are the least important of

the powers of UNION; they are the work of men's hands: — a nobler wonder is reserved for you, my Countrymen — for your hearts; — an honest exertion of these in the COMMON CAUSE shall preserve your inheritance. UNION shall make your fixed and floating Castles indeed triumphant. But the Union must not only be general, as, praise be to the British character, it now is — it must be UNIVERSAL, — the whole Patriot soul informing and animating the whole Patriot body.

The best, bravest, and most wise amongst you, of ALL parties, agree to call the defence of your native Land against an *invading* Foe, whether foreign or domestic, true Patriotism. In the name of the Patriot, then, I conjure you to encourage it. — My Friends, it is the ardent, active, and sacred principle that has already led you to suspend all your accustomed pleasures, all gainful pursuits, or at least to consider them as secondary; to postpone every question of what is hereafter to be discussed, and every measure that may be adopted for Prince or People, for Church or State. The more you contemplate,

the more will you be convinced that UNION *is the one thing immediately needful*. Without it, indeed, nothing either of Heaven or Earth could preserve its beauty or its use. A few discordant parts would unsettle the whole system of the spheres,—the planets would rush furious on each other, the moon be hurled from her orbit, and the Earth be shrivelled like a scroll by a spark from the sun. My Countrymen, imitate that which holds the Heavens themselves together. UNITE: PRESERVE ORDER: BE FAITHFUL TO YOURSELVES; and, secure in your GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK, you may bid defiance to the embattled Globe.

LETTER XVIII.

North Runcton, October 1798.

AFTER stopping to re-enjoy the sweets that surround, and are inmates of this village, with all which my * former letters from hence have acquainted you, I begin my proposed tour into Suffolk, the adjoining county, by a route not exactly in the line of regular travel, but in every way the more pleasant on that account, and which proved so extremely satisfactory to me that I feel every hope a faithful description will recommend it to you.

I took my way through Stoke, Brandon, and Thetford, which is made interesting by various objects; amongst the most attractive of which are the ruins of Castle-Acre.

Never, perhaps, were the changes of time

* See Letters 4, 5, vol. 1st.

exhibited in a more remarkable manner than in the town, fortress, and monastery, of Castle-Acre.

But, whatever difference these changes may have made in the appearance of the original scenery, when the castle and monastery were in the pride of their warriors and of their priests, the objects which remain, however mutilated, are still sufficient to render this spot as important and interesting to the eye and heart of travellers of genius and sensibility as any in the Island.

The grand cloister is converted into a pig-house, which you enter by noble arches — the abbot's sacred apartment is now * Mr. Ward's cheese-chamber and ham-house: and seldom have swine been lodged more luxuriously than in their piggory at Castle-Acre. It is floored with Roman brick-work, and cieled with cedar — the stone-coffin, which was taken up in the time of Blomfield's visit to this place, is now made a water-trough for the farmers horses. — The west front of the monastery ex-

* The present occupier of the farm.

hibits a sublimity, and the very glory of mortal workmanship, is nearly entire. — The circumference of the outer wall is immense — the ivy is finely twisted, branched, and even rooted, into the stone-work. — Some of the ruins stand fearfully, some proudly apart, and seem to warn the passenger not to advance too near. The lands around are admirably disposed in aid of this imagery. The castle rampart is awefully sublime — seen from hence at various points of view is its ditch picturesque in shrubs midway, on the sides of which children, sheep, and oxen, seem to hang suspended, though the latter were at feed and the former at play. It was the full of the hunters moon — and the night had been for some time, such as a painter, poet, or any other lover of nature, would have chosen. The moon beams fell full on the ruins — some of the sheep folded themselves amongst the fragments — some reposed in the cloyster — others in the hollow of what was supposed to be the holy well — several made their bed in the part which appeared to have been the altar-place, two or three paced the cloysters, and I observed one

standing immediately in the centre of an arch of the refectoire, while others were feeding in the place of sepulture, near to the spot from whence Mr. Blomfield dug the stone-coffin. The farm-horses were in the chapel, and the hogs, with no very great alteration, perhaps, between the ancient and modern possessors, were snoring comfortably under the fretted roof of their superb sty.

You must look into your own mind, for a respondent sentiment to that I felt, as I stood lonely and silent amidst these desolate and pathless monuments of what had been great and sacred, the abodes of vice and virtue, truth and hypocrisy, learning and ignorance—for we must admit a mixture in all numerous associations, or we break the chain of society!

If I have ever felt a moment of inspiration, caught from objects that struck the soul and senses, this was that moment, I ruminating in verse,—

“ I thought in numbers, for the numbers came; ”

and as I was leaning against the fragment of the

singular pillar before noted, I took out my pencil and note-book, which the light of the moon would have shone on, though the wind blew a passing cloud, and not seldom a dark one, over her visage—and I should have marked down an idea which the scenery then suggested, had I not been alarmed by the sudden start, and afterwards quick discomposed step, of two of the sheep; which had taken up their lodging in a place, one of my informers assured me, had been a dressing-room for the bathers; and it is probable, for it is a long narrow passage, leading by stone steps into a very deep hollow, which is still visible. In the next instant I saw a man and woman just entering the place—I know by your smiling, you decide on the nature of this moon-light assignation; and certain it is, that the time and place were apt for the designs of any sort of gallantry: but I wish the same spot may, in old times, never have been more profaned—nay, I wish it may have been often the appointed rendezvous of so much pure affection—I stepped round my pillar, and was compleatly shaded from the reach of eyes, but

as perfectly within ear-shot, of a repetition of the fondest love, on both sides, concluded by these words:—

“ Father will miss me, Robert. As you came such a *sort** of miles to shake hands, and let me hear what you had to tell me, I would not have failed running out for a moment, had it rained ever so fast, instead of being moon-shiny.” —
“ Thank you, dear, dear Betsey, and I have only to say, and that is what I had to tell, this shall be the last running out, wet or dry, to meet Robert; for *my* father will, before Christmas, do as much for me as yours for you, and you will then be my own sacred, loved, wedded wife, Betsey; and before long, the old ones will have a meeting, and the young ones, that is, you and I, may shake hands at one another’s houses; meantime I won’t take more than this one true lover’s kiss — there — and now I’ll just see you across the mead, and step home as gay as a bird.”

* *Sort*, This has in the former volume been explained as a *Norfolk* word, to express a considerable quantity or number.

The honest youth hastened to perform his promise, and coming undiscovered from my pillar, as I saw them depart, I breathed a blessing for their union and for its happiness.

In your visit to this romantic village you will not forget to walk round the out-works of the fortress, by a path which rises from the bottom of the vale. You will be struck at every step by something either sublime, beautiful, or *picturesque*.—One of our Englishwriters has made a very new and correct distinction betwixt the scenery, peculiarly appropriate to the latter term, and its imagery; and you will feel the whole force and delicacy of his discrimination. It is an * Enquiry of high merit, and shall form part of my meditated parcel.

In the meantime, Mr. Price's *idea* of the picturesque will be acceptable. The characteristic features of the *picturesque* he represents as being *intricacy* and *variety*, to which, from other parts of

* By Uvedale Price.

the description, we seem warranted to add, so combined, as to evince unity of design, and to produce an interesting effect. This is neither of the wild, vast, and simple, character of the **SUBLIME**; nor of the still, perfectly soft, uniform, simple, character of unmixed **BEAUTY**. Respecting the appropriate characters of the picturesque, they result from that *intricacy* which alike excludes the absolute simplicity of the *sublime*, and the equal, though, in kind essentially different, simplicity of perfect *beauty*. Perhaps, then, the definition of the **PICTURESQUE** might stand thus:—*A combination of visible objects, characterized by variety, with intricacy so selected and disposed, as to evince unity of design, and to produce an interesting effect; the principles of which a PAINTER would recognize.*

THE PICTURESQUE holds a station *between* **BEAUTY** and **SUBLIMITY**; and is, on that account, perhaps, more frequently and more happily blended with them both, than they are with each other; he then remarks upon those particulars which shew that it is *perfectly distinct* from either: the one being founded on *smooth-*

ness, the other on *roughness* ; the one on gradual, the other on sudden variation ; the one on ideas of youth and freshness, the other on those of age and decay.

From the register of Castle-Acre we learn several curious particulars relating to the ancient family of de Melton, or Constable.

“ Alice de Warren in her widowhood, with the consent of her son and heir, Sir Jeffrey de Melton, gave by deed to the monks of Castle-Acre the yearly rent of *three shillings* out of a mill in East Tuddenham ; and by another deed confirms the same ; willing the monks to remember her, and with the said yearly rent to *mend their towels.*”

By her will, beginning thus :—

“ In the name of the Father, the Son, and
“ the Holy Ghost, Amen. This is the testa-
“ ment of Alice de Warren — Imprimis. I give
“ my body to be buried in the church of St.
“ Mary, of the monks of Acre ; and two of my
“ better sort of horses, with a vestment for a
“ priest, and a chalice (or a cup) and half a

“ mark rent *per. ann.* for ever, out of my mill

“ in Tuddenham, &c.”

“ Sir Jeffrey Constable de Melton, her son and heir, by deed confirmed the above-mentioned grants.

“ Sir Peter de Melton confirmed also by deed the said grant of his mother Alice, &c. ; and moreover gave to the said monks the yearly rent of 12d. to be received of Reiner de la Dale of Tuddenham : he also bound himself to pay, in performance of his mother's will, to the monks of Castle-Acre, at Easter 40d. and at Michaelmas 40d. Dated at Castle-Acre, the 15th of February 1228.”

A little, not hedge—but heath ale-house—ten miles from Swaffham, is as welcome to the traveller, even in fine weather, after ten miles of almost unsheltered common, warrens, or open fields, over sand or chalk, as a rivulet to an Arabian passing the deserts. I need not bid you pause at it if you are on horse-back—for eight miles, no less protected, must be measured before you reach Thetford. If time al-

lows, a walk over the grounds of Lord Petre, at Buckingham-hall, may amuse you — but you will be gratified yet more by understanding that the above-mentioned nobleman keeps in wholesome exercise many hundreds of poor people in effecting the several improvements in his new projected gardens and pleasure-grounds—thereby cultivating and carrying on the ornaments and charities at the same time ; projecting, it is said, the former to keep in honest occupation the proper objects of the latter.

While you are thus indulging your curiosity, honest John Pearson, will rub down and feed your horse, and his not taciturne wife will regale your return with fresh eggs and some of the best bacon, even you, who are of Westphalia extraction, ever ate. For this, a jug of nut-brown ale, and abundance of civility you will pay *one shilling* — including your steed's refreshment — *aye* — and the entire history of the village into the bargain — Buckingham-hall inclusive. Two of their anecdotes are worth recording, because on enquiry I find both are authentic — One is, that although there *should*

be divine service once a fortnight in a little sugar-loaf-looking church, the worthy priest sometimes postpones it to a more convenient season — “There is no sartainty,” quoth my landlady, “we don’t get a MORSEL of religion sometimes for a month or six weeks; but then our parson gentleman is an ailing man — so after we have waited in our pews till there is no use in waiting any longer, our bit of a clerk bids us do the best we can for ourselves, cries amen, and away we go.”

“Yes, Sir,” says my landlord, “our Lord Petre is a nice man. He came down to the hall last week with a new fancy, which I approve of very much — he will let no young batchelor work on his premises, he says, while the King wants soldiers — but if they go and serve his Majesty and their country, and return to the hall, then their pay shall be doubled.”

Intermediate heath-ground, unrelieved, and as unvaried as the note of the lapwing that complains by the way, with scarcely the gilding of a fine autumnal sun, could reconcile the uncheary prospect before me: and I was obliged to resort to me-

mory of the past, to supply and atone for the present. That blessed power which invests the mind with a kind of second sight, carried me back on her rapid and invisible wing to the soft ascents and falls of Runcton — to the majestic and thought-inspiring relicts of Castle-Acre, and thus I was soon enabled to overleap the present time, and to pass smoothly along the rest of the dreary heath to Thetford.

Until I can give you an account of which town I bid you an affectionate adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Thetford.

MARTIN thinks it probable that Thetford was the royal city of the Iceni even before the Roman invasion ; it was called by the Romans the city upon the river *Sit* or *Thet*, the name of a small river falling out of Suffolk into the little Ouse, which runs through this town.

The view from the Castle-hill of this town is picturesque, and commanding a great extent of country ; and it is made yet more attracting by a back view, about a mile on the Swaffham road. Either the ancient or modern historians dispute among themselves, whether it was a work of the Romans or Saxons—nor is it very material to the prospect which you may at present enjoy on its top, or the grandeur of its ascent—though a great deal

has been said about its ramparts, parallelograms, parapets; its angles, concaves, &c. &c. all of which are right and diligently detailed by honest Tom Martin, if my dear Friend, and my good readers wish to consult him on the subject. The hill itself will well repay your passing half an hour in a more active and animated survey of it; in the book of nature, in the very leaf which is now left for your inspection, without any elucidations or darkenings of its commentators. Nevertheless, if you be so minded, you may not only see these, but a circumstantial account of its burnings, rebuildings, and amazing growth, from the time of its total ruin by the Danes to the reign of Edward the Confessor; and how much it suffered by the arms of William the Conqueror; who, it seems, notwithstanding his splendid epithet of the *glorious* warrior, set his wit against 21 burgesses — though, in point of fortune, they were said to be poor, — but rich or otherwise, the glorious warrior destroyed them.

The ancient history of the churches, or their monuments, affords but little for a reader of

any sort ; nor do the endowments appear to have been much in the stile of ecclesiastical provision. The highest estimate of one of their churches, even in the reign of Elizabeth, was so small, that half of the rector's first-fruits were *forgiven* him by the bishop ; but a famous relic given to the reverend pauper, whose name was Wadus, made ample amends.

“ In Thetford was a parish church, which is now destroyed, called St. Andriese — in this church, among other relics, was the smock of St. Andriese, which was there kept as a great jewel and precious relique — the virtue of, that smock was mighty and manifold ; but especially in putting away the tooth-ach and the swelling of the throat — so that the patients were first of all shriven, and heard mass, and did such oblations as the priest of the church enjoined.” — The vulgar supposed this relique to be so full of sacred virtue, that they ordered in their will certain persons to go in pilgrimage to it, for the salvation of their souls. Margaret Whoop, of East-Harling, had the following clause in her will, which was dated 1504 : — “ I will that

another man shall go in pilgrimage for me to Thetford, and offer for *me* to St. Andriese's *smock*."

The corporation of Thetford, as appears from Domesday-book, which we consider as the most authentic repository of our ancient records, is of great antiquity; and a circumstantial account of its charters, arms, benefactions, mayors, representatives, liberties, burgesses, even down to its coroners and constables, is given with all the fond prolixity of a man attached to his native town, and a lover of antiquity, by the Thetford historian: but as this can be interesting only to those, who, like himself, feel for it the same natural prepossessions, we refer all such of our readers to the original work, where they will be more pleased to collect it from the pages of their worthy countryman, than from those of any other writer.

Mr. Martin's description of the town, though it still gives the general figure, does by no means present the particular features; for though it is true that the buildings are still neither uniformly elegant, nor the streets regular, it has

not now the air of a decayed village ; for the interspersure of genteel houses and ample shops prevail over the poorer buildings : and from the spirit of improvement in every English town the latter will gradually be supplied, either by more uniform cottages, or purchased for more beneficial purposes.

Thetford was once the residence of the East-Anglian kingdom, and was frequently visited by Queen Elizabeth : the last august personage on record was James I. who for several years past the hunting season here ; till, receiving an affront from one of the farmers, for riding over his corn, for which the royal trespasser was threatened with a prosecution. The great folks thereupon ceased to *honour*, or *injure* it — which ever the reader pleases.

LETTER XX.

Thetford.

THE prior, who was a Savoyard, and assumed upon being a relation of the queen of England, invited two of his brothers to pay him a visit at his monastery; one named Bernard, was a knight; the other, Guiscard, a debauched clerk. It was their common practice to glut themselves with the best and most delicate provisions and wines, till the morning began to dawn, without paying any regard to the duties of the house, or the other monks who had been engaged in the proper labours of the day. Bernard, more sober than the other, retired; but the insatiable appetite of Guiscard continued these indulgencies; till the prior hav-

ing wasted the revenues of the house, and exposed himself, by his excesses, to the reproaches of the monks, was accused with great freedom by one of them, whom he had invited from Cluny. The monk, exasperated by his harsh language, accompanied with oaths and imprecations, was worked up to such diabolical rage, that, regardless of the laws of God and man, and the sanctity of the place, he fell upon the prior, and with his knife stabbed him in the belly that his bowels fell out — and, before the unhappy man could call out for help, repeated his blows till he had dispatched him. The perpetrator of this horrid deed was presently apprehended, and at the instances of the queen, the king commanded that the execrable wretch should be bound and confined in the deepest and darkest dungeon in Norwich castle. The historian concludes this dismal story with exculpating the whole fraternity by this line of the heathen poet :—

“ *Parcite paucorum diffundere crimen in omnes.*”

Notwithstanding these excesses, you are not to be

prejudiced against the general character of this holy repository, where many pious and right monastical miracles, I would have you to know, were performed, of which so many notable examples have been recorded, that I shall select one or two of the most important. There was a woman in Thetford, who, from continual infirmity, was almost brought to the grave; and, what is wonderful to be heard, she was seized in her *tongue* in such a manner, that it was drawn back into her throat, so that she had lost the use of speech and power of moving her tongue. While she was in this state some benevolent persons gave her a sum of money for the recovery of her health, endeavouring to persuade her to go to Woolnit, and there offer it to the image of the glorious Virgin; but the woman gave signs of reluctance, and pointed to the monastery of the monks. Her friends and benefactors perceiving her inclinations, advised her to offer the money she had received to the image of the Virgin which was in the chapel of the monks. Immediately after the woman had made an end of offering;

the use of her tongue was restored, and she spake, blessing and praising God and his glorious Mother. The manner of the woman's receiving her speech was, that while she was praying before the altar, over which the image stood, a person like unto the image appeared, and miraculously with her hand drew back the woman's tongue from her throat — and for this gracious and self-evident miracle, she vowed that during the remainder of her life she would keep a lamp burning before the image.

And if this is not sufficient to commemorate the miracles of the monastery, take another, — which you will possibly think out-herods Herod, though it has still its believers. It is, however, necessary to let you a little into the secret history of this grand business. We must revive a few of the leading circumstances. While the Episcopal See was at Thetford, in the parish church of St. Mary, the image of the Virgin was set on the high altar there, and afterwards removed to the new monastery. In process of time a new and handsome image was made, and the old one laid aside. A poor work-

man of the town, who had repeatedly invoked her aid for an incurable disease, was warned by her, that if he would be healed, he must repair to the prior, and tell him, in her name, to build her a chapel on the north-side of the choir, which he had lately repaired ; he declined giving the message till it was twice repeated. The prior began a chapel of wood, but was presently enjoined by the same messenger to make one of stone on the same spot. An old religious of the house was, at the same time, in the absence of the prior, and by the same man, shewn the spot for the foundation-stone, marked by a cross richly adorned with gold and jewels, which presently disappeared. The prior, not making such dispatch as the Virgin expected, she appeared to a woman in the town, sending her to a monk who was to expedite the prior ; but the woman, not paying proper attention, was deprived of the use of one arm, which was not restored till she delivered the message, and offered an arm of wax. When the chapel was finished, and the image of our Lady, which stood by a door leading into it, was to be removed, the painter

employed to clean it found nailed on the head a silver plate, containing innumerable relics of silver wrapped in lead, which had been placed there by Ralph, a monk of the original foundation, before they removed from the cathedral, who caused this image to be made at his own expence. This image wrought innumerable miracles, and continued in great fame till the dissolution. And now for the miracle.

“ William Heddrich, a carpenter, had a child three years old, who in harvest time was carried into the field with him, as was customary with peasants who went to their day labour. On a certain day, the child fell into a sound sleep on the edge of the field where his parents were reaping. In the dusk of the evening a man, driving a cart along the field where the child lay, the wheel went over its head, unknown to the driver, and killed the child on the spot: the father of the child was following the cart when the accident happened; he took the child up in his arms, and finding him dead and besmeared with his own blood, he made bitter lamentations; he then ran to an eminent surgeon in the same

town, who had healed many that laboured under various infirmities by the sovereign efficacy of his medicines. After the surgeon had minutely examined the child, he found no symptoms of life ; but he advised the father to carry it home, and the next day to prepare for its funeral. When the father learned from the surgeon his opinion, and was convinced the child was dead, with a heart full of grief he took it up and delivered it to his wife, that she might lay it on the bed ; then he assembled his friends, that they might watch through the night as was customary before a funeral. Being thus met they devoted themselves to watching and prayer, with the greatest devotion ; vowing to the blessed Mother of God, that if, by her intercession, the child should be restored to life, they would both go on a pilgrimage NAKED to the image of the blessed Virgin in the church of the monks at Thetford, and there make the usual offering ! — When they had made an end of their prayers and vows, about midnight the child revived : those that were present, when they beheld the happy effect of their prayers, vows, and pro-

mises, praised and blessed God ; and to perform their vows they took the child, and carried it before the image of the blessed Virgin, and fulfilled the obligations they had put “ *themselves under — just as they had pledged themselves !*”

L E T T E R X X I .

*Thetford.*

THE morning of the new election is come; and as the ceremony and its concomitants will serve to give you an express image of what takes place on such occasions, with a few variations in customs and formalities, festivities and spectacles — such as a dance, or no dance — I shall enter into the description at some length; and your imagination will magnify or diminish the splendour of the *pageant*, according to the size and dignity of the body corporate; for there is no other distinction to be made, as to *externals*, betwixt the election-gala of the most insignificant borough, and that of the Lord Mayor of London — the shew, jollity, intoxication, good-fellowship, and battles, being in exact proportion.

It must be confessed, however, that these meetings for the good of the country, whether for a Mayor or Member of Parliament, are generally begun in a spirit of party rather than of patriotism: they are continued with a zeal which kindles as it goes, and for the most part they end in confirming a violence of animosity, not only in the representatives and in the represented, but in the fathers and children down to the third and fourth generation.

What is called in this country, my dear Baron, the *freedom of election*, is thus ingeniously conducted. No sooner are the writs to fill up our vacant boroughs issued, than the most obsequious notice and invitations are made by public advertisement. Houses of rendezvous are opened by every candidate for the accommodation of the constituents. From this moment, the ideas of malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness, are engendered or revived in the minds of those who are to choose, and those who hope to be chosen. In a little time the canvass, as it is called, begins. This, to a stranger, will seem a very curious business: but I should mention

a little manœuvring which generally precedes it. Politics are of no particular sex, you are to know, in England. We have our lady-politicians in greater abundance even than our lady-philosophers; when it happens that the former side with their lovers, husbands, or even friend-candidates, a very active part is assigned them. They accompany the latter on the vote-chace; party often leads them into huts and hovels, where poverty and almost famine reside; and where pity might, perhaps, have wanted power to draw them. There, however, the sacred love of their country carries them laden with the good things of the world; and if they return empty-handed, it is but to replenish their stores, and dispense them amongst the poor and needy more largely;—how noble!—nor do they leave their humblest votaries till they have given a promise to rank them—thenceforward and for ever—that is to say—till the day after the election—amongst their friends, and fellow-patriots!

A yet larger generosity, on similar grounds, is carried on amongst the freeholders of more ample power to serve their country.—These

receive visits from our fair politicians, who greet the village Cincinnatus at the plough, whether toiling in the field, or in the farm-yard ; and not only proffer to them the hand of friendship, but the lip of beauty ! — O sacred patriotism, who shall presume to limit thy holy flame ? Not even plighted faith or wedded love themselves — for — in a cause like this — their country's cause ! — the British lover sanctions the candidate of her heart, and the husband confederates with, and encourages *her* to whom he has assigned the guardianship of his honour, to give and to receive those hands and those lips with as great disdain of scruples, and even to *dragoon* their favours, to men whom they never saw before ; and who, on their part, almost afraid to accept such an indulgence, feel ingeniously ashamed to accept, even perhaps when in frolic, the familiarity they have solicited. Think not I am availing myself of your ignorance in our customs, or that I am drawing in caricature.

Every man, conversant with election business, knows that I am describing a literal truth. In what other part of the globe, then, shall we find

such heroine-patriots? I have seen the unrivalled dames of England, and some of the most illustrious too, whether for rank, fortune, or talents, undergo such perils and fatigues upon such occasions, as might appal and weary the most enterprizing of the other sex. I have seen those who have been accustomed to all the softnesses and silken luxuries of life and fashion, rush from their drawing-rooms into the midst of a madding multitude—the wonder of the populace—elbow their way through filth of every description—ride as it were on the greasy shoulders of the mob; and think nothing too mean, dirty, or servile, that secures the *freedom* of election; but all for the good of their country!

The gentlemen-politicians, meanwhile, are not idle. Led on by modern amazons, surpassing those of olden time, how should they fail to conquer? They follow the bright example; and while their female commanders mould the farmer and peasant-voters to their purpose, they do their best with the wives and daughters, distributing gowns, aprons, linens, laces, promises, and kisses, in the greatest plenty, and with the

best effect, possible. These continue during the progress of the canvass ; but at length the great days of decision arrives. The inhabitants of the county appear to congregate at the place of election. All that deliberate hatred, cold antipathy, and insidious malevolence can invent against the avowed candidates, and their families, is now sung and said, printed and published. Every inveterate anecdote is brought from its hiding-place ; every private slip, every public error, fancied or real, is dragged forth to view ; and the houses of the constituents are turned into augean stables, from which the filth is thrown by the different partizans at each other. These transactions are aggravated by electionale, wine, and every sort of intemperance, without which there can be no freedom of choice in this country. The votes proceed, and the pole is closed, to the honour of one party, and the disgrace of the other — and, after some days and nights of drunkenness, slander, and opposition, of every sort and kind, the representing and the represented take leave of each other with a stock of ill-will and contempt more than

sufficient to keep them in bad humour, and make them bad neighbours for the rest of their lives. Such is the history of bringing a man into Parliament in this land of liberty — and such is our freedom of election !

Being chosen, the successful candidate usually makes a speech — a kind of return-thanks, and take-leave oration. By way of specimen, as one will exemplify the manner and spirit of a thousand, I will give you, in abridgement, the speech of the new Mayor of this place *. He told them, that “ having lived his whole life amongst them, it was unnecessary to speak to his conduct, of which they were in full possession — that he thanked them heartily; that he would be a diligent, faithful, and zealous, magistrate; but that, disposed as he was, to serve all descriptions of men, his duty and his sense of rectitude, would press on him the necessity of administering justice, and executing the laws of the land, even if they should be violated by his nearest and dearest friends and

* Mr. Mingay, one of our eminent Advocates.

connexions ; and that they should find him at the end of the year of his mayoralty, to have fulfilled the promises made on the day of his nomination."

Such is the substance of a sensible and well-pointed harangue, which was, as usual, much impeded by the interruption of huzzas, shouts, and bawling repetitions, of the name of the chosen, &c. &c. &c. — Eating and drinking, according to custom, succeeded ; but being only the election of a Mayor, and not a fierce encounter for freedom, all seems wrapt in silent and harmless intoxication at the early hour of eleven o'clock ; at which I wish you the superior enjoyment of a temperate repose.

NOTE.

I may not, however, suffer you to wait to an indefinite time for some idea of the capital of this county, whose principal feature I will with pleasure abridge from the detailed account of an author, the Norfolk Tourist, to whom I have acknowledged myself indebted for assistance in a former part of these Letters. And I flatter myself I shall be able to compress into a few pages of the note-type, all that may be necessary to interest your curiosity till you come amongst us.

It has been said that the city in ancient times was much more populous than it is at present, and that in the year 1348, more than fifty-seven thousand persons died here of the plague; but, as the walls of Norwich then prescribed its extent, there seems to be sufficient reason for believing this account to be much exaggerated; perhaps it might be true if applied to the city and county of Norfolk. There having been 58 or 60 churches in Norwich, and now only 35, has also been urged as a proof of its former great population; yet the decay of churches does not prove the people of former times to have been more numerous, but to have been more devout, or that the inhabitants have changed the modes of their religious worship.

The city was burnt and destroyed in 1004 by Swain, the Dane, who returned a second time in 1010, when many of his followers settled here, and it increased so rapidly, that from the Domesday-book of Edward the Confessor, it appears to have contained 1,320 Burgesses, and *it is said*, 25 parochial churches. It continued to increase till 1075, when Ralph de Walet, Earl of Norfolk, rebelling against William the Conqueror, the castle was besieged and taken, and great part of the city destroyed; but soon recovering from these misfortunes, it again began to flourish, and at the time of making the Domesday-book of the Conqueror in 1086, only eighty-two years after its having been destroyed by the Danes, it contained 738 houses, which, at the rate of five persons to a family, makes 3,690 inhabitants. Upon the Conqueror's death, Roger Bigod held the castle for

Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, elder brother of Rufus; wasting the city and county, and plundering all those who refused to join with him. This dispute was compromised, and Roger Bigod remained in possession of the castle, and held it peaceably during this king's reign. The city being once more freed from the evils attending the factional contentions of the Nobles, Herbert de Losinga, then Bishop of Thetford, removed the See hither, after having made many unsuccessful attempts to fix it at the rich abbey at Bury. This event took place April 9, 1094, from which time the city has been daily increasing in wealth, trade, and buildings. And to encourage its growing greatness, King Henry I. granted to the citizens the same liberties and privileges as the citizens of London enjoyed.

In the reign of King Stephen (1172) it was made a corporation, to be governed by bailiffs, in the room of a port-reeve, under which government it had been from the Saxon time; and in the year 1403, the citizens obtained a charter from King Henry IV. for the election of a Mayor, and two Sheriffs yearly, instead of the bailiffs.

The cities appear by Domesday-book, to have been, at the Conquest, little better than the middling market towns of the present time; York itself, though it was always the second, at least the third city in England, and the capital of a great province, which was never thoroughly united with the rest, contained then but 1,418 families. Norwich 738, Exeter 315, Ipswich 538, Northampton 60, Hertford 146, Canterbury 262, Bath 64, Southampton 84, Warwick 113.

These were amongst the most considerable in England, and hence it appears, that Norwich was next to York in size.

The first predatory incursions of the Danes into Britain were in 789, but their invasion of the kingdom of the East Angles, of which Norfolk was a part, did not take place till 886; when the natives, being more anxious for their present interest than for the common safety, entered into a separate treaty with the enemy; and furnished them with horses, which enabled them to make an irruption by land into the kingdom of Northumberland, where they seized the city of York. Hume's Hist. vol. 1.

Norwich, on account of its trade, wealth, beauty, extent, populousness, the salubrity of the air, the goodness of its markets, and the industry of its inhabitants, is deservedly ranked amongst the most considerable cities in Britain. Its Latitude, according to Sir Henry Spelman, is 52 degrees 45 minutes, North. Longitude 1. 19. East of the royal observatory at Greenwich. It is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, stretching from North to South, on the banks of the river Wensum. It is 108 miles from London by Newmarket, 110 by Colchester, 114 by Bury St. Edmund's; and it is somewhat remarkable, that Norwich, Bury, and Lynn, form an equilateral triangle, each side measuring 42 miles. It is also 43 miles from Ipswich; and 22 from Yarmouth by land, and 30 by water. It stands upon more ground than any other city in England, being rather more than one mile and a half in length, from King-street-gate to Magdalen-gate, and one mile and a quarter

broad from Bishop-gate to St. Benedict's-gate : towards the South it gradually contracts like a cone, containing little more than Ring-street and Ber-street; both of them being very long and populous. It has thirty-four churches besides the cathedral, and is encompassed by a ditch and the remains of a flint-stone wall, which was flanked with forty towers, in the ancient method of fortification, and had twelve gates for entrance on all sides, except the East, which is defended by the river Wensum, after running through the city from East to West, and over which there are five stone bridges, Coslany, Black-friars, Eye-bridge, White-friars, and Bishopgate. — Such walls, towers, and gates, as enclosed Norwich, being built before the invention of gunpowder, have long ceased to be useful in a defensive view, or perhaps to be at all useful; and, becoming burdensome to the people to keep in repair, have been suffered to decay. Eight of the gates, in the years 1792, 1793, and 1794, were taken down, and two considerable openings made in the walls, one between Ber-street gate and Brazen-doors, the other close to Chapel-field. These additional avenues have undoubtedly their use; and to gentlemen disposed to venerate whatever is antique, let it be hinted, that however obnoxious to their feelings modern improvements may be, nothing on earth is calculated to stand for ever: for that which is now modern, will, like the ancients whom they have displaced, in time, themselves, become antiques. The city is plentifully supplied with fresh water, conveyed through pipes in all parts of it, from the water-works in the New-

Mills, first erected in 1430, improved in 1695, but not brought to their present perfection before 1720.

From the most accurate calculation lately made, it appears, that 12,000 looms are employed in the manufacture, and allowing six persons in the whole to each loom, there are consequently 72,000 people employed; but this is to be understood as a calculation for the whole county, and not for Norwich alone, where it is acknowledged there are little better than half of the people said to be employed. It is a common idea in Norwich, to suppose each loom, with its attendants, to work 100l. per annum; this makes the total amount 1,200,000l. a very large sum for one manufacture to produce in a year, and what some intelligent gentlemen engaged in the manufactory have controverted, whilst others no less exact, and from their extensive business, acknowledged to be competent judges, are still of opinion, that this calculation comes very near the truth.

The general amount of the Norwich manufacture, has also been calculated thus :

To Rotterdam by shipping every six weeks,	}	150,000l.
goods to the value of per annum, -		
Ten tons by broad wheeled waggons, weekly	}	312,000l.
to London at 600l. per ton on an average, -		
By occasional ships to Ostend, Hamburg, the	}	738,000l.
Baltic, Spain, and Italy, - - -		
		<hr/> 1,200,000l.

Other modes of calculation have been adopted, but the

two preceding so exactly agree in the sum total, and differ so little from the rest, that it is unnecessary to add any more on the subject here. Nor, concise as we wish to be on this occasion, ought we to omit observing, that in the seventy years last past, the manufacture has increased as from four to twelve.

The staple manufactures are crapes, bombazeens, and camblets; besides which they make in great abundance damasks, sattins, alopecens, &c. &c. &c. They work up the Leicestershire and Lincolnshire wool chiefly, which is brought here for combing and spinning, whilst the Norfolk wool goes to Yorkshire for carding and cloths. And within a few years it has been discovered, that the Norfolk sheep yield a wool about their necks and shoulders, equal to the best from Spain; and is in price to the rest as 20 to 7. The earnings of the manufacturers are various; dyers and hot-pressers about 15 s. a week, combers about 12 s; some of the best weavers from 14 s. to a guinea, weavers in general, on an average, not more than six shillings, but then many women can earn as much, and children by spinning pipe-filling and tyre-drawing, earn from 9d. to 2s. 6d. a week each. It is a well-ascertained fact, that where the industrious man with his family earn from 10 to 12 s. a week they live happy and comfortable, and seldom want employment, whilst, they who can earn from 14s. to a guinea a week, too often spend that in idleness which can be procured with so much ease, and work two or three days only instead of six.

If 72,000 people, as has been stated do work to the

value of 1,200,000*l.* annually, it is between 16 and 17 *l.* for each person's wages. The materials are said to cost one tenth of the total manufacture, or 120,000*l.* This leaves the amount of labour 1,080,000*l.* in which is included the profit of the master manufacturer, and if that is stated at 14 per cent. and deducted accordingly, it reduces the earnings to about 11*l.* 11*s.* a year for every person employed. And it may be stated as no contemptible fact, that the same number of people employed in any manufacture, will earn one million a year; for the variations of earning in any general given number of people is not very great, let the *manufacture be what it may*, few of them work more than to live.

A traveller desirous of spending a few days in Norwich, and of being acquainted with every thing in it worth observation, will not omit of seeing the various employments of its extensive manufactories, in stuffs, cottons, shawls, and other ornamental furniture, the first and last of which are here carried to a perfection no where else to be met with in England. — Of the public buildings, we recommend to his particular notice, the Cathedral, with the adjoining cloisters; the Castle, the Barracks, St. Andrew's Hall, the Guild Hall in the market-place, St. Peter of Mancroft Church, the Theatre, and the Assembly-house. The buildings in St. Giles's-street and Surrey-street, and Mrs. Chambers's house on St. Catherine's-hill, will well repay the trouble of a transient view. There are two good general prospects of the city; one on the south-east, from the meadows leading toward Thorpe; the other on the north-east, from the shoot-

ing-ground: The view from the lower part of Bracondale-hill will amply gratify those who have a taste for beautiful landscape.

I will conclude with a *partial* selection of what historians have noticed as remarkable in the chronology of events in this city:

1030 Norwich was a fishing-town, the ground on which St. Laurence church stands being the staith.

1060 Norwich had 1,320 burgesses and 25 churches.

1075 William the Conqueror, gave the Earldom, city and castle, to Ralph de Walet, who rebelling against his benefactor, was subdued, and the city much injured in the contest.

1140 the Jews *are said* to have crucified a child, named William, of 12 years old, and buried him in Thorpe wood; the body was dug up by the monks five years after, and became famous for the miracles performed at its shrine, *by their pious frauds*.

1272 A quarrel between the citizens and monks, in which they alternately plundered and murdered each other. From this time to the reformation, animosities never ceased between them; the ecclesiastics were often pillaged and personally abused by the populace, and the purse of peaceable citizens compromised the difference.

The following story is such as frequently occurs in our early histories, and may serve to amuse the reader, though not to inform the student of Natural History. It seems to be the offspring of fiction adopted by credulity.

1107 Ralph de Goggeshal affirms a man-fish to have been taken near Orford in Suffolk. As it had a human face and beard, it was presumed that it could speak, and many tortures were applied to the poor animal to overcome its silence, but in vain. With equal discernment, but less inhumanity, its captors took it to church, where, as might naturally be expected, "it shewed no signs of devotion." The diet which this tormented creature used was fish, out of which it had previously squeezed the moisture with its hands. One day, being neglected by its keepers, this "*lusus naturæ*" found its way to the sea, and was heard of no more. Bartholomew de Glanville was Constable of Orford Castle when this event is said to have happened.

1294 The city walls first begun. Finished in 1319, or 1320.

1296 Norwich first sent representatives to parliament 25th of Edward I.

1297 The cloister began to be built. Finished in 1430.

1315 A great dearth and mortality, so that the living were scarcely sufficient to bury the dead.

1455 A statute was made limiting the number of attorneys to six for Norfolk, six for Suffolk, and two for the city of Norwich. In the preamble, an excellent reason is given for the regulation.

1477 A plague throughout England, which, Hollingshead says, destroyed more people in four months, than had been killed in the last 15 years war.

1558 Nine persons burnt in Norwich for heresy.

1599 This year one Kempe came dancing all the way from London to Norwich.

1574 Norfolk had 6,120 able men on the muster-roll, of which 3,630 were armed ; and Norwich had 2,120 able men, of whom 400 were armed. This enrollment was made when an invasion was expected from Spain, by means of the boasted INVINCIBLE ARMADA. — There is reason for believing that the county and city could now raise 24,000 men, on a similar occasion.

1639 A curious letter from Lord Pembroke, directed to the mayor and sheriffs, complains of the quality of the herring *pies* sent to the Exchequer. — The herrings were not of the first that were taken—the pies were not well baked—the herrings were deficient in number— they should be 120 herrings, and five in every *pye*.—many of the *piea* were much broken, &c. — *Unless courtiers had a finger in their pies, they might surely be better employed.*

1788 In a collection of wild beasts, exhibited at the sign of the Bear, in the market-place, a very large and beautiful Tiger broke loose in the night ; and two small Monkeys being left out of their boxes, he devoured one of them, with the collar and chain, which being unable to digest, he died within a few days : the other monkey, creeping into a corner, sagaciously concealed himself by drawing a mat over his body, and deservedly escaped the imminent danger.

In revolutionary times like these, dear Baron, it ought, perhaps, to be noticed before we take leave of Norfolk, that at a place called Waborne Hope was a fortification; that the shore is stony, and the sea so deep that ships may ride and lie against it: the Danes, indeed, are said to have landed there on their invasions. It has been further observed, that this Waborne Hope, or Hoop, as it is now corruptly called, is the most dangerous place, and most open to an enemy, of any on the Norfolk coast; the shore is the boldest of any, and transport-ships may approach it so very near as almost to land an army without the assistance of flat-bottomed boats. It is an object worthy of consideration, especially at the present time, when an invasion from France is alternately threatened, and attempted, whether, it would not be proper to renew the fortification, and to erect a fort of modern construction, with batteries of heavy cannon to defend it. When so many camps were formed in the year 1778; and of a date much more recent, of regulars and militia, in different parts of the kingdom, it must be pre-

sumed government apprehended an invasion *somewhere*, and therefore the most accessible places on the British coast — and this, we repeat is one of the most accessible — ought to have been particularly guarded. It still remains, however, unnoticed ; and in its defenceless situation seems to *invite* an enemy, and to *court* an attack.

L E T T E R XXII.

Thetford, October.

THOUGH the bridge of this town is equally divided between two counties; and I am now writing to you on the Suffolk side of it; and of course have closed my remarks on the southern direction of Norfolk, leaving what may be farther said of it to another opportunity — and much remains — a great variety of interesting places and particulars, not being hitherto noticed; yet, in order to draw round you a kind of magic circle, by coming to the point from which we started, by an agreeable route — as the weather still invites; and the track will exhibit a specimen of the variety of our scenery, — I propose to skirt the engaging county of Suffolk, pass through part of Cambridgeshire and Hunt-

Ingdonshire, and progress towards London, till we reach that *point de-raillement*—the whole of which course will make for you a circuit of something less than one hundred miles—in which, if the elements above, and their smiling effects below, be as auspicious to you as they have been to your correspondent, you will receive a pleasing first-impression of my country, and discover something of its grace, beauty, and diversity; its customs, manners, mind, and character, duly preparing you for more grand, awful, and sublime, views of the island, in parts where nature has been more romantic and enterprising; for though you have ascended the lofty heights of Switzerland, luxuriated in the Tyrole, wandered delighted beside the lake of Geneva, and indulged yourself under an Italian sky, where Nature herself appears to turn voluptuary, you will find, as you proceed with me, that Great Britain has in store for your feelings and your fancy, scenes of proud elevation, as well as of humble simplicity, which a foreigner dreams not of—upbraiding or pitying us, as he does, with the singular melancholy, and the

noxious torpor which arise from living in a land of fogs. — A land of fogs! Oh! had you performed with me, personally, as well as ideally, this engaging tour, from the first of May when I dated my first letter; and when, as was observed, the sun shone upon our undertaking! Had you enjoyed, as I have done, the lustre of his blessed beams, with only the intervention of those clouds or showers, whose delicious softness but added to the charm of the traveller, and produce of the country — even down to the moment at which I write this epistle — a space of five brilliant months — you would no longer have considered yourself — as prejudice or misrepresentation have taught — in the region of gloom, spleen, and suicide, but in what it truly is, a climate which derives benefit and beauty, even from the vicissitudes of its temperature! Had you, with the gilding of such a course of fine weather upon the objects I have described for you, *seen* the objects themselves — * their

* See the subject here continued, begun in Letter 15, vol. 1st. page 274.

cheerful countenances, their healthful forms, their gladsome toils, which, though beginning before the rising of the sun, and rarely ending with his setting-rays — literally, to “make hay while he shone,” according to our English proverb — had you then followed their homeward steps to cottages which tyranny dares not approach uncorrected, where content must prevail, if her votaries sincerely wish her their guest; and for which, most of the potentates of the other parts of the earth would willingly exchange their palaces and their ambition — and, finally, were you, from these happy huts, to have made a circuit of the farm-houses and granaries, appropriate to the generous fields and meadows, a few weeks since courting and bowing to the scythe and the sickle, and observed every barn loaded to its roof, and ready for the flail, or for that commercial intercourse, beginning, perhaps, at a small market town, but spreading to the uttermost ends of the earth, under protection of our guardian ships, even in despite of a war, which now wants an epithet sufficiently ener-

getic to mark its devastations—you would, with me, confess, that, be the errors in our Government or of our country what they may—some of which, before the close of the correspondence I have the honour to hold with you, it will be my business to touch upon, not slightly—it is *the* country, and *the* government, most desirable for residence, amidst all the progress which has been made elsewhere, by the hand, either of improvement, innovation, or extermination; for all these have been employed. In a word, that whether you consider its energies and resources, its talents and intellectual richness, its fruitful soil, and its accessions of power, the extension of its trade, and the expansion of its genius; “take it for all in all,” *you* will not live—nor probably *any* man now upon the surface of the globe, whatever may be the ultimate event of the wonder-exciting projects now carrying on—“to see its like again.”

Adieu !

In Continuation.

I SEE from the place where I write this even while the pen is in my hand, one of the most interesting, one of the most comfortable views, that can enter the human eye or fill the human heart. An ample range of fields, on the Norfolk scale, of above a hundred acres each, opening from one to the other; part of them covered by Gleaners, some stooping to collect, some heavily, yet sweetly laden, and bearing their pleasing burthens to their cottages—a few I note are wandering alone—others associated, and near enough to lighten their toils by social conversation: Many are enjoying themselves in the shade which is afforded by here and there a well-placed tree beside the hedge-rows or on the balks. The farmer is on horseback in another field inspecting his reapers—or encouraging his labourers to fill the attending waggons with what is fit to carry: while innumerable groupes of children are sporting or working around.

Since I sketched the above living landscape, I have myself made a tour of the fields described. Gracious Dispenser of the bounteous air and earth, how many of thy happy creatures have I seen! Even the farmers themselves praise the abundance of the earth, and the benignity of heaven, without any of their accustomed *ifs or buts* as to too much or too little shade or sun, wet or dry. Man, discontented, repining man, is for once satisfied with Nature and Providence; and every syllable of my beloved Thomson's description is exemplified and realized. It is his own grouse, his own season, I have before me; and, although more than fifty years have rolled by since the Poet wrote, time seems not to have made the smallest change in the freshness or felicity of the scene. Object for object, image for image, —and I compared them one by one — are the same.

“ Before the ripen'd fields the reapers stand
In fair array; each by the lass he loves:
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,
While thro' their chearful band, the rural talk,

The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.
Behind, the master stands, builds up the shocks,
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy ;
While gleaners spread around."

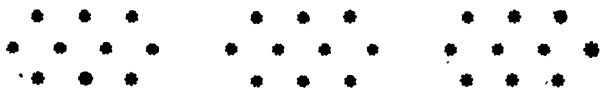
You must be prepared to understand their petition for *Largess* ; the best explanation of which is the following : —

The harvest now lasts about five weeks ; during which, the harvestman earns about 3 l. The agreement between the farmers and their hired harvestmen is made on Whitsun-Monday. Harvest gloves of 7 d. a pair are still presented. During harvest, if any strangers happen to come into the field, they are strongly solicited to make a present to the labourers, and those who refuse are reckoned churlish and covetous.

This present is called a largess ; and the benefactor is celebrated on the spot by the whole troop, who first cry out, Holla ! Largess ! Holla ! Largess ! They then set up two violent screams, which are succeeded by loud vociferations,

continued as long as their breath will serve, and dying gradually away. Wheat harvest is finished by a little repast given by the farmer to his men; and the completion of the whole is crowned by a banquet, called the Hockey, to which the wives and children are also invited. The largess money furnishes another day of festivity at the alehouse, where they experience in perfection the happiness of

CORDA OBLITA LABORUM.



IT is grievous to me to chill the warmth which the foregoing description of the joyous season, so sweet the remembrance of its golden benefits, has conveyed to your heart. But, alas, with all this wondrous store of happiness derived from the benignity of nature, which shines over our heads, and smiles at our feet, which heaps the gladsome harvest of the rich, and dispenses a comfortable gleanings to the poor — and which even Poetry herself cannot overpaint or overpraise. — Yes, my Friend, with all this, and every other work of Divine Goodness from above, and gracious acts of charity below, much is yet wanting which *human justice* might supply. There appear to be still some of the most piti-

able objects of that justice defrauded of their rights.

You would scarcely believe it possible, my Friend, that, in this fair country, whose benevolence; and whose natural as well as acquired means of being bountiful, on which I have had so much delight to expatiate, that those very persons who most contribute to the happy cultivation and abundant produce of the generous earth, are at present the most destitute of their due share of the *first* article of the very *first* necessity, even *the bread of life*!

In vain shall the sun dart his prolific ray upon our fields; in vain shall our labourers rise even before that ray to plough, to sow, and to reap, those fields, and continue to “sweat in the eye of Phoebus,” even to his down going; in vain shall our granaries be filled even to overflowing, and Providence prosper every work of the husbandman’s hand — In a word — the benignity of Heaven itself must be counteracted, and famine must enter the cottage of the peasant, whose industry has led smiling plenty into the houses of his employer — and multitudes

of the most useful members of the community must cry aloud for bread, while those nefarious robbers of the public, known by the names of Forstallers and Monopolizers — which, I fear, are but other words to cover a certain class of the ENGLISH FARMERS — are permitted to hoard up the stores, which the indulgent God of nature gives to supply the wants of all his creatures, and which policy intended to dispense wisely, according to the several conditions and necessities of those who form, and link by link connect, society.

Even while I am revising this Part of our correspondence — while the very pages which contain an account of the felicity I transmitted to you, are before me, my eyes are assailed by hundreds of the populace, who have been in a manner driven, by the *common appetites of nature*, to become their own avengers, and — as with *one hungry voice* — even as if every word issued from the jaws of Famine herself to demand their just division. But, even in this demand, although it has been made in the extreme of their wants — betwixt life and death —

they have exhibited, and at this very instant do exhibit, a forbearance as exemplary as uncommon. Our English mobs are, you must have heard or read, of dreadful things the most tremendous. Even in matters which have some relish of salvation in them, they are uncontrollable as the pestilence, and as destructive. Reason, humanity, law, and religion, have groaned and bled before them. Even the dearest ties of nature—parents—wives—children—have been dissolved in a moment. The mother, and the suckling at her breast, have been victims to their fury. It is hardly, therefore, to be conceived, to what principle we are to attribute the unprecedented system of moderation which has hitherto been observed by an immense number of oppressed, and almost starving people; and, instead of sallying forth in the spirit of desolation, as upon former similar occasions—and too many have occurred in our history—instead of marking their progress by riot, plunder, and bloodshed, they have gathered together in vast bodies without any violence, when the honest toils of the day were over, and peaceably

gone round to certain marked persons who are too rich, too avaricious, and too prosperous, to know how to feel for the indigent and unhappy. The starved, yet unarmed banditti, demand corn at a * reasonable rate for *their money*: they wish not to steal or to beg, but to purchase the bread of life, for which they have dug, and which the Fountain of all Good has, it should seem, bestowed, even more abundantly than at the time of which I described the blessings. The poor, make the farmers an admonitory visit, receive promises, and then retire to wait patiently the performance.— Fear of consequences produces an important alteration the next market day; the price of bread falls to almost half its cost, without any better reason to be given for it, as to the venders, than the sordid, though salutary, operation of those fears. The poor cheerfully

* Namely 20l. per load, which some farmers, more honest than the rest, confess is all-sufficient at this time; nay, that they would not be losers, if they were to sell at 16l.

purchase, and go quietly away. Alas! a short time, only, is allowed to pass in this state of tranquillity. The bakers announce another rise; and another visit from the consumers becomes again a measure not to be avoided. The remonstrance is more eager, but it is frequently made without effect. One miserable excuse follows another, such as an intermediate shower or two of rain, a few days of drought, or the difficulty of getting hands to thresh. The fallacy of such apologies are manifest. The clamour, of course, increases with the fraud and the want; the military and the magistrates are summoned to quell a tumult, which the most dire exigence has occasioned. If there could possibly be a case in which it were becoming of a good citizen to defend the measures of a mob, which certainly there is not, *this would be that case*. It is both just and decorous, however, to applaud their *moderation*; and I do accordingly applaud it. Indeed, their forbearance to disturb the public order, and to keep the "*propriety of the Isle,*" even when perplexed in the extreme — their immediately going from the "lank lean

looks," and heart-rending cries of wives and children famished for that *bread*, which the poor of this country emphatically call "*the staff of life*" — their controuling the almost ungovernable feelings of husbands and of fathers, so far as to *explain* their death — menacing necessity, in language which bespeaks rather the appeals of the supplicant than the avenger, claims the approbation not only of all the good, but of all the wise and the powerful. But while, on the one hand, it should be the endeavour of every individual, to encourage the sufferers in this *temperance* of conduct, let it not stimulate their oppressors, on the other, to continue the cause of complaint. Let them instantly, and with one accord, come forward to remove it. Let them remember, that there is a point at which the *laws of the land* is superseded by the more imperious *laws of nature*; and that, however solemn may be the compact of the individual with society, the impulses of self-preservation, in certain cases, are yet more cogent; and of these, there is not any one so powerful or so terrible, in power, as HUNGER. It is the mon-

ster which, exasperated, and driven to extremity, tramples on all laws but its own ; in the enforcing which, it has been impelled, not only to devour neighbour, friend, and relative, but to feed upon its own flesh. Let, then, the proper preventives be attended to in time. If the existing law is too weak to remedy the evil, *i. e.* to protect the poor — let another yet more strong be made. Let the code of natural equity be enlarged and reformed. I will not call it, the code of *humanity* — because, that the poor should have their dues, is one of the real, not fantastical, *rights of nature* ; and I claim for them, only, the redress of common justice — that in a country like this, the poor should want an advocate may seem inconsistent with my late and former descriptions of its pity, equity, and loving-kindness. But, you will recollect, that partial examples of degeneracy will happen to deform the best modelled state, and to throw disgrace upon the regulations of the least faulty government, perhaps, of an imperfect world. But, as the hands of the law are both strong and long, I trust they will be able to reach

the evil, and be laid to the root. An ingenious *Friend, to whom I communicated the sketch of the harvest-scene in the last letter, and with whom I conversed on the subject of the present unaccountable scarcity, has since favoured me with some remarks, wherein he imagines the root to lie, not only in the conduct of mercenary farmers, but in that of the landlord leasing large farms. His general reasonings are so just that I shall have a satisfaction in giving them to you and to the public, as I received them. I hope I shall be forgiven if I forbear to rescind the introductory observation, though conveying a compliment to your correspondent.

* Dr. Mavor, author of the *British Nepes*, and many other valuable and interesting compositions.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN the pressure of the present times has long ceased to be felt, and the bounties of heaven are again suffered to flow in their accustomed channels, unshackled from the gripe of human avarice, the Gleaner will, I am convinced, be remembered with gratitude, and his labours read with delight. Impressed with this belief, I send you the subsequent reflections on a subject, which I am sure has not escaped your serious and benevolent attention. If they contribute one single ear of corn to your sheaves, I am gratified for straying into the same field, where, I am sure, your philanthropy has led you.

Patriotism, or the love of one's country, though an innate and natural passion in some minds, requires in most men a continual supply of fuel to cherish and keep up the flame. Why are Britons, in general, distinguished for that exalted preference which they give to the land that produced them, and that ardent attachment

which they feel for the *natale solum*? Does it arise from the luxuriance of the soil, the mildness of the climate, the plenitude of the necessities of this life, and the easy terms on which they may be procured? No! for in all these respects it would not be difficult to point out more favoured regions. Is it founded on a sense of the inestimable blessings of liberty, and a veneration for the excellent government and laws under which they live? Alas! the mass of the people have but a very imperfect conception of the beauties of the British constitution; and they can only pay the laws the homage of their respect, through the medium of the effects which they naturally produce.

How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure.

It is, in fact, the general diffusion of property, a security for what we possess, and, above all, an attachment to the soil, arising from interest rather than principle, that constitutes the patriotic character among the lower ranks in this country. How much then is this noble quality

weakened, by the flagrant and encreasing monopoly of land ! How many miseries are produced from this fertile source of mischief, I leave politicians to calculate with nice precision ; but as a moralist and a member of the community, I must condemn the practice.

Yes, my Friend—while your generous bosom exults in the view of a happy harvest-scene—while you expatiate with eloquent rapture on the view of a farmer riding triumphant over many hundreds of acres, surrounded by labourers and cheerful gleaners ; the reflection on this manifest inequality, this partial distribution, not of rank or fortune, but of land to be tilled, appals me with fear for the consequences, and saddens me at the prospect.

Various are the instances, within my own knowledge, of twelve farms, which once supported as many families in credit, having been thrown into three or four upon an inclosure, and in many cases without one. I do not, however, from hence, blame inclosures ; the largeness of farms is certainly not necessarily connected with this mode of improvement, which

might be made productive of numerous benefits to all; but arises from a narrow policy in the land-owners; an impolitic saving of expences in buildings and repairs, with somewhat less trouble to the steward in collecting the rents; while, for such paltry objects, the risque is run of ultimately endangering the safety of all property, and the very stability of the state itself.

If three men monopolize the land which maintained and employed twelve before, nine of course and their families must turn day-labourers, or manufacturers, and eventually become chargeable to the parish. Does the farmer or the land-owner in reality pay the poor's rates? the latter most assuredly; for, in proportion to the burdens and outgoings will be the rent he receives. Will the labourer or manufacturer, on the other hand, feel the same permanent and warm attachment to his country, as he who occupies a portion of land, however small, cultivates it with his own hands, and for his own emolument; and after the labours of the day, sits down with a happy family, at a distance indeed from luxury, but above dependence, and

remote from squalid poverty? To every feeling heart, every enlarged capacity, I appeal for the solution of this question; and I shall likewise propose another, if possible, of still greater moment to the public: — Will three farmers raise as much marketable produce as twelve would do? Was it not formerly owing to the small occupiers of land, that many of the necessaries and comforts of life were to be procured in such abundance, and sold at such a moderate rate? The opulent farmer may, indeed, raise enough to secure an ample profit to himself, after bringing up his family in a luxurious manner; but as his wealth and credit * enables him to keep back his stock of corn or other articles of con-

* The facility with which farmers raise money on every emergency, by means of the country banks, renders the latter a nuisance to the public, however lucrative they may be to individuals. The opulent farmer shuts up his barns till corn has reached the price he wishes, gives his note to the banker, and obtains what paper currency he pleases to pay his rent. Those who cultivate the earth ought to be in comfortable circumstances; but if they GENERALLY become too rich, monopolies and other baneful consequences are the certain result.

sumption on every emergency ; so he will be cautious of overstocking the market at all times ; because, if *one* load of wheat can be made to fetch the price of *two*, he knows that he has all the labour and expence of producing the surplus without any compensation. Hence the evils of which the poor most justly complain, and which even the rich, who are not connected with agriculture, feel in the severest degree. Hence the enhanced expence of living, the increased wages of labourers and manufacturers, which are still, however, inadequate to their wants, and all those scenes of misery, those expressions of dissatisfaction, those popular tumults, which humanity can neither repress with severity, nor policy suffer to proceed.

That this country is capable of producing an abundant supply of corn for a more extensive population * than it possesses, I maintain, in con-

* From general *data*, I imagine, that the population of England and Wales cannot exceed ten millions, of Scotland three, and of Ireland four. Hence the aggregate of the United Kingdoms may be about sixteen millions of souls. —

tradiction to the accumulated reports of interested persons, or those who have derived their information solely from this polluted source. Even the artificial scarcity, which avarice and opulence combined have at times occasioned, has never existed in such a degree as to justify the exorbitant advance on the prime necessities of life *. Split large farms into several — assess the poor's rates according to the scale adopted in the tax on income, and not oblige the occupier of 50 l. *per annum* to pay in proportion to

Much less than it might be, were farms smaller, and provisions cheaper.

• The vigilant attention of government to provide against real want, must be felt and allowed by every candid mind; but before any sanction is given to the interested opinions of agriculturists, in regard to the deficiency of crops, it appears to me, as indeed it does to every impartial person, that the severest scrutiny ought to be instituted, in order to ascertain the exact quantity of corn on hand; else it may happen, that the very means taken to lessen the ills of the poor, produce a contrary effect. In 1795 a farmer declared to me, that he never should have had so much for his wheat by 10 l. a load, had not the alarm of scarcity been spread by Parliamentary discussions on the subject.

the occupier of 500 l.; discourage, by every legal restraint and infliction, all monopolies of land and speculations in corn; then shall plenty once more revisit this island, the voice of discontent be hushed, and trade and manufactures flourish beyond what they can possibly do, under the present circumstances.

If this remedy, however, be not speedily applied, I foresee what the soul revolts to reflect on — I foresee ruin approaching with rapid strides, to overwhelm both the innocent and the guilty, the aggressor and the aggrieved. I foresee democratic violence, exasperated by sufferings, tearing asunder the legitimate barriers of right; and the inundation thus let in, sweeping like a torrent, justice, mercy, and honour, from our land. . .

When will it be felt and confessed, that the *real power* of every country consists in its population — its *real wealth*, in the abundant produce of the earth. The statesman, the legislator, who sacrifices those principles to gratify the avarice of individuals, and who exalts commerce above agriculture in the encouragement

he gives it, will inevitably have cause to lament his mistaken theory of the welfare of nations.

May that wisdom, however, in our rulers which has hitherto protected us from danger, and safely steered the vessel of state amidst the conflict of jarring elements! May that God, whose dispensations of mercy we have so long and so sensibly experienced, avert every impending evil! and may avarice neither be suffered to fatten on the miseries of the poor, nor the distresses of the latter drive them to vindicate the rights of nature, which can never be violated with impunity. In this prayer, which I breathe with fervency, I am sure, my Friend, you cordially unite.

P. S. — It is not for us, my dear Friend, to assume the office of legislators; but it cannot be wrong to suggest some regulations, that might be beneficially adopted, even in the present mischievous system of monopoly. Corn-factors or middlemen, may be, perhaps, necessary in many instances, to supply large towns and distant parts of the kingdom, where there is

a deficiency in the produce of the ground ; but such persons should be obliged to take out an annual licence — to have their names registered at the quarter-sessions of the county in which they reside — to be restricted from dealing on their own account, and to be limited to a certain *per centage* for commission — to be obliged to keep regular books of purchases and sales, with the names and prices, and to produce and verify them on oath, before the county magistrates. I would likewise propose, that it should be felony for any farmer renting 200 l. *per annum*, or upwards, to buy and sell corn for gain and profit.

In order, likewise, to obviate some of the ill effects of large farms, besides levying the poor's rates in the proportions already recommended, I would suggest, that by a legislative provision, every farmer who rented 250 l. *per annum* should be compelled to allot a certain number of acres for one labourer, at the rent he pays himself ; and to plough and seed the said land on equitable terms, allowing the labourer to reap all the clear profits and advantages of his little do-

main. A farmer of 300 l. should, in like manner, provide for two labourers; and for every additional 100 l. for one more; rendering, however, all leases for farms of 500 l. *per annum* and upwards, void and of no effect.

These regulations and restrictions, duly enforced, would assist to diffuse comfort and plenty, check the baneful spirit of monopoly, and create a love of independence in the peasantry, which is at once the guardian of virtue, and the source of happiness.

October 10, 1800.

NOTE.

While this sheet is passing through the press, it affords the Gleaner's Friend no small satisfaction to reflect, that the opinions of the truly respectable and well-informed the Earl of Warwick, as delivered in the most august assembly of this nation, are so nearly in unison with his own, in one respect at least. A Nobleman who speaks from personal knowledge, and who does not look through the medium of boards of practical farmers, jobbing agents, or selfish stew-

ards, is not very likely to hazard rash and unfounded conjectures, but to declare the sentiments of an enlightened mind — Sentiments, which we are convinced, prevail among all persons who think for themselves, and are not biassed by interest — that the farmers of this country, from their opulence, are become more than a match for the land-owners, and the very tyrants of the poor.

Subject them to a corn-rent, and other indicated restrictions, though not to a maximum, except in the extent of their farms, and it will then be found, that the garden of the world, as Britain may justly be named, is not so ungenial or unkind as to starve the poor or to rob the rich, by the exorbitant price of the necessaries of life it is so well adapted to produce.

“ Among others,” observes his Lordship, “ he could assure the House, that in the instance of his own farmers, who paid him 1 l. *per* acre rent, and actually made, by the existing prices of corn, 30 l. of that quantity of land. As an argument in favour of the regulations he had suggested, he would ask, what security had they that the prices would not be doubly high next year? The industrious labourer and mechanic,” he repeated, “ could not subsist themselves with the produce of their earnings under the present prices: on this head and to evince the baneful tendency of a continuation of the present prices, his Lordship entered into a variety of calculations. He doubted not but estimates and calculations of a different nature would be given in from another quarter; but who were the persons that would be applied

for information? interested individuals. With respect to what he had said of the late crop, he could say much from personal observation; he had not long since traversed 400 miles of country, and in general, the crop, notwithstanding the extraordinary droughts which had obtained in those parts, was abundant. In the course of his observations, speaking of the opulence of the farmers, in consequence of the present enormous prices of grain, and the luxuries they indulged themselves in, his Lordship (as we heard him) stated, that some of those could afford to till only two-thirds of their farms; yet so excessive were their gains, that they could afford to play at guinea-whist, and to mix brandy with their wine!"

LETTER XXIV.

THOUGH it is devoutly to be wished and reasonably to be hoped, that an enlightened Legislature will speedily and effectually exert itself to remove the difficulties of the present moment, and prevent the recurrence of such complicated and extensive misery in future; yet, on the subject of subsistence, it is impossible to enlarge too much, or to circulate too widely, the ideas of such benevolent and judicious persons as have turned their attention to this interesting concern.

By the kind permission of the Author, I have it in my power to enrich, and corroborate the preceding remarks, by the insertion of a sensible pamphlet, which lately appeared at Oxford.

Without pretending to go to the root of the evil, or to investigate its cause, the following pages recommend a practical method of ascertaining the truth, whenever an alarm is spread of a probable scarcity, and the evil becomes aggravated by the manœuvres of avaricious capitalists.

“ The rise of the price of Corn, after it had fallen before the commencement of the harvest, which is generally reputed a productive one, has caused such an universal alarm amongst the middling and lower classes of people, that it is become highly necessary, as well as politically prudent, for the Legislature to take some measures to quiet the public agitation, by giving the subject immediate and serious attention, in order to form new and efficient laws to reduce the price of Grain. When we consider the extreme misery the laborious poor and industrious Mechanic and Housekeeper have endured from the actual want of bread and every article that supports life for many months past, we cannot wonder that they should rise against those who appear to be the authors of their sufferings,

since at the very time when they had reason to believe them drawing near a conclusion, they are again threatened, by the advance of the price of Corn, to be plunged into the most direful distress. No candid person will deny that riots must be suppressed whenever they are raised, and that it is the duty of Government to resort even to military force, if necessary, to keep the peace, to prevent an unruly mob from doing mischief, and to protect the property of individuals. But whilst the property of those who have amassed much together is protected, it should not be forgotten that the poor, who form the greatest mass of people, are equally entitled to care and protection; and whilst the Corn of the Farmer and Dealer is guarded by force of arms, the Farmer and Dealer should be obliged by force of law to sell their Corn at a price that may enable the poor to purchase a sufficient quantity for their own and their families subsistence by the produce of their daily labour. For a Government cannot be perfect, equitable, or just, which protects one part of the community at the expence of the other; which affords to

one set of men the means of growing rich by oppressing the great mass of the people ; when, without injuring the fair interests of the former, the latter might be relieved by the price of Corn being regulated so as to bring the purchase of it within the reach of all classes of people.

“ It is allowed by every body, that the labouring part of the community with even moderate families cannot at this time by the most indefatigable industry earn wages sufficient to supply the necessary calls of hunger. It is also well known, that during the last winter, spring, and summer, when provisions were dearer than they were ever known to have been at any former period, many, very many, who from want of food were reduced to the most miserable state of leanness, bore their hardships with becoming resignation, and with a degree of patience that would do honour, in any cases of distress, to the highest orders of society. They looked upon the scarcity to arise from the failure of the last harvest, and they submitted to the will of God. Shall such a people as this, whose fortitude will do them credit to the last period

of their lives, the most useful branch of society, be again pressed hard upon? Shall they continue to feel the pinching calls of hunger when plenty is smiling all around? Must they endure misery and want, to risk their lives, after their hard day's work is done, in trying to force the owners of provisions to sell them at a moderate price? Shall they be driven by necessity to undertake such unlawful enterprises as will expose them to be cut down like the enemies of their country, or dragged to the dungeon of a prison in disgrace, like the vilest culprit? Forbid it, Heaven! — Prevent it, all ye Powers that govern the land! And let it not be recorded in the annals of history, that in the year 1800 the Farmer, the Dealer, the Miller, and the Baker, were protected in their properties, and that the poor had nothing done to redress their grievances.

“ If it be said that every thing has been done which the subject will admit of to reduce the price of Corn, except that of the Legislature positively fixing a price, beyond which it shall not be sold, or enacting some other compulsory

provisions to the same effect, and that the passing a law of such a nature would too much controul the freedom of trade, and operate to the discouragement of agricultural industry and improvement, it may be answered in the first place, that it is plain what has been done has had no good effect ; and in the next, that the subject is of such eminent importance as to render the application of some effectual remedy indispensably necessary. The evil is desperate, and it is better to apply even a desperate remedy than none at all. What can be a more desperate act than for soldiers to fire at their fellow-subjects ? But it must be done, when they tumultuously assemble and persist in riotous and violent proceedings, to prevent greater mischief. So it may be a bold or desperate measure to oblige the Farmer to sell the Corn he has raised with care and industry within a fixed price ; but it is better to do that than suffer one half of the kingdom to be starved, or at least to languish in the most abject misery and want.

“ It is not within the scope of this little hasty work to enter deeply upon the present subject,

suffice it therefore to observe, that the produce of the earth, such as is necessary for the support of life, ought, in a well regulated state, to be holden within the reach of every one, of the poor as well as the rich, and when the occupiers of land and those who deal in the produce have acquired and exercise the power of withholding it from the public, or, in other words, of so keeping up the price that the rich only can purchase, it is high time that such a power should be put an end to, and the Corn Holder compelled to sell at a moderate price. A law made for that purpose, when the necessities of the great body of the people require it, ought not to be considered any greater hardship or infringement upon the rights of those whom it is to affect, than many other restrictive and compulsive laws enacted and now in force for the general good of society, nor can any speculative opinions upon the tendency and effect of such a law upon future times be put in competition with the present emergency that calls for it.

“ In every place throughout the kingdom the enormous price of provisions is become the ge-

neral topic of conversation and complaint, and almost every body suggests some means or other to reduce the price. In some instances subscriptions have been entered into for defraying the expences of prosecuting those who offend against the law by forestalling, regrating, &c. and other measures have, in other instances, been resorted to, with the same view of repressing or defeating those practices which are generally supposed to have contributed to the present calamity. Yet all this has produced no good effect, nor does it seem likely that any material relief will be obtained but by the interference of the Legislature and the passing some strong law that shall directly meet the evil. And it is become more particularly necessary that such an interference should immediately take place, not only on account of the inefficacy of all less direct measures, but because the long suffering poor, who endured their wants so patiently whilst a real scarcity was believed to exist, are rising in every direction, now that they are convinced that scarcity is done away, in order, as they think, poor deluded beings!

to redress of themselves a grievance which, hard and intolerable as is its pressure, they do not see any effectual means taken to redress for them. It is then equally impolitic and inhuman thus to drive the laborious and peaceably disposed part of our countrymen to violate the law, the peace, and good order, (all of which should at all times be held sacred in society) to effect what the legal authorities of the Realm might accomplish without much difficulty, without any injury to themselves, and in such a manner as to do a general service to the whole nation.

“ Having said thus much to shew the expediency of a legislative interference in the present momentous crisis without delay, the next thing to be considered is how to procure the immediate attention of the Legislature to the subject. To obtain this we know but of one effectual method, and we earnestly recommend that method to the principal inhabitants throughout the country for immediate adoption by all Corporations and Public Bodies, and by all large and populous towns and districts, as the only really efficient step in their power to take, and that is, to address the King, who is ever ready

to attend to the wishes and contribute to the happiness of his subjects, and humbly to petition his Majesty to assemble Parliament, that the united wisdom and power of the Legislature may be exerted upon this most urgent occasion, in considering how most effectually to reduce the price of Corn, and in accomplishing the important object by adequate and vigorous laws and regulations.

“ And here it becomes us to suggest that nothing would with more certainty effect this general good than a law which should oblige every Corn Holder, whether Farmer or Dealer, to give in an accurate account of the Quantity of Corn in his possession: At the same time an enumeration should be made, which might be done with sufficient correctness with very little trouble, of the number of inhabitants in the kingdom, and the Bakers in all great Towns might be called upon for a statement of the quantity of bread baked within any given period. The result of these two last enquiries would form a certain basis for calculating the annual consumption of Wheat throughout the kingdom, and by comparing therewith the present

stock in the country, it might be almost precisely ascertained for how long a period that stock will serve the inhabitants. If it should appear to be sufficient for eighteen months consumption, then every owner of Wheat should be strictly bound by law to expose to sale, in some public market, one eighteenth part of the Wheat in his possession in the course of every month, whilst the price of Wheat should exceed the rate of sixty-four shillings per quarter, and so a greater or less quantity in the same period, in proportion to the amount of the general stock in the country. The price of Wheat ought not in truth to be more than sixty shillings per quarter, according to the present value of money and the rent of land, and that price is sufficient to afford the Farmer ample profit if he has a moderately good crop of Corn. It would, therefore, be no hardship to oblige every Corn Holder to bring a proper proportion to market every month, whenever the price may amount to sixty-four shillings and upwards, and to exact heavy penalties in case he should fail so to do, or bring back his Corn unsold, if the market price exceeded sixty-four shillings. It is obvious

that regulations such as these would effectually crush the system of monopoly, and yet not expose the country to too rapid a consumption in times of scarcity, because the quantity obliged to be sold would always be regulated by the general stock in the country. Nor would it be more difficult to carry into effect some such regulations than it is expedient to adopt them, for the Corn Owners might be obliged to furnish the particulars of their monthly sales of Corn in the same manner as they should give in an account of their stock. This measure of taking an account of stock might be renewed every year about the end of harvest, accompanied, if necessary, by the other enquiries before recommended, and it would then be ascertained in a few years whether the Wheat grown within the kingdom be upon the average sufficient for the consumption of its inhabitants, which of late has been much doubted, and vague calculations made, but never the true method taken to come at the fact.

“ If it should be proved that the growth of Wheat in this country exceeds on an average the wants of the inhabitants, then in plentiful

seasons an exportation, with certain limits, might be allowed ; but if, on the contrary, the general produce of the country should appear to be barely sufficient for home consumption, exportation should never be permitted, and every encouragement be given to importation. And if the truth should turn out to be that this country does not grow Wheat enough for its own supply, the necessity of increasing our produce of Wheat would become obvious, and it is impossible to suppose the Legislature would overlook so momentous a fact when reduced to a certainty, or lose a moment in adopting measures to effectuate so necessary a purpose. There are two sources from whence this country might draw a great additional supply of Wheat ; first, from the cultivation of the Waste Lands including the Forest Lands belonging to the Crown, and secondly, from the appropriation to the culture of Wheat of such an additional portion of the land already in cultivation as would be adequate to the necessary demands of the public. This last measure might be somewhat difficult of accomplishment, but it is better

that difficulties should be met and surmounted than this kingdom be dependant for a supply of Wheat upon foreign markets.

“ It is to be feared that the quantity of arable land has been of late sensibly diminished by conversion into pasture ground, and that this practice prevails much at the present moment, particularly upon the inclosure of common fields. — The land so converted is chiefly applied to the feeding of milch cows for the production of Butter, which, from its increased and almost universal use, finds a ready sale to any amount in quantity, and at a high price. Butter is, however, an article rather of luxury than of necessity; and it is especially with a view to prevent the application of the best corn land to the production of an unnecessary commodity, that it is proposed to compel the appropriation of more land than is now employed to the growth of Corn, in case it should be ascertained, by the means spoken of, that the present growth is insufficient for our supply.

“ Upon the whole, we hope, that what has been advanced is sufficient to shew the expe-

diency of the measure of taking an account of the stock of Wheat now, and annually for some few years at least, and of compelling the regular sale of a quantity proportioned to the general stock, whenever the price should exceed a fixed limit, by which means the value would settle itself upon a just and equitable scale between the Cultivator and Consumer; and, moreover, Government would always possess that certainty of knowledge, which would operate as an effectual guard against the approach of scarcity, by being apprized in due time when importation would be necessary, which has been proved by woeful experience not always to have taken place with such care and precaution as to prevent the pressure of real necessity.

“ The extraordinary price of almost all other kinds of provisions besides Bread Corn might perhaps be traced to abuses which it would be in the power of the Legislature to remedy, but it is not within our present purpose to discuss the subject. We have endeavoured to point out means at once simple, efficient, and of not difficult application, whereby to reduce the price

of Wheat, which is an object of the first importance, and indeed of obvious necessity; and its accomplishment is so loudly called for by the great bulk of the people, that we sincerely hope the subject will occupy the immediate attention of the Legislature, since that is the only source from whence we can look for a permanent remedy. That no means may be neglected for expediting so desirable an interference, we here earnestly repeat the recommendation before made to all Corporations, Towns, Public Bodies, Magistrates, and others concerned, to call meetings, in order to petition our most Gracious Sovereign to assemble Parliament. For the hardships the poor have so long endured, the patience with which they have borne their sufferings, and the resignation they in general testified to the will of Providence during the time of real or supposed scarcity, render them worthy of every attention from the higher powers, which cannot be engaged in a more humane, useful, or beneficial undertaking than that of providing by fit laws for the relief of their necessities, and averting from them the dreadful

alternative of either continuing in a starving condition, or violating the laws of their country in the criminal attempt to redress of themselves their long-felt solid grievances."

It is matter of sincere gratification, however, the public are given to understand, that Government is at length busily employed in arranging the most extensive and salutary plans upon this subject, that ever occupied the attention of any Administration of this country, in order to reduce, as soon as possible, the prices of all kinds of provisions, and to prevent in future (as far as human wisdom can suggest) their increasing again to an exorbitant rate; and that they are assisted by some of the most disinterested and independant gentlemen in the kingdom. It is supposed that it will be recommended to all gentlemen, farmers, and others, to bring their wheat and other grain, as well as cattle, freely to market. Means are already taken, and are still pursuing, to supply all deficiency (if any) within ourselves. Large premiums are to be given *per quarter* for Wheat, Barley, and other

grain, imported and sold within a limited time, and the ports to be open for twelve months certain. Measures will also be taken for the crown, waste, and other lands, with large premiums to farmers in every parish in the kingdom, who shall plow and sow the greatest number of acres, under a new regulation; and an account is intended to be taken directly of all the Corn, Hay, Oxen, Sheep, &c. in the kingdom, with heavy fines upon those who shall be found to give false accounts, that it may be known where, and how large the stock is; and a calculation made for twelve months consumption, upon a population of ten millions of people. Laws will also be made to compel all persons to pitch and sell their Grain at regular country markets, instead of the present practice of selling by samples, with regulations of buying Corn and Hay, or any Grain, Cattle, and Provisions, but at regular public markets. It is hoped also, that in order to reduce a growing evil, a duty will be proposed to be laid on every acre of land (above 20 acres) farmed by men or women, who have other means of livelihood, be-

sides farming; such as Members of Parliament, Bankers, Merchants, Stockholders, or any other description of persons; and that all *regular* farmers holding more than 200 acres, pay a duty of 1 l. to 2 l. *per* acre, according to circumstances. That in order to reduce the consumption of Corn, and to turn meadow into Cornland, it is suggested that a duty should be laid on all *pleasure horses*, above a certain number, as it is known that the keep of so many horses of this description is a most alarming evil, as every pleasure horse consumes the quantity of six persons. Any farmer borrowing money of a country banker, or any other person, whilst he has any grain, or any live stock, more than what may fairly be deemed necessary for seed and support of his family should be subject to a *fine*.

I beg leave, my dear Baron, to conclude this long letter on one of the most interesting topics that can engage the attention of an Englishman, or even of a citizen of the world, with the sentiments of that amiable and original writer, St. Pierre, to which I give my cordial assent.

“ Agriculture is the great support of morals and religion. It renders marriages easy, necessary, and happy. It contributes toward raising a numerous progeny, which it employs almost as soon as they are able to crawl, in collecting the fruits of the earth, or in tending the flocks and herds ; but it bestows these advantages only on small landed properties. Small possessions double and quadruple in a country both crops and the hands which gather them. Great estates, on the contrary, in the hand of one man, transform a country into vast solitudes. They inspire the wealthy farmers with a relish for city pride and luxury, and with a dislike of country employments.

“ Great landed properties expose the state to another dangerous inconvenience. The lands thus cultivated lie in fallow one year at least in three, and, in many cases, once every other year. It must happen, accordingly, as in every thing left to chance, that sometimes great quantities of such lands lie fallow at once, and at other times very little. In those years, undoubtedly, when the greatest part of those lands

is lying fallow, much less corn must be reaped over the kingdom at large, than in other years. This source of distress is one of the causes of that dearth, or unforeseen scarcity of grain, which from time to time falls heavy on the different nations of Europe."

In another part, treating on the same subject, the ingenious author farther observes, that small farms are not subjected to such vicissitudes; they are every where productive, and almost at all seasons.

There is likewise a difference equally striking in the number and in the moral character of the labouring poor who cultivate them.

LETTER XXV.

Bury.

This town is said to owe its name to its being the place where Edmund the Holy Martyr, as he is called, was *buried*. But this assertion is contradicted by another historian, who endeavours to prove it derives its present appellation to its being his * Burg or Town, and put under

* The best modern account of this town in particular, is to be found in the Norfolk Tour, to whom I have had the pleasure of acknowledging so many obligations; and the most concise, as well as correct description, of Suffolk in general, is to be met with in Dr. Aikins' agreeable volume of "England delineated."—I will subjoin a brief abstract of both.

"Bury St. Edmund is situated on the west side of the river Bourne or Lark, which is navigable from Lynn to Fornham St. Martin's, a village about a mile north of this

his special patronage. A third traces it from an abbey built here by King Canute, the famous reprehender of sycophants, in honour of St. Ed-

town. It has a most charming inclosed country on the south and south-west, and on the north and north-west the most delicious champaign fields, extending themselves to Lynn, and that part of the county of Norfolk. The county on the East is partly open and partly inclosed. It is so pleasantly situated, commands such an extensive prospect, and the air is so sharp and salubrious, that it is called the Montpellier of England. On April the 11th, 1608, there was a dreadful fire in this town, which destroyed one hundred and sixty dwelling-houses besides other buildings, to the value of sixty thousand pounds. This accident though terrible in itself, in all probability was followed by this agreeable circumstance, the present regularity of the streets, which now cut each other at right angles, and the town standing upon an easy ascent, greatly contributes to its beauty."

Leland, the antiquarian-royal of England, who flourished in the reign of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. and died in 1552, gives this description of the town and monastery: "A city more neatly seated the sun never saw, so curiously doth it hang upon a gentle descent, with a little river on the east side; nor a monastery more noble, whether one considers its endowments, largeness, or unparalled magnificence. One might even think the monastery alone a city; so many gates it has (some whereof are brass) so many towers, and a church, than which nothing can be more magnificent; as appendages to which, there are three more of admirable beauty and workmanship in the

mund. A variety of other writers, each of whom have their favourite etymology, might be enumerated; but as it is of little consequence,

“same churchyard.” Now there are but two churches entire, St. Mary’s and St. James’s and the ruins of St. Edmund’s, the principal church in the monastery, which is supposed to have been one of the grandest Gothic structures in Europe.

Suffolk is, in general, a level country, without any considerable eminences. In respect to soil, it may be divided into three portions. The sea-coast, to some distance inland, is for the most part sandy, and is distributed into arable land, heaths, and marshes.

The internal, and largest part of the county, from north to south, and across, quite to the south-west angle, is in general a strong clayey loam, fertile to a great degree in all the objects of husbandry. A part of it, called High Suffolk, has a soil so stiff and tenacious, that its roads, in wet seasons, are scarcely passable. The great product of this tract is butter, which is exported to London and other parts in great quantities.

The north-western portion of Suffolk is an open sandy country, and forms a considerable part of the wide tract of barren heath which occupies so much of this quarter of the kingdom. It is chiefly in warrens and sheep-walks, but interspersed with poor arable land. The extreme angle, bordering on the Ely Fens, partakes of their nature.

On the whole, this county is one of the most thriving, with respect to agriculture; and its farmers are opulent and skilful. The culture of turnips prevails here almost as much

the three opinions already quoted may serve very well to chuse from: yet to this St. Edmund attaches some superstitions in such high preservation, that, should this correspondence fall under the eyes of any miracle-lovers, I should never be forgiven were I not to offer something for their gratification.

Introductory, however, to these, it will not be uninteresting to give what may be considered as a more authentic account of the murder of the royal personage, whose death was so replete with traditions of the wonderful.

The East Angles having defeated Offa's three successors, chose Edmund for their king; and under his government the country flourished: but the Danes, from their former successful depredations in different parts of Great Britain,



as in Norfolk. They have a very excellent breed of draught horses, middle sized, and remarkably short made, capable of vast exertions. The Suffolk cows are supposed to give more milk, in proportion to their size, than any other in England. They are of the hornless or polled kind. The sheep, of which large flocks are kept, are chiefly of the Norfolk breed.

extended their ambitious views to a complete conquest of the isle. We are informed by several of our historians, on whose testimonies we can rely, that neither pretences nor opportunities were wanting to support and compass their designs.

In the year 848 Osbert became King of Northumberland, and by his unhappy conduct involved both himself and others in calamities. He kept his court at York, and used frequently to amuse himself with hunting. As he was returning one day from the chase, he called at Earl Bruern's house to refresh himself. The Earl was from home; but his lady, who added an engaging behaviour to exquisite beauty, made such a strong impression on the heart of the amorous king, that he resolved to gratify his passion; and, after having tried every soothing method, without success, he proceeded to violence. When the Earl returned, his wife acquainted him with what had happened. Bruern immediately devised the most ample revenge on the ravisher. He thought nothing could more effectually answer his purpose than going

to Denmark to solicit the assistance of the Danish king. In consequence of that application, the Danes not long after made a descent on Northumberland, and their success in that kingdom was considered by them as an earnest of what they might expect another time. The hawk of Lodbroc, King of Denmark, happening in a flight to fall into the sea, the king, for its immediate rescue, took the next boat he could find ; or, as other historians say, in passing over into a little island with his hawk, for sport, a sudden gust of wind drove him out to sea ; after imminent dangers he was cast upon the coast of Norfolk, near Repeham, where, addressing himself to Bern, the king's falconer, he was by him presented to King Edmund, who received them with great kindness and respect : at length, Bern grew jealous of the great favour shewn to Lodbroc ; so that when they were sporting together in the woods, Bern slew and buried him : his murder was afterwards discovered by a hound that Lodbroc kept, who would not forsake his master's body, but when compelled by extremity of hunger, and then but just to die

sisfy his present wants, fawning upon the king and courtiers as often as compelled to visit them. Being known for Lodbroc's dog, he was observed and followed, till he had directed them to his master's body; and by his fierce behaviour towards Bern, and other circumstances, Bern was discovered to be the murderer, and condemned to be put into the same boat which brought Lodbroc over into East Anglia, without oars or sails. This boat, in an extraordinary manner, was carried safe to Denmark, where it was known to be the same in which Lodbroc had sailed. Bern was seized and carried to Hinguar and Hubba, the sons of Lodbroc, and by them examined concerning their father's death: he, in his own excuse, charged King Edmund with the murder, after Providence had cast him upon the English coast. The sons, inflamed with rage, resolved on revenge, and speedily raising great forces, made a descent.

Edmund rallied his forces and marched against the enemy; a dreadful battle was fought near the town, which continued a whole day with

great slaughter on both sides; toward night the Danes began to retreat, but were not pursued by the king, who retired to Heglesdave, now Hoxve, upon hearing that Hubba was come to his brother Hinguar's assistance with ten thousand men. Soon after they pursued the king and took him prisoner, and having bound him, shot him with arrows. To satiate themselves with full revenge they cut off his head, and lodged it in the thickest part of the wood, that it might not be found by his servants. The Danes, in the approaching spring, thought it would answer their purpose better to leave that part of the country they had already ruined, and seek more inviting and fertile scenes, where they might carry on their old trade of plunder to more advantage. After their departure, the first care of the christians was to pay their respects to the Holy Martyr, as King Edmund was called, by giving him a decent funeral; in order for which, the head was searched for, which being found was buried with the body.

It is said by our Shakespere, who has been

thought to penetrate into the very bowels of human nature, that

“ When the brains were out the man would die ;”

and though, to be sure, it does not happen every day, a case wherein the *head* of the man, as you will presently see, would *not* die.

You are, by this time, I trust, prepared for the miraculous head. Know then, when King Edmund's friends were searching for it, and calling to one another, the head itself—very good-naturedly, you will allow, and to save unnecessary trouble—answered, *here, here!* and continued this obliging information until all the head-hunters had gathered round it. They perceived a wolf holding it between his fore-feet; so that it is not, you see, quite certain whether the courteous explanation above mentioned proceeded from the dead man or the live beast; but as all the ancient historians, led on by William of Malmesbury, seem not to make the least doubt that the wolf, after he had politely surrendered up his charge, followed them to the funeral, “ with solemn steps and

slow," as chief mourner, without doing or receiving any harm whatever; on the contrary, deporting himself with a gravity suitable to the occasion; it would be very uncivil, if you and I, my Friend, did not give up our belief to it with all our might, even though miracles of this kind have long ceased to be related by the most wonderful of our historians, who are, nevertheless, sufficiently addicted to the marvellous.

But the good king's *head* was not the only part of his royal body which was disposed for a frolic in this world, after it had been deposited in what have been called the realms of rest. Be it farther known unto you, and to all my loving readers whom it may concern, that, after our Saint's decapitation, when the Danes became absolute lords of this part of the isle, holding their dominion for half a century, at the time that SWEIN assumed the regal power, and who to maintain his throne and his army, imposed such heavy taxes on the poor English, that it was impossible to pay, he reduced their towns to ashes, purely to teach them how to manage impossibilities better next time — upon the old plan of

curing one great political disease by a greater, — then it was, that the bury or burg of St. Edmund, being famous for its church and population, the Danish sovereign demanded an impayable sum — or, as it would be called in these times of innovation, when every thing above, or upon or under the earth, is re-baptized — a requisition in order to save the holy place. But, as it is necessary to refuse what it is not in our power to grant, and as such trifling motives of non-compliance are seldom thought sufficient by mighty conquerors, king Swein added the church and the town to the general wreck, by making a bonfire of them, even till his magnanimous rage triumphed in beholding them consume to ashes. This, however, in itself, is such an old story — such an every-day circumstance — from the beginning of victories in the most barbarous times, to the embattled æra at which I am now writing, that I should think it would stand as little chance of a stronger impression than what is left on the mind by one of our Gazettes Extraordinary, which covers us with a kind of national mourning, or elevates us to a

Te Deum — amidst the glare of lights, the peal of bells, the blaze of bonfires, and the thunder of cannon — and these, again, followed up by the solemnity of thanksgiving, for having, through the mercy of God, done more havock abroad than at home, and, of course, left, amongst the relatives of the people vanquished, more widows and orphans than in the country of the conquerors — an advantage on the part of the latter, which, it cannot be denied, is sufficiently justifiable on the great selfish principle, however abhorrent it may be to humanity — yet the whole, I say, my dear Baron, is such a mere matter of fact, that I should not have expected it to gain more than a moment's residence, even in a philosophic, yet feeling mind — whose piety needs not resort to superstition for the support of its faith — were it not in the case of the bloody Dane, accompanied by a signal punishment on sacrilege ; for, being in the midst of his nobles and commanders glorying in his power, he suddenly and vehemently exclaimed — “ I am stricken by Saint Edmund with a sword ! ” and, though no man

saw the hand that wielded it, he languished, it seems, three days, and then died in torments of body, which could only be surpassed by his terrors of mind.

The distribution of moral justice and religious judgement in this narrative, almost disposes us to give it credit from its motive : we will, therefore, at least, treat it with a respect due to the frauds which are called *pious*. Neither will we refuse the vision of his son Canute a place very near that which we have just allowed to the father : for, scarce was the first-named monarch settled on his throne, when he dreamed a dream about the martyred St. Edmund, which was likely enough, and with which he was so affrighted, that, to propitiate the angry Saint, he rebuilt his church, and restored the town to greater splendour than ever, changing the seculars into monks, hoping, as he could not resuscitate those who had been murdered, or make them converse like the Saint's own head, he might atone for his father's crime, by making as many new monks as had been burned and murdered of the old. How far, by the reno-

vation of so many monasteries, the matter might have been made better, or how far the atonement might have been worse, in point of morals, than the offence, we will not now enquire. When a ghost of conscience, or of credulity, or a phantom of sleep, comes from mens heads, or hearts, or imaginations, to a good purpose, we will even let them take their rounds, and forgive their returning to the world now and then after we had ceased to expect them.

In the way, however, of general observation, to all these pretended miracles, it has been truly remarked, and the remark will extend to almost all superstitions of this kind, that, while popery flourished in England, great numbers of miracles were said to be performed at the tomb of this Saint, whose "canonized bones," I most religiously believe, never burst their "searments" from the time they were "inurned" to this moment, except when they were moved by the order of Canute from the wooden building in which they had been first deposited, to the magnificent church erected in honour of the martyr. But the truth is, that the ancient

no less, and, probably, not more, than the modern monks, acquired great riches, by imposing on the credulous, and made it their chief study then, as their successors make it now, to enslave the minds of the deluded populace, by a shew of sanctity and fictitious miracles.

To what an excess, indeed, these miracles, and this enormous credulity might extend, may be seen in the reverence attached to some notable discoveries of certain *relics*, at the dissolution of the * abbey. The very list of these *relics* is not a little curious.

The sacred remains of the fore-mentioned king Edmund enshrined; the same king's shirt entire; certain drops of St. Stephen's blood, which were shed out of his body when he was stoned; some of the coals on which St. Law-

* The abbey which was once so illustrious, was first built by Sigebert king of the East Angles, soon after christianity was planted here by Felix the Burgundian, and being finished, king Sigebert, about the year 638, retired into it, and secluded himself from all temporal affairs.

rence was broiled; certain parings of the flesh of divers holy virgins; a sinew of St. Edmund in a box; several skulls of ancient saints and martyrs; among which was that of St. Patronill, which the people believed would cure all the diseases in the head, by applying it thereto. The sword which St. Edmund used; and St. Thomas of Canterbury's boots; St. Bardolph's bones in a coffin, which the monks made the people believe, procured rain, when it was carried in procession in a time of drought; certain wax-candles, which being lighted and taken round their corn-fields in seed-time, no daniel, tares, or noisome weeds would grow among their corn that year, with many others, which, by the relation of the monks, would work wonderful effects.

We are farther told, that multitudes of * gifts

* It is said that these gifts were settled on this abbey with a fearful curse on such as should anywise alienate them, and a blessing to such as should preserve or improve them: and the charter being signed by the king, was attested by above thirty of his nobles, who, every one, for the greater solemnity, put a cross before their names.

and oblations hung upon the tomb of St. Edmund — there seems no end to this Saint, and the townsmen, and all within a mile round the town, were subject to the abbot and convent, so that by their steward they imposed an oath upon the alderman at the entrance upon his office, *that he should maintain and uphold the peace and order of the borough, and in nothing damage or hurt the abbot or convent in any of their rights and privileges.* But notwithstanding this oath, the townsmen now and then fell foul upon the abbot and his monks, imprisoning the abbot, beating the monks, and the officers belonging to the abbey, breaking down their gates, and burning their houses adjoining, with the barns and granaries, belonging to their granges and manors near the town, carrying away their chalices of gold and silver, with other rich plate, plundering their treasury, and taking away their charters and writings.

A circumstance truly curious, and in some respects interesting, is related respecting the stone coffin, which contained the embalmed body of Thomas Beaufort, third son of the

celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third Duchess, Lady Catherine Swinford.

On the 20th of February 1772, some workmen who were employed in the ruins of the abbey digging for stone, found a leaden coffin, made after the ancient custom, exactly the shape of the body. This had been inclosed in an oak case, which by the length of time was decayed, but the lead remained quite perfect, and enclosed an embalmed body, as fresh and perfect as at the time of its interment; the nails on the fingers and toes as perfect as when living, and the hair of the head a chesnut brown, with some mixture of grey ones. The corpse was done up in a pickle, and the face wrapped in a sear-cloth. A surgeon in the neighbourhood was sent for, who made an incision in the breast, and declared the flesh cut as firm as in a living subject, and there was even an appearance of blood. At this time the corpse was not the least noisome, but being exposed to the air, it presently became putrid and offensive. The body was cut and mangled,

the skull was sawed in pieces, where the brain seemed wasted indeed, but perfectly enclosed in its proper membrane ; the cheeks likewise were cut through, and his arms cut off and carried away.

These mutilated remains belonged, as we observed, to Thomas Beaufort, who was, by his half-brother King Henry VI. created Duke of Exeter, Knight of the Garter, Admiral and Governor of Calais, and in 1410, Lord High Chancellor of England ; created Earl of Perth in Normandy, and Earl of Dorset in England. He led the rear-guard at the battle of Agincourt, valiantly defended Harfleur against the French, was guardian to Henry VI. and dying at East Greenwich, January 1st 1427, was (as he had in his will directed) interred in the abbey church of Bury St. Edmund's, near his Duchess, at the entrance of the chapel of our Lady, close to the wall on the north side of the choir. His monument was demolished with the rest of that grand building, at the dissolution, in 1540.

The labourers, for the sake of the lead, which they sold for about twenty shillings,

stript the body of its coffin, throwing it promiscuously among the rubbish; but upon discovering whose it was, the mangled remains were inclosed in a strong oak coffin, and buried near the large north-east pillar which formerly assisted to support the belfry.

This prince was grandson to the victorious King Edward III. — Every humane and sensible mind reflects with horror upon the savage indecency with which the remains of this prince has been treated! Well might Hamlet, in considering the transmutation of the bones of Alexander the Great, exclaim —

“ To what base uses may we not return, Horatio ?”

LETTER XXVI.

Bury, October 1800.

YOUR favour of the Parisian anecdote of the faithful dog demands my thanks, although I had previously received it from a Friend in London. I give prompt credit to every circumstance; and it is another proof, added to the almost countless ones in my mind, of the love, friendship, and other domestic affections of the canine for the human race. I believe, that there is in the constitution of their nature, a something that attracts them to man even more than to each other; at least, that we have their social feelings more firmly and fondly than their own species. It is singular enough, that at the time I receive your anec-

dote from France on this subject, I meet with the following *one* in an English paper:—

“ At the late battle of Ballynahinch, one of the insurgents who fell in the engagement was followed by a Dog.—The faithful animal for three days lay across his master’s bosom until buried, and then for some time constantly attended his grave, only at intervals when hunger forced him into town! His remarkable sagacity being observed, a person took him, and by care and attention, he seems to forget the loss of his unhappy master.”

I have long intended, in a general way, to say something upon the subject of our attachment upon these *sovereign quadrupeds*, as well as of their claim to it; and I should have given my thoughts a fixed station in our correspondence, in consequence of the above canine anecdotes, had not the death of a four-footed favourite, who has for upwards of fifteen years served and loved a family whom I visit in this very town, given to those thoughts a more particular application. Poor Toby! he has rendered the

subject more personal and more touching ; and you will perceive that I have incorporated a defence of our feelings for the loss of favourite animals with the character and circumstances which are more especially appropriate to himself. The defence, indeed, is little more than a simple statement of the services and qualities of the canine species, as known and admitted by every man ; but we know and admit many things, of which we do not sufficiently feel the force ; and I have long thought that the impression in favour of these superior creatures would be much stronger were their pretensions to our indulgent sympathy while alive, and to our regret when dead, brought before their patrons and protectors in the garb of poetry ; which, surely, need not disguise or deform, but make the charms of truth more amiable and attractive.

Defence of our Attachment to Animals.

WHY does the MUSE, who, swan-like, loves to mourn
In tuneful strains, oft breathe her tend'rest sigh,
And wreath her darkest Cypress round the Urn
To Feeling dear, when dumb Domestics die?

Why does the INFANT, when some feather'd Friend
From the soft cradling arms is snatch'd away,
Sad o'er the body of a fav'rite bend,
And, years elaps'd, still wail it in the lay?

Or why, the emblem Lamb delight to rear,
Much for its frolic lov'd, its meekness more;
Why watch it with a mother's tender care,
And long lament, when its brief life is o'er?

Why does the MAN, in Youth's impetuous course,
Proud tho' he be, view with exulting eyes,
His hound sagacious, or his generous horse?
In sickness nurse, lament him when he dies?

Why — but because by many a gracious deed,
The gentle Beings, from affection, claim
A kinder tribute, and a richer meed,
Than he who arrogates a prouder fame ?

Pompey, or Cæsar, or the conquering Chief,
Who bath'd his laurels in a nation's gore,
Then wildly frantic, in victorious grief,
Wept, that the vanquish'd world could bleed no more !

How oft some hero of the canine kind,
A Cæsar, " guiltless of his country's blood,"
A blameless Pompey, tho' for pow'r design'd,
Intrepid Champion of the oppress'd has stood !

Now snatch'd a Friend from the assassin's steel,
From raging Fire, or from the whelming Wave,
Now taught the haughty Rational to feel,
The Bold to fear, the Coward to be brave.

Thou Animal sublime, we human call,
Who deem'st these attributes but Instinct's sway,
Thyself sole reasoning Tyrant of the ball,
The rest thy slaves, to tremble and obey, —

Virtues in thee are instincts in the Brute,
 Yet in these instincts, proud One! may'st thou find,
 Plain honest arguments, which oft confute
 The subtlest Maxims of thy swelling Mind.

Art thou in doubt, and wouldst thou truly know,
 How far those virtuous instincts may extend?
 Cæsar and Pompey at thy feet can show,
 Th' unmeasur'd duties of a faithful Friend.

Hast thou e'er follow'd Friend with steps more true,
 With nobler courage hast thou met the foe?
 And if that Friend in anger left thy view,
 Hast thou so felt the reconciling glow?

Or if thou hast, O tell me! hast thou borne
 Insult unmerited, stripes undeserv'd?
 And didst thou both in meek Submission mourn,
 As if thou only hadst from Duty swerv'd?

Or, if new proofs thy tyranny demands,
 Wouldst thou see Love o'er all those stripes prevail,
 Lo! the poor Dog, still licks thy barb'rous hands,
 When strength and nature, all, but fondness, fail.

E'en the mute Ass thy stoic pride contemns,
Who meekly bears each varied mark of scorn ;
E'en he might teach the Christian who contemns,
Lessons of Patience might thy soul adora.

Of all the boasted conquests thou hast made
By flood or field, the gentlest and the best
Is in the Dog, the generous Dog display'd,
For ah ! what virtues glow within his breast,

Thro' life the same, in sunshine and in storms,
At once his Lord's protector and his guide,
Shapes to his wishes, to his wants conforms,
His slave, his friend, his pastime, and his pride.

Excell'd, perchance, in dignity and grace,
Or on the peaceful, or th' embattl'd plain,
Yet, O, what attributes supply their place,
Which nor provoke the spur nor ask the rein.

Lo! while the master sleeps, he takes his rounds,
His master's happiness his sole delight ;
A wakeful centinel, whose watch-bark sounds
To awe the rude Disturbers of the Night.

Monarch himself, meanwhile, of some fair flock,
A meek, mild People, who his rule obey,
And while the Shepherd slumbers on the rock,
Or in the vale, nor Sheep nor Lamb shall stray.

Yes, mighty Lord of all that move below,
Without thy Dog, how vain the temper'd steel,
Thy fate-wing'd Bullet, and thy plastic Bow,
And all thy arts to conquer and to kill.

Without *his* aid, say how would'st thou oppose
The noontide Ruffian and the midnight Thief,
Enthrall'd on every side by dang'rous Foes,
Who, but thy Faithful Dog, could bring relief?

But would'st thou see an instance yet more dear,
A touch more rare — thy Dog may still afford
The Example high — go read it on the Bier,
If chance some canine Friend survives his Lord.—

Awhile survives, his latest dues to pay,
Beyond the grave his gratitude to prove,
Moan out his life in slow but sure decay,
MARTYR SUBLIME, of Friendship and of Love!

From him who drives the Filserer from thy Gate,
To him who leads the Eyeless to thy door,
All prove, *without the Dog*, how weak the Great,
And with that constant Friend, how strong the Poor !

Then grateful own the Dog's unrivall'd Claim,
A claim not e'en the Lion can dispute
The proud usurper of another's fame,
The gen'rous DOG shall be the Kingly Brute !

Thrice worthy of the Muse, then, they who live
And die to prove *their* amity sincere ;
And thou, poor *Toby*, shalt her plaint receive,
Join'd to the tribute of Maria's tear.

E P I T A P H.

GEN'ROUS of temper, as by nature brave,
 Tho' thy uncoffin'd bones to dust descend,
 Still not without a trophy is thy grave,
 For thine the pensive Muse, and mourning Friend,

Thine was the magic Eye that mark'd each thought,
 So brightly clear its Glance all words supply'd,
 Thy light'ning look the ready meaning caught,
 And gave what nature to thy tongue deny'd.

Mild as the Lambkin's was thy wool-white vest,
 By Art improv'd with all Affection's care,
 Soft as that fleecy mantle was thy breast,
 And kind as gentle, Peace thy voice and air.

Yet when thy blood was chaff'd, that skin so sleek,
 Like arrowy bristles of the tusky Boar
 Would rise indignant, and that voice so meek,
 Enflam'd by wrongs, would like the Lion's roar.

Yet for a heart — not he of Humour's race
The chief, of Fancy and of Feeling form'd,
Thy *Heart* — not *Yorick's* Toby, would disgrace,
Not one more kind his Corporal's bosom warm'd.

P. S. — A translation of the Parisian anecdote you sent me cannot be preserved in our correspondence in a more apposite place than this, and therefore it shall form the Postscript to my poetical letter, not only as justificatory of the warmest tribute of the Muse, but that you may see it in an English dress.

“ Will it be thought unworthy of the dignity of history, will it be deemed a departure from the respect which the recorder of *human* actions owes his readers and his subject, to preserve the memory of a faithful brute, who wasted his life, and mixed his dust, with the ashes of the friend whose hand had nourished him ? I cannot believe it ; and will, as an honour to the *canine* and an example to the *human* species, endeavour to hand down to posterity the following fact.

“ A few days before the overthrow of the dreadful ROBESPIERE, a revolutionary tribunal in one of the departments of the North had condemned Monsieur R. an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, on a pretence of finding him guilty of a conspiracy. This Mon-

sieur R. had a water Spaniel, at that time about twelve years old, which had been brought up by him, and had scarce ever quitted his side. Monsieur R. was cast into prison; his family were dispersed by the system of terror; some had taken flight, others, like himself, were arrested and carried to distant gaols; his domestics were dismissed, his house was destroyed, his friends from necessity or fear abandoned him to conceal themselves. In the silence of a living tomb he was left to pine in thought, under the iron scourge of the tyrant; whose respite from blood was but to gain by delay some additional horror; and who, if he extended life to those whom his wantonness had prescribed, even until death became a *prayer*; it was only to tantalize them with the *blowing* of murder, when he imagined he could more effectually torture them with the *curse* of existence.

“ This faithful dog, however, was with him when he was first seized, but was refused admittance into the prison: he was seen to return often to the door, but found it shut. He took refuge with a neighbour of his late master’s, who

received him. But, that posterity may judge clearly of the times in which Frenchmen existed at *that period* *, it must be added, that this man received the poor dog tremblingly, and in secret, lest his humanity for, not his enemy's, but his *friend's dog*, should bring him to the scaffold. Every day, at the same hour, the dog returned to the door of the prison, but was still refused admittance. He, however, uniformly passed some time there. Such unremitting fidelity at last won even on the porter of a prison, and the dog was at length allowed to enter. His joy at the sight of his master was unbounded ; his master's not less : it was difficult to separate them : but the honest jailor, fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison, and he returned to his place of retreat. The next morning, however, he again came back, and repeated his visit for some weeks, and once on each day was regularly admitted by the humane jailor. The poor dog licked the hand of his master, looked

* Whatever may be the final issue of Buonaparte's usurpation, his power has hitherto been marked by acts of comparative clemency and justice.

at him again, again licked his hand, and, after a few mornings, feeling assured of re-admission, departed at the call of the jailor. When the day of receiving sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd, which curiosity, love, and fear, collected around a public execution ; notwithstanding the guards, which jealous power, conscious of its deserts, stations around, the dog penetrated into the hall, and couched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever. The judges condemned this man ; and may my tears be pardoned," says the generous recorder of this fact, " for the burst of indignation, the judges condemned him to a speedy death *in the presence of his dog !* Monsieur R. was reconducted to the prison ; and the dog, though prevented accompanying him, did not quit the door *for the whole of that night.*

" The fatal hour of execution arrives with the morning, the prison opens, the unfortunate man passes out ; his dog receives him at the threshold ! his faithful dog *alone*, amongst the thousands who in secret revered and loved him, *dared*, even under the eye of the tyrant, to

own a dying friend ! He clings to his hand undaunted. " Alas ! that hand will never more be spread upon thy caressing head, poor dog ! " exclaimed the condemned. The axe falls ! the master dies ! But the tender adherent cannot leave the body — he walks round the corse — the earth receives it, and the mourner spreads himself on the grave. On that cold pillow he passed the first night, the next day, and the second night : the neighbour, meantime, unhappy at not seeing his protogee, searches for him ; and, guessing the asylum he had chosen, steals forth by night, and finding him as described, caresses and brings him back. The good man tries every gentle way that kindness could devise to make him eat. But a short time afterwards, the dog escaping, regained his favourite place. O man, give faith to a sacred truth ! Three *months* passed away ; during every morning of which, the mourner returned to his *loving* protector merely to receive his food, and then returned to the ashes of his dead master ! and each day he was more sad, more meagre, and more languishing.

“ His protector, at length, endeavoured to wean him. He first tied, then chained him ; but what manacle is there, that can ultimately triumph over nature ? He broke or bit through his bonds ; again escaped ; again returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. It was in vain that all kind means were used once more to bring him back. Even the humane jailor assisted to take him food, but he would eat no longer : for four-and-twenty hours he was absolutely observed to employ — Oh, force of genuine love ! — his weakened limbs, digging up the earth that separated him from the being he had served. Affection gave him strength, but his efforts were too vehement for his powers : his whole frame became convulsed : he shrieked in his struggles : his attached and generous heart gave way, and he breathed out his last gasp with his last look at the grave, as if he knew he had found, and again should be permitted, to associate with his master ; as if, like the poor Indian,

“ His faithful Dog should bear him company.”

A collateral fact is related by Professor Raff, in his "System of Natural History;" and as the authenticity of that elegant writer is unimpeachable, it will be an interesting corroboration of the preceding circumstance.

" A FRENCH merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

" The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and, wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and, by crying, barking, and howl-

ing, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

“ The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant’s importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on its master’s business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

“ Mercy!” cried the afflicted merchant, “ it must be so, my poor dog is certainly mad: what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him.”

“ With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand took

aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but his aim was too sure. The poor animal falls wounded ; and weltering in his blood, still endeavours to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude.

“ The merchant could not bear the sight ; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind ; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual : “ I am most unfortunate,” said he to himself ; “ I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog.” Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing ; no bag was to be found. In an instant, he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. “ Wretch that I am ! I alone am to blame. I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me,

and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

"Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half-averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted: but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last, he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast, even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few

moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever.

NOTE.

The Professor's description of the Dog is the most simple and engaging of any I have ever read. The following abridged translation of it by a very young gentleman will be acceptable to you.

“ The dog is obedient, docile, complaisant, does every thing that we wish with alacrity and without murmuring, is satisfied with an old dry crust of bread, or a bone to pick; does hurt to nobody, watches day and night in the house, and will risk his life in defence of his master.

“ This animal actually forgets the bad treatment he receives from man, and retains long a remembrance of favours. It is no matter that he has a hard and cruel master, who, instead of giving him food, strikes and torments him; far from taking the smallest vengeance on him, he has not even the thought of leaving him; and after seeking with risk some miserable food, he turns to follow him. If he has

committed a fault, he comes to crouch at his master's feet, and to implore his clemency; but if he be not fortunate enough to obtain it, he submits without murmuring to chastisement, and the next instant humbly licks the hand that punished him, recovers his gaiety, ceases his complaints, shows himself more obedient than formerly, runs at the voice, waits the orders of his master with an ear attentive and pricked up, flies on the first signal, guesses on the slightest motion of the eye his inclinations, and executes them punctually.

"Does he lose his master? he groans, he howls in the most doleful manner, and gets no repose till he finds him; he discovers his track, pursues his steps to the distance of three or four leagues, and finds him out in the midst of the greatest crowd.

"And in *journies, what services do dogs render us? a single one is of more consequence to our safety than ten domestics; he allows no person to come near the baggage, or the apartments, and still less the person of his master, and watches carefully over every thing that belongs to him, or is near him."

* I have read, that in several convents situated among the mountains which divide France and Italy, travellers assure us a custom prevails that does honour to human nature: in these sequestered cloisters, which are often placed in the most uninhabited parts of the Alps, strangers and travellers are not only hospitably entertained, but a breed of dogs are

trained to go in *search* of wanderers, and are every morning sent from the convents, with an apparatus fastened to their collars, containing some refreshment, and a direction to travellers to *follow* the sagacious animal; many lives are by this means preserved in that wild romantic country.

Few cities in the world appear to contain so many dogs as those of Egypt. From their natural propensity to be useful to mankind, they are the terror of thieves and disturbers of the night; *spontaneously* watching with the greatest care the merchandize on quays, the boat, and the interior of cities. Another singularity is, that these dogs never remove from the districts in which they are bred; formed into separate tribes, they keep to certain limits; and should one pass his own boundary, he would be attacked by the whole cohort, whose quarters he intruded into, and with great difficulty, if at all, escape being torn in pieces.

LETTER XXVII.

THE village of HAWSTED in this county contains a variety of objects truly interesting ; all of which are extremely well described by Sir J. Cullum, an ancestor of whom became purchaser of the estate of the Drurys ; who, by the maternal side, were ancestors also of your Correspondent ; yea, and be it known to you, one of the Gleaner's forefathers patronized a poet — even the witty and learned Dr. Donne, who had a suite of apartments assigned him in Drury Castle. There's for you ! and moreover one of his fair relatives, who, by the bye, is said to have died of a *box of the ear*, was the very lady, “ whose * eloquent blood ” Donne so celebrated

* “ ——— Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.”

—and in this very Hawsted Church are the said eloquent-blooded lady's remains.

This Lady's monument is a mural one in the south-east corner of the chancel. It consists of a basement about three feet high ; on which, under an ornamented arch, lies the figure of a young female large as life, her head reclining on her left hand ; her mantle is drawn close about her neck, and edged with a small ruff ; her hair is in many small and short curls, without any cap or covering ; above is an emblematical female personage, surrounded with a glory and scattering flowers on the figure below ; on each side of the basement sits a greyhound, the crest of the family. This is a very pleasing monument, of painted alabaster, and well executed ; only disgraced by an ugly Death's head. All such representations and emblems as this, bones in saltire, I could wish to see banished from sepulchral monuments ; they are disagreeable objects in themselves, answer no purpose of morality, and seem not consistent with the spirit of Christianity, which never paints death in frightful or disgusting colours.

They are now inserted at the bottom of the engraving. This portrait is as large as life, well painted, and the only one of the family left at Hawsted Place. The great expectations of the person it represents, the praises bestowed upon her by one of the greatest wits of the age, and the singularity of the attitude, seem to make it worthy of being preserved by the graver*.

The name of Drury is now extinct in Hawsted, having flourished in that village just 150 years. Sir Robert had two daughters: the elder, Dorothy, died at the age of nine years; the younger, Elizabeth, to encrease the grief of her

* From the Rougham branch descended the late Sir Thomas Drury of Overstone, in Northamptonshire, Bart. whose two daughters and co-heirs were married to the present Earl of Buckinghamshire, and Lord Brownlowe. The Earl of Buckinghamshire had, by his first wife, Miss Drury, three daughters; the eldest, Henrietta, married Earl of Ancram, the second was united to Lord Mount Edgcumbe, and the youngest, Caroline, to the Honourable Henry William Ashton Harbord, who are all alive.

parents, reached almost fifteen. Of this young lady's monument, with her epitaph, some account has been already given. Tradition reports, that she died of a box on the ear, from her father. This conceit rose, probably, from her being represented, both on the monument, and in her picture, as reclining her head on one hand; just as the story of Lord Russel's daughter dying of a prick of her finger took its origin from her statue in Westminster Abbey, which represents her as holding down her finger, and pointing to a death's head at her feet. Another tradition relating to her, is, that she was destined for the wife of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I. She was certainly a great heiress; and their ages were not unsuitable: but, whether there be more truth in this, than in the other, I pretend not to say; though this came from respectable authority. What is certain, is, that she is immortalized by the Muse of Dr. Donne, who had determined to celebrate her anniversary in an elegy, as long as he lived:

“ Accept this tribute, and his first year’s rent,
Who, till this dark short taper’s end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widow’d earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth ;
That is, thy death.”

However, we have nothing beyond the second anniversary. The truth seems to be, that panegyric had been so profusely lavished in two essays, that it was quite exhausted. Some of the lines have been noticed in the Spectator, No. 91, where they are, by mistake, said to be a description of Dr. Donne’s mistress, instead of the departed daughter of his friend. They are inscribed on her portrait in my possession ; and I should suppose, from the appearance of the paint, were put there soon after they were written.

I cannot leave Suffolk without directing your attention to Eustonhall, not because it is a noble edifice belonging to one of the most distinguished of our British Peers, but, because its present Possessor, notwithstanding all that our great British, and still inscrutable Satirist,

JUNIUS, may have said of him, is one who, at his country-seat, in his thriving farms, and comfort-brightening cottages, deserves to be placed amongst those first-rate Benefactors of mankind, which, in the benignity of their orb, effuse their rays where light and heat are wanted!!

The Duke of Grafton goes his daily rounds of Benevolence! visits the cottages of Euston, Fakeham, &c. &c. in person, not only to *enquire*—for report made by a steward or other domestics in office, is sometimes wicked, and often partial—not, therefore, only to enquire, but to see—if the families, committed by pity and loving-kindness to his protection, are at ease, in health, in happiness—if wives, children, widows, orphans, *really* want any thing to make them so; which must sometimes be the case, although all his poor live rent-free.

I have gleaned for you, also, another circumstance concerning this Nobleman. His Grace, I am just told by some of his *tenants*, whose information his very *enemies* will not presume to dispute, never raises his rents, nor, unless from flagitious conduct, changes his farmers—

insomuch, that there has not been known to be any deviation from the family-line in the descent of his tenantry for upwards of a century. The husbandmen keep the even tenor of their way in all things.

In a word, ever since my being within *reach* of oral and ocular evidence, I have, unseen and unknown to him, been upon the watch to catch the immediate *REAL* features of this Nobleman's mind, and just as I am about to quit my place of unobserved observation, I can conscientiously select for the motto of the above drawn portrait of this Nobleman, what the "honest Muse" of Pope has sung of the Man of Ross,

"Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour and the old who rest;
He, like the Man of Ross, the sick relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives."

People of high birth have been so generally the objects of the Poet's ridicule, and the very mark of their arrows, that every opportunity to rescue characters of this kind from the wantonness of wit, or the venom of envy, is not only a duty,

but a delight, that gives one an exquisite sensation*.

And, perhaps, after all, my Friend, the “Blush, grandeur, blush,” reverberated from Bard to Bard, from Mr. Pope’s time down to the present hour, have been as often the unsubstantial airy echoes of an angry disappointed Muse, as the eulogia which, by common consent, the same tuneful train have agreed to lavish on these classes of mankind less exposed to envy: That there is a great deal more of goodness in the high and low, rich and poor, I am convinced, if men will be at the trouble of looking for it, or having found, *if* they have not only ears to hear, and eyes to see it, but — for there lies the point — a heart to feel and *own* it.

The celebrity of this place for its horse-races must long since have travelled into Germany;

* See this subject exemplified and contrasted in the letter from HILLINGTON, vol. I. of English Gleanings, Letter 9th.

but the true idea of the diversion which bears that name, can be suspended till you take your observations upon the spot; and even, then you will stand in need of a deeper instructor than myself, to introduce you to the profounder secrets of the Turf. The very first principles, indeed, of that important science — for a most important science it is — are not to be taught but by some of our great masters of the whip; and, of these, many of our first nobility, and even some of our Princes, are to be numbered; they have purchased their knowledge by an apprenticeship in the stable, and by associations with yet greater adepts than themselves — namely, with Grooms and Jockeys: nor is there any hope of an English gentleman becoming a proficient in the art of out-riding his neighbour, of distancing his antagonist, of covering his bet by a politic hedge, and of jostling his rival on the wrong side the post, but by bestowing as much ~~time~~ and talents, as, in a different application of them, might produce a Judge, a General, or a Senator.

“ With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgement thrown away:
The time profusely squander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath their care,
If well employed, at less expence,
Had taught them honour, virtue, sense,
And rais'd them from a Coachman's fate,
To govern men, and guide the state.”

Notwithstanding all this, which is not more poetical than true, more pains are taken to bear away the honours of the Turf from one animal having the speed of another animal — both of them lashed, goaded, and rode up to the hilts of the spur in blood — than all the trophies that ever sense, virtue, and, you may throw genius into the bargain, had to offer. Nay, the gaining the running-fights by half a neck or a nose, has poured more money at one sweep-stake into the purse of the winner, and been rewarded by louder acclamation from the spectators, than ever enriched or enlaurelled the Poets and Philosophers, from Plato and the Bard of Greece, to the present time.

But, then, it is to be confessed, these riches

and honours are purchased at no trifling expence. A genuine hero of the Turf cannot be said to have gained the summit of his glory, till he has equipped himself at all points for being his own jockey, and for riding his own horse. And, in order to gain this sublime of his art, it is as indispensable that the rider should go into training as the horse — nay, that in certain cases, the discipline should be more vigorously observed by the man than the beast. If, for instance, the noble owner of the steed unfortunately happens to be of a gross habit of body, and to have too much indulged in the good things of this world to create it, he must instantly set about a system of abstinence which an anchoret would shrink from. He must suffer himself to be swathed in the thickest and coarsest flannels, like an overgrown baby ; then be shut up in a dark room, and stinted to a miserable allowance of bread and water, like a condemned felon ; and, in short, he must put both the flesh and the spirit into great mortification, and volunteer more austerities than monks or martyrs ever yet practised for the reality or the affectation of religion, merely to

reduce himself to the size and weight of a rival sportsman, who may, perhaps, have as much difficulty in pluming up, as the other in melting down; or else be so complete a spectre, that scarcely any thing on this side starying can produce his match.

Do not imagine I am sporting with your credulity. My countrymen will vouch for me that I am relating to you a common every-day fact; and will sustain me in the farther intelligence, that numbers of our gentlemen jockeys affect both the manners and dress of a stable-boy, and are, out of all comparison, more correct in the breed, blood, and pedigree of their horses, than in the nursing, connections, and education of their own children,

“ Go on brave youths till in some future age
Whips shall become the senatorial badge,
And England see her thronging senators
Meet all at Westminster in boots and spurs,
Of bets and taxes learnedly debate,
And guide, with equal reins, a steed or state.

In regard to horses, I have not a doubt of this species of the steed rejoicing as much in

his swiftness as one of another breed glorying in his strength; at least, I am persuaded, both are endowed with something of a consciousness of their qualities, without any mischievous knowledge of their power, except in self-defence. Nor can I hesitate to believe, that they possess an instinctive, as well as habitual, spirit of rivalry. And this may be materially assisted and inflamed by the arts of breeding, training, and contending, &c. &c. To a certain limit, therefore, I admit, that the gratification of the horse and the rider might be reciprocal; with one material distinction, however, to the honour of the former — inasmuch, as his very jealousy would be purely the effect of high spirits, and the passion of the course, for its own sake — whereas the delight of the latter would be compounded of pride and avarice, even if we did not add to the mixture another common ingredient — cruelty. Perhaps, too, an emulation of something like glory may animate the bosom of the hunter — and still more, of the war-horse — or, that the air of dignity, pride, and power, which he assumes at the beat

of the drum and sound of the trumpet, his flaming eye, collected figure, and pawing hoof, may tend to prove, that he really

“ Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.”

The various animated descriptions of him give support to this conjecture, asserting his right to a place next to man in the history of nature. His activity, his strength, his usefulness, his beauty, all contribute, say the naturalists, to render him the principal object of our curiosity and care: a creature in whose welfare we are interested next to mankind. But, when he is thrust so far out of his place as to be converted into an instrument of our worst passions—when friends and relatives are, as it were, saddled upon his back, and the weal and woe of whole families are made dependent upon his footsteps—when, according to the powerful description of one of our modern bards, who in a just and animated satire, which bears the name of this very town*: —

* Newmarket, a Satire, by the late Mr. T. Warton.

“ — the good old seat, whose gothic towers
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers,
Whose rafter'd hall the crowded tenants fed,
And dealt to Age, and Want, their daily bread ;
Where crested knights with peerless dameels join'd,
At high and solemn festival, have din'd,
Presenting, oft, fair Virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries and moral mask.”

When all these at once become bankrupt and
dissolve in air — when,

“ All the social scene in silence lies,”

and the late master of this goodly domain,
is doomed to *rub* the steeds which once he
rode, as has been too often the case, I cannot
but condemn a destructive amusement which
is the baneful pest of our country, and not
only still amongst the fashion of the times, but
under the patronage of the Senators and Nobles
of our land! Well might the Bard, whose
potent verse I have called in to my assistance on
this occasion, indignantly exclaim —

“ Is this the Band of civil Chiefs design’d,
On England’s weal to fix the pondering mind ?
Who, while their country’s rights are set to sale,
Quit Europe’s balance for the jockey scale.
O, say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
Or when a nation, or a match is lost ?
Who dams and sires with more exactness trace,
Than of their country’s kings, the sacred race :
Think London journeys are the worst of ills ;
Subscribe to articles, instead of bills :
Strangers to all, our annalists relate,
Theirs are the memoirs of the equestrian state :
Who, lost to Albion’s past and present views,
Heber *, thy chronicles alone peruse !
Britain, thy conscript councillors behold ;
(For some, perhaps, by fortune favour’d yet,
May gain a borough, from a lucky bet),
Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
Mere modern phaetons usurp the rein,
And scour, in rival race, the tempting plain.

* Author of an Historical List of the Running Horses, &c.

See, side by side, his jockey and Sir John
Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
For, oh! the boasted privilege how dear,
How great the pride, to gain a jockey's ear!

I am not able to discuss the great question with the grand masters of the Whip; but I have heard the learned in horse-flesh say, the true-bred racer loves the sport as well as the rider. That there is an emulative spirit in the noble animals who are the chief instruments of this diversion, I can readily believe; and this instinctive ardour may be stimulated by exercise and habits most likely to call it forth; but I must have the testimony of the said animals themselves before I can believe they willingly give their poor good sides to the spur, or that the pleasures of victorious competition balances the pain of the bloody engine, which urges them to the goal. On reconsideration, there is another sort of evidence I shall deem decisive, and that is no more than the testimony of the riders; and I here pledge myself to believe whatever they please to assert on this subject, when any

one Jockey will submit to be lashed and spurred only once round the course — a mere two-mile heat — with a gag in his mouth and a whip at his tail, and give me any reasonable proof that his ardour for the chace has extinguished the sense of the smart by which the race is to be won. But till some such evidence is adduced I shall no more credit that the thirst of glory reconciles the race-horse to the savage barbarities inflicted on him, than that the bull at the stake with a dog at his throat, or the game-cock armed with weapons of death against his antagonist, are too much in a passion with each other, or too much delighted with the gratification of a strong propensity to know whether they are annoyed or not.

As to Cock-fighting, our Senators lately proposed a bill to abolish this barbarous diversion ; on which some of the members spoke with a glow of generous feeling that did them honour as men ; but others again contended it was in itself not only a *manly* entertainment, but a stimulus to natural courage : for, if a couple of Cocks could fight till they died, could a *Chris-*

tian do less? From some of the arguments used on this occasion one might be led to think that the advocates of the manly and Christian amusement of Cock-fighting, would have wished Hero-fighting to continue battling in the world to come. At any rate the cock-fighting and bull-baiting side of the House carried the motion, and will most likely flourish with horse-racing, man-boxing, and other savage games.

It happened singular enough that I was in want of an horse of a gleaming character just as I reached this town of horses, my own having met with an accident at Bury, where I left him at nurse. I could not help smiling at my difficulty, when I knew myself to be surrounded by some of the finest steeds in the kingdom, and saw one of them led gently over the velvet turf, with as much care as if it had been a late lying-in lady, in preparation for the October Meeting, yet felt assured neither that, nor any other Brethren of the Stud, would have answered my sober purpose, nor been half so acceptable to me even as a gift, as a quiet greybearded-thing, —heavy laden with wares — and that stood at

the door of the inn, where the stage-coach had set me down.

Following impulse, however, I could not resist a desire to cultivate this pacific-seeming fellow, who was of jet-black, except some white hairs on his chin: accordingly, I introduced myself to his notice, just as a groom-looking personage returned from his morning exercise of a very beautiful animal, whose back he bestrode.

He stopped at the porch of the inn, and asked an hostler near the gate if either of his grooms were come off the heath with their horses? "No, my Lord," was the reply; but with scarce a motion of the hat, or nod of the head. From which I gathered the double information, that this noble Lord was his own groom, and that grooms of title are no more respected than grooms without title.

The grey-beard poney, I had taken such a fancy to, happened, unfortunately, to be in the way of this noble person's leg, which rubbed against one of the panniers that projected from the poor creature's side; and, as the jockey-Lord passed, he struck his whip with all the

force of his arm ; and, after damning the eyes which he almost beat out, he rode off.

You will do me the justice to believe I did not turn my back on my new acquaintance, although I had seen him thus insulted by the Great. On the contrary, it drew me towards him by claims he could not have had upon me but for the injury I had seen him suffer : and I would have invited him to my own stall, had not the owner, who now came from the inn where he had been refreshing himself, and with a full bowl in his hand, negatived my first offer of purchase, by a declaration that he would not part with him for all the horses that had ever run at Newmarket. “ Sell thee, Old Jack, d—n me if I do ! — Come, here’s thy morning mess of good stuff, and a slice of brave brown bread sopped in it — the self-same fellow to what I have taken myself, you villain — there — off with it my boy.”

The man sportively shook the ears of the horses while he held the bowl to its head ; then continued his address — “ Ah ! thee dost love a drap of the good stuff, Jack, as well as thy

master ; that's the truth of it. And much good may it do thee. — Come, touch the bottom, for thou hast many a mile to carry thyself and the wares 'twixt this and dark yet. — Hope no offence though, Sir," turning to me ; " for you must know, if a gentleman, in a civil way, had asked me to sell him any thing I had in the world but old Jack here, it would have been quite another thing — but he belonged to my dear dead boy John, whom he used to carry when John could not use his own legs, and who, for love, was called after him, and would follow him up and down like a dog — and before John was taken from me, which is now almost eight years ago, of a wasting complaint, Jack here would go as softly over the ground, as if he knew John was sick and sore, and, for that matter, I believe he did — and they grew so fond of one another, that Jack would come into the house like a cade lamb, or a kid, or a kitten, and eat and drink with us, just as if he was one of the family ; and, to be sure, so he was for that matter — and thus it was, that he learned to love a pot of ale with a sop in it. — And always

after his jorum, he would walk, trot, or gallop off with John or myself, wares and all.—We are in the turnery way you must know — and be often upon the foot from morning to night. — Ah, poor Jacobus! he is old now, and cannot do as he did; nor do I put him to it — for youth is youth, and age is age; and I'd just as soon abuse my own flesh as see him hurt. — So here we will set off together, again won't we, old Jack, like two old friends as we are. Good morning to you, Sir."

I could have given poor Jack a few more pats on the neck with pleasure, and Jack's master my hand with my heart in it! But I own I was mischievous enough to wish the latter had been present when poor Jack received such brutal treatment from the jocky Lord.

Put into good humour by this little casualty, which had more charms for me than all New-market ever had to boast, I consoled myself for my disappointment as to the purchase of poor Jack, by considering he had already a very good master; and as I passed from New-market to Cambridge, I amused myself with

throwing the reins on the neck of my Parnassian poney, in drawing out the poetical advertisement, with which I will conclude my Letter.

W A N T E D

A HORSE — but that Master and Steed may agree,
I'll tell you what sort of a horse he must be.
The steed that I keep must not fidget nor fret,
Nor tangle nor twist like a fish in a net ;
For a Brute of this kind, whether four legg'd or two,
There's nothing but lashing and slashing will do.
Yet, still more provoking, in house or in stall,
Is the dull, headstrong beast, with no spirit at all :
And, far worse than both, is the animal proud,
Who quarrels with all that he meets on the road ;
Who, with guile in his heel, and a spur in his head,
Is sulky when hungry, and saucy when fed —
Who waits but occasion to play you a trick —
And e'en while you coax him, will lear, bite, or kick.

A horse and a friend I would chuse on one plan,
For the horse is a being in friendship with man ;
And since, for my pleasure, his back I bestride,
I'd prove, in return, his protector and guide.

But, to give him a claim to my kindness and care,
You'll allow that his qualities ought to be fair ;
That no glaring fault in his figure be seen,
That his movements be gentle, and gentle his mien.
For sometimes a frolic, and sometimes a slip,
—— I ride not with spurs —— and I'll not use the
whip ;

Poor fool, if at work or at play, he don't tumble,
I'll not be too hard, but compound for a stumble .
Alas ! in the rough road of life we all know,
As well the fast movers as those that jog slow,
They that run against time, or run not at all,
Will confoundedly trip, and now and then fall ;
And if they're thrown down, or by chance or hard
riding,

There's a something may teach us to temper our chiding ;

'Tis call'd *Fellow-Feeling*, and mortals full well,
To man and to beast, its grand uses can tell ;
For, whatever their movements, or talents, or graces,
As they travel along, they might all mend their paces.

But, above all the rest, there's a matter behind,
Which, if a horse wants, he's no horse to my mind.
Though his journeys be long, it is ordered by fate,
That the Steed who bears me, will bear a *light* weight.

First, I'm one of those creatures that live upon air,
Which, tho' good for the Bard, for the horse is but
spare ; .

And, next, I'm a Gleaner, whose pickings are slight,
Tho' both trades must prove, that my horse will go
light :

The Quality, then, which my steed must not want,
Is that fine thing named Patience when pasture is scant ;
He must learn of his master, on each meagre day,
To *sleep*, when he cannot get corn, grass, or hay.
For tho' *after* dinner I like a nap best,
'Tis at all times a very great comfort to rest :
Some say that we can't have too much of what's good,
And others assert, that sleep's better than food ;
And if, like the poets, their horses should dream,
While the first eat, in garrets, their custards and
cream,

The last, tho' in stall, like the bare cliffs of Dover,
May fancy they're up to the middle in clover.
With a friend that can compromise thus with affairs,
That can live as I live, and not give himself airs,
Take the smile and the frown of this mix'd world to-
gether,

Its rough and its smooth, its wind and its weather.
With a steed thus condition'd, and fit for the road,
I'll do all I can still to lighten his load ;

While I stoop'd with the Gleaner, or walk'd with the
Muse,

I'd not the soft balm of a slumber refuse,
Nor yet the fresh herbage that wantonly sprung
By the gate or hedge-side, where his bridle I hung;
And, tho' scant the rewards of my song and my care,
My faithful companion should still have his share:
And in winter's hard day, when the hedge is all thorn,
I'd divide, for our comfort, my last ear of corn.
If a man can be found, such a friend who will sell,
I will buy if I can, when the price the shall tell.

That you may not leave Newmarket unacquainted with the few town *lions* that are placed amongst the many *horses*, and that may be worth your notice; and also, to spare you the trouble of looking into other books for information, I will add the best account I can send you of these matters,

About two miles west of the town is the Devil's-dyke, by the vulgar so called, who readily ascribe to him what they cannot rationally account for. It is also called Reche-dyke, from a little market-town at the beginning of it. From Reche it crosses the heath near to Stickworth. It was formerly the boundary between the East-Angles and the Mercians; and is now the boundary between the bishopricks of Norwich and Ely. It is uncertain who was the founder of so great a work; some ascribe it to King Canute, but that cannot be true; for Abbo, who mentions it, died before Canute began his reign: besides, the purpose for which he is said to have done it, was far from being

equivalent to the expence of such a work, viz. as a mark beyond which the King's purveyors were not to come towards Bury. It is most probable, it was cast up in the reign of King Edmund; for Matthew Florilegus declares, that the battle against Ethelwolf was fought between St. Edmund's two ditches. The other ditch is about five miles farther towards Cambridge, now called Seven-mile-dyke; formerly Fleam-dyke.

Newmarket is a thorough-fare town, consisting chiefly of one long street, so situated, that the north side of the street is in Suffolk, and the south side in Cambridgeshire. There are two churches, St. Mary's in Suffolk, and All-Saints in Cambridgeshire. His Majesty has a house here for his residence during the races, which was built by King Charles II; and there are many neat modern houses, built by noblemen and gentlemen; and several good inns, where, though the use of figures is pretty well understood, the accommodations, in general, are excellent; and they, who on a plan of œconomy, or in expectation of better entertainment,

go sixteen miles further towards London, rather than stop here, will be much disappointed."

P. S. — You may judge, by the subsequent advertisement, which I glean for you in one of our English authors, how careful and curious the Gentlemen of the Turf are of the descent and achievements even of the personages who ride the blood-horses of England.

An able "JOCKEY" advertises himself, "to be fit to start for Match, Sweepstakes, or King's Plate; well-sized; can mount twelve stone, or strip to a feather; is sound wind and limb, and free from blemishes. He was got by Yorkshire Tom, out of a full sister to Deptford Nan; his dam was got by the noted Matchim Tims; his grandam was the German Princess; and his great-grandam was daughter to Flanders Moll. His sire won the King's Plate at York and Hambleton, the Lady's Subscription Purse at Nottingham, the Give-and-take at Lincoln, and the Sweepstakes at Newmarket. His grandsire beat Dick Rogers at Epsom and Burford, and Patrick M'Cullum over the Curragh of Kildare.

His great-grandsire, and great-great-grandsire rode for King Charles II. and so noble is the blood which flows in this jockey's veins, that none of his family were ever distanced, stood above five feet five, or weighed more than twelve stone."

Descanting on the importance of this lofty art of driving one beast against another, and of the proximity of NEWMARKET to the University of CAMBRIDGE, one of our moralists takes occasion to lament, the narrow plan of education at that celebrated Seminary, and tells us, he always observes with pleasure any attempts to enlarge or improve it. In this light, he looks on Newmarket as a judicious *supplement* to the University; and would recommend it to the young students to repair duly thither twice a year. By these means (he thinks) they may connect the knowledge of polite life with study, and come from college as deeply versed in the genteel mysteries of Gaming, as in Greek, Latin, and the Mathematics. Attending these solemnities must, no doubt, be of great service to every rank of students. Those who are in-

tended for the Church, have an opportunity of tempering the severity of their character by an happy mixture of the jockey and the clergyman. It is certain that several, who, by uniting these opposite qualifications, and meeting with a patron of their own disposition, have rode themselves into a living in a good sporting country; and, if the excursions of gownsmen to Newmarket meet with the encouragement they deserve, we may shortly see the Beacon Course crowded with ordained sportsmen in short cassocks: as to the *fellow-commoners*, says the proposer of this new plan of culture, they can pass their time more profitably. The sole intention of their residence at the university is, with most of them, to while away a couple of years, which they cannot conveniently dispose of otherwise. Their rank exempts them from the common drudgery of lectures and exercises; and the golden tuft that adorns their velvet caps, is at once a badge of honour and an apology for ignorance. But as some of these gentlemen, though they never will be scholars, may turn out excellent jockeys, it is but justice to let

them carry some kind knowledge away with them; and as they can never shine as adepts in Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, or critics on Homer and Virgil, we should suffer them to make a figure as arbiters of the course, and followers of Aaron and Driver.

In this view jockeyship and horse-racing may be looked upon as diversions peculiarly adapted to an university, being founded on classical principles. Every author who has mentioned the ancient games, includes the race, and describes it with great dignity. This game was always celebrated with great pomp, and all the *people of fashion* of those days were at it: in the twenty-third Iliad, in particular, there is not only a dispute at the race, but a bet proposed in as express terms as at Newmarket. The wager offered, indeed, is a goblet, which is not entirely in the manner of our modern sportsmen, who rather chuse to melt down their plate into the current specie, and bring their side-boards to the course in their purses. I am aware, also, that the races celebrated by the ancients were chariot-races; but even in these our young stu-

dents of the university have great emulation to excel; there are among them many very good coachmen, who often make excursions in those noble vehicles, with great propriety, called *phaetons*, and drive with as much fury along the road, as the charioteers in the ancient games flew towards the goal. In a word, if we have not such noble odes on this occasion as were produced of old, it is not for want of a Theron but a Pindar.

“It might easily be proved” says the Moralist, “that the races at Newmarket have had a very beneficial influence on the university. It has not only improved the behaviour of the students, but enlarged their plan of study. They are now very deeply read in Bracken’s Farriery and the Complete Jockey; know exactly how many stone they weigh, and are pretty competent judges of the odds. I went some time ago,” continues he, “to visit a fellow-commoner, and when I arrived at his chambers, found the door open but my friend was not at home. The room was adorned with Seymour’s prints of horses, neatly framed and glazed: a hat and whip hung on

one hook, a pair of boots on another, and on the table lay a formidable quarto, with the Sportsman's Calendar, by Reginald Heber Esq. I had the curiosity to examine the book; and, as the college is remarkable for the study of philosophy, I expected to see Newton's Principia, or, perhaps, Saunderson's Algebra; but, on opening it, this huge volume proved to be a pompous edition of Gibson's Treatise on the Diseases of Horses."

" These, indeed, are noble studies, will preserve our youth from pedantry, and make them men of the world. Men of genius, who are pleased with the theory of any art, will not be contented till they arrive at the practice. It is well known that the young gentlemen often try the speed of the Cambridge Nags on the Beacon Course; and that several hacks are at present in training. It is matter of wonder that the gentlemen who form the club at Newmarket never reflected on their neighbourhood to Cambridge, nor established (in honour of it) an University Plate, to be run for by Cambridge hacks, and rode by young gentlemen of the uni-

versity. An hint of this kind will certainly be sufficient to have so laudable a design put in practice the very next meeting ; and one cannot help reflecting on this occasion, what an unspeakable satisfaction it must be to those persons of quality, who are constantly at Newmarket, to see their sons cherish the same noble principles with themselves, and act in imitation of their example."

. At the close of these great and glorious Equestrian Anecdotes, I will make room for a far less dashing circumstance, which some might deem ill-placed, under the feet of these mighty horses and horsemen ; who will, no doubt, snort at, and trample upon, such humble facts as I am about to record. Spirits, however, there are, which, not only will forgive me, but, weighing in a different scale the actions both of men and brutes, will balance one fact against another, and judge accordingly.

We have to boast of a second Howard, my Friend, not inferior to the first, as to being merciful to his beast : An English Baronet, and,

thank Heaven, he is still alive, (Sir Richard Hill of Hawkestone), cannot, indeed, vie with the high-toned jockies above-mentioned, who make money and sport by running and bleeding a poor animal to death; but, he can and does often repair the ruins, heal the bruises, and bind up the wounds of such as fashion or avarice, poverty or age, have brought low. For hapless and helpless steeds, under these circumstances, he has a warm shed, and a rich pasture. Nor is this sweet pity exercised in favour of his own steeds. He purchases the way-worn, and the infirm, wherever he finds them; he rescues them from the labour to which they would be no longer equal, and he gives them the repose which age, misfortune, and honest servitude deserves on the purest principles of compassion.

A similar plan of benevolence is adopted by the Honourable Henry Erskine, leading Advocate of the Scotch Bar, as his brother is of the English.

LETTER XXIX.

Cambridge, October.

WE are now returned, by the circuitous route proposed, to one of our grand seminaries of British education — where it will not be sufficient, to a mind such as yours, to stop, like mere passengers who refresh themselves and their horses, to run the common routine of the colleges, under guidance of historians who feel as much as the wand with which they point out the curiosities, then perambulate the streets, and having seen the lions of one town, set off to stare at the lions of another. You will survey this truly interesting place, and its sister university, and “all that they inherit,” with the eye of a moralist, a philosopher, and a lover of

mankind. The names of those who have been led by science to figure illustriously in either of the characters just mentioned — the just pride of our nation, the admiration of Europe — our Lockes, Newtons, Boyles, Miltons, with our most renowned Poets and Civilians, and of various other persons who have done honour to their respective places of education, and enlightened human society — these will be welcome ; and an account, as well as sight of the particular colleges wherein they acquired that illumination, will delight, not only your corporeal, but mental eye. From a view of the places themselves, personally, you will derive a variety of apt reflections from the stores of your own rich mind.

In the mean time, an unexpected and immediate occasion presents itself to offer you, not only a particular description of the external parts of this great national institution, but some admirable strictures on the general good derived to the British Empire ; and, collaterally, to the remotest civilized countries from this Nurse of

Wisdom and Genius, in despite of the vices of some and the follies of many of its sons.

An ingenious Friend, to whom the British public in general, and the youthful part of it in particular, are indebted for some of the most approved and valuable auxiliaries to Science, has lately favoured me with a letter, containing the strictures above alluded to. It includes all I could even wish to have said on the subject; and I shall give them you without further comment, except to hope you will admit the honest pleasure of confessing myself too proud of a wise and good man's praise, to erase a few kind, though too partial expressions, which are applied to your correspondent.

“ While you, my dear Friend, have been gleaning on the banks of the Granta, and surveying, with an enthusiasm which your genius and disposition so well qualifies you to feel and to enjoy, the splendid monuments of piety and learning in Cambridge; it has been my fortune to be making a tour of the sister university. Had I been happy enough to be favoured with your company, when I was describing the *externals* of either, I might, perhaps, have caught a portion of that animating spirit which you constantly throw over objects, whether magnificent or humble: I might, perhaps, have given the charm of novelty to my design; and, instead of dates, catalogues, and descriptions of buildings and their appendages, have furnished my readers with features of the heart and views of life and manners, as influenced by institutions and situations. In that case, however, our plans might have interfered; and I should certainly have deviated from the intention of mine, without reaching the merit of yours.

D D 2

“ Still I hope we shall meet at Oxford *next* autumn ; and though that seat of the Muses may not happen to suit you as a gleaning station on this occasion, I am sure you will not survey it with indifference ; nor do I think in your estimation it will lose any thing by comparison with the academic groves, in which you tell me you are now ranging.

“ The mind, indeed, that cannot elevate its conceptions of the importance of our universities to a higher pitch than to descant on their rival antiquity, splendour, riches, and beauty, is but ill qualified to comprehend their grand design, or to appreciate their exalted worth. I have long wished to throw out a few desultory thoughts on these interesting topics ; and what I now offer, may be considered as supplemental to my brief account of “ the two eyes of England,” as they have been emphatically called. Should this, of which I now send you the unfinished parts, be deemed worthy of your gleanings, I am sure it will appear to more advantage in your page than in my own ; and you have my

free permission to borrow by the single stalk or the full sheaf.

“ It cannot, my dear Friend, have escaped a person of your observation, that whether we regard Oxford and Cambridge in a religious, moral, or political light, they become equally the objects of veneration and respect. It is impossible to view, either with a philosophic eye in its origin and design, or to contemplate the obvious and certain consequences resulting from our youth devoting some of their early years to study in one or the other, without feeling the best emotions of the human heart excited ; and participating in those sublime sentiments which must have inspired a long succession of pious, noble, and princely founders and benefactors. It may be the fashion of modern philosophy to throw ridicule on privileged orders, and to condemn colleges as the abodes of monks and drones — to envy the revenues that support them — to wish to level those stately fabrics, raised by ancient munificence, to the ground, or to convert them to the most ignoble purposes ; — all this is consistent with the principles and views of innova-

tors and atheists ; but I am conscious, my Friend, that we regard them in a far different light ; and see in them all that can give efficacy to pure religion — all that can render our constitution permanent — all that can bind society in its sweetest bonds, and render man a blessing to man.

“ What a noble emulation must it kindle in the bosoms of ingenuous and cultivated youths, when the academic monuments raised to learning and talents first salute their view, and they reflect on the facilities offered for themselves also, to become illustrious. The buildings, the pictures, the statues, the inscriptions, are all eminently calculated to rouse the most torpid bosoms, and to warm them with a love of generous fame ; and what, then, must be the effects of such an assemblage of animating and attractive objects on hearts of susceptibility ! Yes, my Friend, the fancy that will not take fire, even at the description of the grove where PLATO taught, or the portico where SOCRATES philosophized, possesses none of the finer tints of mind ; and how much stronger must be the

impression, that is stamped by scenes not less grand and elevating, which daily solicit attention and regard.

“ But, though the expansion of mind which the bare sight of our universities must create, is productive of very important effects, both on the individual and society, far more sublime are the consequences which spring from a residence in them, and an intimate connection with them. Excellent as the course of education prescribed undoubtedly is, and great as the advantages which oral communication and public libraries afford, for improvement, less, in my opinion, is generally produced by the greatest proficiency in literature than by accidental causes, arising from the habits, the intercourses, the friendships, the associations which are contracted and cemented among the students, and which extend far beyond the narrow limits that gave them birth.

“ By the uniformity and regularity of public worship, early impressions are given of genuine piety, and the best foundation is laid for the practice and dissemination of pure religion. By

the sentiments of allegiance, and a love of the constitution, which are here fostered and confirmed, a generous phalanx is formed of loyal and patriotic spirits, which, on every emergency, will be found the best security of regal power, and the surest defence of the people's rights. By the principles of honour which actuate a majority of the body, the youthful bosom is taught to spurn at mean and ignoble deeds; while the love of glory that warms some exalted minds, imparts to others naturally less fervid, a degree of animation which they would never have felt, without the force of example and contact.

“ In a word, the two universities may be regarded as the nursery of all that is good or great in this country; of all that is honourable in public, or estimable in private life. They are erected as garrisons, under leaders of established credit, where discipline is vigilantly maintained, and the recruits are trained up to the exercise of the various functions of duty, according to their views and destinations. To govern the state by their wisdom; to defend

their country by the prowess of their arm ; to support religion, by precepts and example ; to embellish society by arts and sciences ; to diffuse a charm over social life, by the mild virtues of a cultivated heart, are among the attainments here acquired, and form the prominent pursuits of the students. After being qualified to discharge such important duties, they disperse over different parts of the kingdom, and others take their place in endless succession ; while the tie of early friendship binds the members for life, however widely they may be spread ; and the principles with which their minds were imbued, operate, unspent, to the last.

“ Appointed according to their various merits, or the opportunities they possess of having them called into action—each exerts his influence within certain limits, and may be considered as the commander of a district. By means of superior abilities, or more extensive knowledge, he gives the tone, in some measure, to the sentiments of the circle in which he moves — regulates the absurd opinions of folly, and opens the eyes of ignorance — chaces away the mists of error, and confirms

the decisions of truth. He constantly looks up to the place of his education for a solution of any difficulty that may occur to his own mind ; while those under his cognizance and influence look up to him in their turn. By this constant action and reaction, this reciprocation of duty and respect, the bands of society are strengthened, and all its energies are displayed. The effect, indeed, is visibly seen, though the cause too often escapes vulgar eyes. Dissipate the revenues of the universities, or confiscate them, as some have advised, even multiply colleges in different places, and the most alarming and fatal consequences would ensue. The grand union would be soon dissolved, the flame of religion would be damped by schisms, and the glow of patriotism cooled by visionary and discordant refinements. In short, the social compact would soon be broken, and the sweetest connections of honourable and extensive friendships would be unlinked. Chaos would come again ; and discord, and faction, and ignorance, and error would usurp the place which is now filled by their opposite and amiable qualities.

“ In this view, my Friend, I consider the two universities. With no partial aim have I touched this interesting subject; and my sentiments, I hope, will coincide with yours. I dwell not on defects, where beauties are so numerous. I have no malignant joy in discovering errors where the general merits are so great. To others, I leave the invidious task of enlarging on blemishes in the best establishments; be it our care to mend what is amiss in ourselves, and to give full credit for what is praise-worthy in others, without too nice a scrutiny into motives and actions. Perfection is not the attribute of man, nor of any of his works. If the general tenor is good, it is all that humanity can perform, and all that the wise will expect.

W. M.

“ P. S. — Though not necessarily connected with the preceding reflections, I wish also to give my opinion on the best mode of prosecuting grammatical learning; and I advance it with all due deference to the sentiments of others.

“ The question respecting the eligibility of a public or private education for boys has been much agitated, and names of great eminence are enlisted on both sides. It does not seem, however, to admit of a general solution; but may be right or wrong, according to the end proposed.

“ In regard to boys intended for the professions, or a public life, there can be no comparison of advantages: a public education is undoubtedly **best**; but a private one is certainly best adapted for youth in the humbler walks of trade and business. It tends to check ambition and extravagance, and to give ideas consonant to that moderate sphere in which by far the greater part of mankind are doomed to move. Take a boy from a public school, and place him behind a counter, he will feel himself degraded. At the university, or in a public office, he knows himself to be in his element.”

November 1.

A venerable prelate, whose taste and erudition must reflect honour on the society in which they were formed, has drawn a very interesting picture of his academical life.

“ I was educated,” says Bishop Lowth, “ in the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society, in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and of scholars ; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry, and awakened genius ; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a genuine freedom of thought, was raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the HOOKERS, the CHILLINGWORTHS, and the LOCKES, had breathed before ; whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as their vast genius

and comprehensive knowledge; who always treated their adversaries with civility and respect; who made candour, moderation, and liberal judgement, as much the rule and law as the subject of their discourse. And do you reproach me, then, with my education in this place, and with my relation to this most respectable body, which I shall always esteem my greatest advantage, and my highest honour."

It is, at the same time, not a little curious, to see how far the opinions of equally enlightened men differ upon the same subject. The judgement which has been past by Mr. Gibbon upon universities in general, and that, in particular, which the late amiable and learned Bishop of London has so warmly applauded, goes, in almost every feature of the picture, to form a contrast.

"A traveller who visits Oxford or Cambridge is surprised and edified," observes the Historian, "by the apparent order and tranquillity that prevail in the seats of the English muses. In the most celebrated universities of

Holland, Germany, and Italy, the students, who swarm from different countries, are loosely dispersed in private lodgings at the houses of the burghers: they dress according to their fancy and fortune; and in the intemperate quarrels of youth and wine, their *swords*, though less frequently than of old, are sometimes stained with each other's blood. The use of arms is banished from our English universities; the uniform habits of the academies, the square cap and black gown, is adapted to the civil and even clerical profession; and, from the doctor in divinity to the under-graduate, the degrees of learning and age are externally distinguished. Instead of being scattered in a town, the students of Oxford and Cambridge are united in colleges; their maintenance is provided at their own expence, or that of the founders; and the stated hours of the hall and chapel represent the discipline of a regular, and, as it were, a religious community. The eyes of the traveller are attracted by the size or beauty of the public edifices; and the principal colleges appear to be so many palaces which a liberal nation has erected and endowed

for the habitation of science. The expression of gratitude is a virtue and a pleasure. A liberal mind will delight to cherish and celebrate the memory of its parent; and the teachers of the sciences are the parents of the mind. I applaud the filial piety which it is impossible for me to imitate; since I must not confess an imaginary debt, to assume the merit of a just or generous retribution to the university of Oxford. I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen college. They proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life: the reader will pronounce between the school and the scholar; but I cannot affect to believe that nature has disqualified me for all literary pursuits.

“ Perhaps, in a separate annotation, I may coolly examine the fabulous and real antiquities of our sister universities; a question which has kindled such fierce and foolish disputes among their fanatic sons. In the mean while, it will

be acknowledged, that these venerable bodies are sufficiently old to partake of all the prejudices and infirmities of age. The schools of Oxford and Cambridge were founded in a dark age of false and barbarous science; and they are still tainted with the vices of their origin. Their primitive discipline was adapted to the education of priests and monks; and the government still remains in the hands of the clergy, an order of men whose manners are remote from the present world, and whose eyes are dazzled by the light of philosophy. The legal incorporation of these societies by the charters of Popes and Kings had given them a monopoly of the public instruction; and the spirit of monopolists is narrow, lazy, and oppressive: their work is more costly, and less productive than that of independent artists; and the new improvements, so eagerly grasped by the competition of freedom, are admitted with slow and sullen reluctance in those proud corporations, above the fear of a rival, and below the confession of an error. We may scarcely hope that any reformation will be a voluntary act; and so deeply

are they rooted in law and prejudice, that even the omnipotence of Parliament would shrink from an inquiry into the state and abuses of the two universities.

“ In all the universities of Europe, excepting our own, the languages and sciences are distributed among a numerous list of effective professors : the students, according to their taste, their calling, and their diligence, apply themselves to the proper masters ; and, in the annual repetition of public and private lectures, these masters are assiduously employed. Our curiosity may inquire what number of professors has been instituted at Oxford ? (for I shall now confine myself to my own university) ; by whom are they appointed, and what may be the probable chances of merit or incapacity ? how many are stationed to the three faculties, and how many are left for the liberal arts ; what is the form, and what the substance, of their lessons ? But all these questions are silenced by one short and singular answer, “ That in the university of Oxford, the greater part of the public

professors have, for these many years, given up altogether even the pretence of teaching.

“ The Oxford professors are secure in the enjoyment of a fixed stipend, without the necessity of labour, or the apprehension of controul. It has, indeed, been observed, nor is the observation absurd, that, excepting in experimental sciences, which demand a costly apparatus and a dexterous hand, the many valuable treatises, that have been published on every subject of learning, may now supersede the ancient mode of oral instruction. Were this principle true in its utmost latitude, I should only infer that the offices and salaries, which are become useless, ought, without delay, to be abolished. But there still remains a material difference between a book and a profession; the hour of the lecture enforces attendance; attention is fixed by the presence, the voice, and the occasional questions of the teacher; the most idle will carry something away; and the more diligent will compare the instructions which they have heard in the school, with the volumes which they peruse in their chamber. The advice of a skill-

ful professor will adapt a course of reading to every mind and every situation ; his authority will discover, admonish, and at last chastise the negligence of his disciples ; and his vigilant inquiries will ascertain the steps of their literary progress.

“ Our colleges are supposed to be schools of science, as well as of education ; nor is it unreasonable to expect that a body of literary men, devoted to a life of celibacy, exempt from the care of their own subsistence, and amply provided with books, should devote their leisure to the prosecution of study, and that some effects of their studies should be manifested to the world. The shelves of their library groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios, of the editions of the fathers, and the collections of the middle ages, which have issued from the single Abbey of St. Germain de Préz at Paris. A composition of genius must be the offspring of one mind ; but such works of industry, as may be divided among many hands, and must be continued during many years, are the peculiar province of a laborious community. If I

enquire into the manufactures of the monks of Magdalen, if I extend the enquiry to the other colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, a silent blush, or a scornful frown, will be the only reply. The fellows or monks of my time were decent easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder : their days were filled by a series of uniform employments ; the chapel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common room, till they retired, weary and well-satisfied, to a long slumber. From the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had absolved their conscience ; and the first shoots of learning and ingenuity withered on the ground, without yielding any fruits to the owners or the public. As a gentleman-commoner, I was admitted to the society of the fellows, and fondly expected that some questions of literature would be amusing and instructive topics of their discourse. Their conversation stagnated in a round of college business, tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal : their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth. The example of the senior fellows could not inspire

the under-graduates with a liberal spirit or studious emulation; and I cannot describe, as I never knew, the discipline of college.

“ During the first weeks I constantly attended these lessons in my tutor’s room; but as they appeared equally devoid of profit and pleasure, I was once tempted to try the experiment of a formal apology. The apology was accepted with a smile, I repeated the offence with less ceremony; the excuse was admitted with the same indulgence: the slightest motive of laziness or indisposition, the most trifling avocation at home or abroad, was allowed as a worthy impediment; nor did my tutor appear conscious of my absence or neglect. Had the hour of lecture been constantly filled, a single hour was a small portion of my academic leisure. No plan of study was recommended for my use; no exercises were prescribed for his inspection; and, at the most precious season of youth, whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labour or amusement, without advice or account.”

The pleasantry, the point, the retort, ob-

lique and direct, courteous and uncourteous, the periods as polished as the satire, and that splendour of diction which Mr. Gibbon throws over every subject, are all brought to bear in this contrast, to the opinion of the no less justly admired Lowth.

But it cannot be denied that though philosophers of the stamp of Mr. Gibbon generally pretend to emancipate themselves from all prejudice, it is too evident that they sometimes write under the influence of the strongest. Nor is it uncandid to remark, that the ranklings of a vexed or disappointed spirit, prompted in some measure the unfavourable character this justly celebrated writer has given of his *step-mother*; for, in *his* view, the University of Oxford could not be called an *alma mater*. Yet it seems strange, that while he complains of the laxity of the discipline, he should confess the irregularity of his own conduct; and in his own case at last, find there were points, beyond which, forbearance could not be carried nor indulgence allowed, though he has intimated that there

were no academic restraints or inflictions whatever.

It strikes me, therefore, that there is not only strong prejudice, but manifest inconsistency, in Mr. Gibbon's character of Oxford ; and that from self-love he was more inclined to throw the blame on others, though liberal and manly, in general, than to tax himself for his own juvenile indiscretions ; which, however, he does not affect to deny.

That many improvements might be grafted on the plan of academical institution, that stricter discipline, and more severe sumptuary regulations are necessary, few will be so partial as to conceal ; but notwithstanding the splendid powers of a Gibbon, the authority of a Lowth may safely be put in the scale against him, even had the former been free from personal pique, and untinctured with private recrimination.

Most affectionately, Yours,

LETTER XXIX.

Cambridge, October 1798.

THE excellent remarks given in the last letter, came in a parcel containing a manuscript Tour * of both the Universities, made by the same ingenious writer. He intended

* A *sixth* volume of the British Tourists. The *five*, which have already appeared, comprehend the quintessence of the most celebrated modern travellers of this country; and, as a critic on the work observes, "Dr. Mavor has concentrated their wide, and often desultory, range, into a moderate compass, and offered them to every class of readers at a comparatively trivial expence.

"To reduce a full length picture on canvass to a miniature, and to preserve every lineament of the face, and every fold of drapery, shews no ordinary skill in the artist, and deserves no mean praise. Such is the task, and such ought to be the reward of him, who selects, from an immense variety of materials, those particulars which are interesting at all times, and adapted to all ages. Perhaps no species of composition requires a greater share of taste and judgement than this: but,

it to form part of another volume of a most useful and agreeable performance. You will not be surprised, that I avail myself of the friendly Author's permission to make this town, and its sublime seminary, known to you, by an abridgement of ~~his description~~; especially, as the severe and afflicting illness under which he is now suffering from a most heavy domestic grief, (though his excellent letter gives a proof of undiminished powers), will probably retard the completion of his plan longer than he intended.

The universities are of too much importance to be cursorily noticed; there being few persons of any condition who are not, in some respects, interested in the one or the other: and to such as are wholly unconnected with

so much have abridgement and compilation been disgraced by inadequate talents, that it is seldom an author of reputation will condescend to direct his attention to works of this nature.

These reflections appear necessary to obviate inveterate prejudices, and to do justice to the performance of Dr. Mavor, who has shewn what he is capable of performing in this very useful, but unassuming, department of literature.

those seats of learning, descriptions which may be depended on cannot fail to be agreeable.

The origin of this university has been much disputed, as the name Cambridge is evidently derived from the bridge over the Cam. And yet, while some writers assert, with my reverend Friend, that little regard is to be paid to far-fetched etymologies, such as its being founded two hundred and seventy years before Christ; others contend for its antiquity so deep in past times as Cantabar, who, about the year of the world 3588, in the reign of Gurguntius, king of the Britons, fled from his kingdom, Spain, with his brother Partholomus, and sought an asylum in Britain.

“ During the Saxon and Danish periods, it was no doubt in esteem as a seat of learning, and, after the Norman conquest, we find it had acquired so much celebrity, that Henry I. was educated here, and, on account of his proficiency, obtained the name of Beauclerc, or the learned student.

“ Originally, as in the sister university, the students hired halls, or hotels, for performing

their exercises, and boarded with the townsmen. We saw an ancient remaining structure of this kind, called Pythagoras' School, situated on the west of the river. In process of time colleges were founded and endowed, and the mode of study rendered more comfortable and easy. The whole number of fellows in Cambridge is now 406; of scholars, 666; besides 236 inferior members, who live on the revenues of their respective societies. In this list we do not include exhibitioners, who have certain stipends for a limited time.

“ The first place to which we directed our attention was the Senate House: it stands in the middle of the town, forming part of an intended square, and is a magnificent building, of the Corinthian order. It was founded in 1722, under the direction of Gibbs the architect, and cost an immense sum, which was chiefly raised by subscription.

“ On entering this superb structure, which we did under a triangular pediment of considerable grandeur, and situate at the east end of the building; we found ourselves in a noble

room, the ceiling of which is enriched with stucco-work, and the sides adorned with columns and galleries. You will judge of the effect of this room from its dimensions: the length is a hundred and one feet, the breadth forty-two, and the height thirty-two. The gallery alone, which surrounds it, and which, at the east end, is supported by pillars, is supposed to be capable of holding eleven hundred persons.

“ Leaving the Senate House, we visited the Public Library, which forms the west side of the New Square. We ascended by an elegant geometrical stone stair-case, &c. The first room is the old library. Among other curious things, we saw here a copy of *Magna Charta* on vellum. At the end of this room is a square apartment, surmounted by a dome, in which are preserved a large collection of MSS. and a cabinet of oriental books and curiosities, given by the reverend Mr. Archdeacon Lewis, of Ireland, in 1726. In this cabinet is a sheet of paper four yards long, by one and a half wide. The rooms on the north and west sides of the court are

filled with the thirty thousand volumes given by George I. who bought them at the expence of six thousand guineas. Under these rooms are the Philosophy and Divinity Schools. In the Philosophy School disputations are held, by what are called the Sophs. Adjoining to these are the Law and Physic Schools, where the candidates for degrees perform their exercises.

“ The Botanic Garden is situated near Benet’s college, at the east end of the town : it is well watered, and contains nearly five acres of ground. It originally belonged, it seems, together with a large house, to the Augustine friars, and was purchased by Dr. Richard Walker, at the expence of sixteen hundred pounds. A large green-house was built and furnished with exotics by subscription. Since its first establishment, stoves of the best construction have been added. The large old house was sold upon advantageous terms, and a new one, for lectures on botany and chemistry, erected. The whole garden is arranged with accuracy, according to the system of Linnæus.

“ Before I speak of the colleges, however, I should mention Addenbroke’s Hospital. John Addenbroke, doctor of physic, left four thousand pounds for its building and endowment. This was not found to be sufficient; but, with the assistance of parliament, it was opened in 1766, as a general hospital. It relieves annually, on an average, seven hundred patients; and is liberally supported by donations, yearly contributions, the produce of oratorios, &c.

“ St. Peter’s College, which was the first we visited, is one of the noblest in the university. It was founded by Hugh de Balsam, sub-prior of Ely, in 1257. He bought one of those halls, or hotels, which I have already mentioned, as the primitive residencies of the scholars; and, being advanced to the see of Ely in 1248, he obtained a charter of incorporation, and endowed this college with lands for the maintenance of one master and fourteen fellows.

“ The chapel of this college is fifty-four feet long, twenty-seven broad, and twenty-seven high. It has an organ, the gift of the late Sir

Horatio Mann; and a fine window of painted glass, representing the crucifixion.

“ This college has a good hall, a large garden, and pleasure-ground, and a cold-bath.

“ From St. Peter’s we went to Clare Hall. In the year 1328, Richard Badew, or Badow, of Essex, chancellor of the university, built a small college, which he named University Hall. This edifice, sixteen years after its first erection, was burnt by an accidental fire. Dr. Badow then solicited the patronage of Elizabeth, third sister and co-heiress of Gilbert, Earl of Clare. By her bounty the college was rebuilt, and thenceforward obtained the name of Clare Hall.

“ Halls do not, at Cambridge, differ from colleges in any respect whatever. I speak of Clare Hall, therefore, as a college; and it is one of the principal. The buildings of which it is composed are extensive and magnificent. Its delightful grounds are much resorted to, we are told, on summer evenings: they present a beautiful assemblage of buildings, gardens, groves, water, and corn fields.

" The chapel is a very elegant edifice. The design was by Sir Charles Borroughs: it cost seven thousand pounds. It has an anti-chapel of an octagon shape, and lighted by a beautiful dome.

" The library, though not very large, is well fitted up, and, in this respect is, perhaps, the handsomest room in the University.

" The next college was Pembroke Hall. This was founded by Mary, wife of Aymer de Valencia, Earl of Pembroke. Her husband was killed in a tilting match on his wedding-day; and, on this account, she devoted herself, and her estate, to acts of beneficence. In 1343, she founded this college, giving it the name of Maria de Valencia. The family name has, however, been since changed for that of the title.

" On particular occasions, an antique silver cup, formerly belonging to the foundress, is produced. Several pieces of plate, of similar curiosity, are still in the possession of various colleges; but their collection would have been much larger, had not loyalty prompted them to

send their plate to King Charles, to be coined for his use.

“ This college has had the honour of reckoning among its members, Edmund Spenser, Gray, and his friend Mason, and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is also high steward of the University.

“ You will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that the name Bene't, in Bene't College, is a contraction of Benedict; and you will still less expect to be told, that the real name of this house is “ Corpus Christi and the Blessed Virgin.” The case is, this college is denominated Bene't from its situation, which is near St. Benedict's-church. This church belongs, indeed, by appropriation, to the society.

“ The origin of this college was in 1350; when two societies, or guilds, called respectively, Corpus Christi and the Blessed Virgin Mary, united.

“ The library here is the most celebrated in Great Britain, for MSS. relating to ecclesiastical affairs; but it is very difficult of access. Even a fellow of the college, according to the

regulation of Archbishop Parker, the founder, cannot enter it unaccompanied by another fellow, or, at least, a scholar of the college with him, and remaining during the time of his stay. Here are portraits of the lord keeper, Bacon; of Edward III. 1482, at the age of 43; of Mary, James, and other royal and distinguished, parsonages.

“ Trinity Hall, which we saw next, was one of the original hotels for the accommodation of students, which I have already mentioned. It was enlarged by Richard Ling, chancellor of the University; and, in the latter end of Edward III. was erected by William Bateman, bishop of Norwich, into a college.

“ From Trinity, we repaired to Gonville and Caius, or Keys, College. We found the chapel not large, but beautiful; and adorned with a painting over the altar, of the Annunciation, after Carlo Maratti.

“ This college was originally founded by Edmund de Gonville, under a licence, or charter, from Edward III. in 1348. Gonville began the building on the spot which is now occupied

by the garden and tennis-court of Bene't. He did not, however, live to carry it far into execution; and, leaving money to William Bateman bishop of Norwich, for its completion, this latter removed the site, and erected it near Trinity-Hall. Trinity, as I shall hereafter have occasion to mention, was founded by the bishop himself. Gonville Hall was endowed with lands and tenements, for the maintenance of a master, four fellows, and two scholars. In 1557, a new court was added to this college, by John Caius M.D. The same benefactor endowed the college with several estates, and doubled its number of fellows.

“ Dr. Caius erected, besides the new court, three remarkable gates. One, by which the college is entered from the town, to the north of the senate house, has this inscription :

The Gate of Humility :

the second, which is in the middle of the college, and by which the two courts communicate with each other, has two inscriptions. On one side is written :

The Gate of Virtue ;

and on the other

The Gate of Wisdom :

the third gate opens toward the schools, and is inscribed :

The Gate of Honour.

“ The architecture of the second gate is admirable; and in the third is introduced the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders.

“ I lamented that you had not been with me to see the famous MS. copy of the Koran which is deposited in the public library, and makes part of the collection already mentioned, as having been given by Archdeacon Lewis. It is finely written on a paper made from cotton. You would have been much pleased also, with a finely-illuminated Persian MS. written in 1388. It is a treatise on astronomy and natural history, and is entitled The Wonders of Creation. One of the illuminations represents the story of the sultan and his vizier, who explained what the two owls said about a marriage portion.

“ You, no doubt, know this ingenious old story, but it is worth reviving in this place, should it have slipt your memory.

“ The Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian Empire. The visier to this great Sultan (whether an humorist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird could open his mouth, but the visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. “ I would fain know,” says the sultan, “ what those two owls are saying to each other ; listen to their discourse and give me an account of it.” The visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, “ Sir,” says he, “ I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.” The sultan would not be satisfied

with such an answer, but forced him to repeat every thing the owls had said. "You must know, then," said the vizier, "that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, (in my hearing, said the one,) brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion." To which the father of the daughter replied, "instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud, whilst he reigns over us we shall never want ruined villages."

"The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time consulted the good of his people.

Spectator.

"Early the next forenoon we set out to visit King's College, which is, beyond all doubt, the finest college in this, and indeed in any other university, if we except Christ-church in Oxford.

"This college was founded and endowed by

Henry VI. who appointed a provost, seventy fellows and scholars, three chaplains, six clerks, sixteen choristers, and a music master, who at present fills the office of organist; sixteen officers of the foundation, twelve servitors for the senior fellows, and six poor scholars; amounting in all to one hundred and forty. The under-graduates of this college do not keep exercises in the schools, nor are they examined for their bachelor's degree.

“ A principal object of attraction here is the chapel. This is considered as the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. The original building, begun by Henry VI. was lengthened one hundred and eighty-eight feet, and the outside wholly finished by Henry VII.; and the inside, the stalls, painted windows, and carving, were the work of Henry VIII. The whole length of this superb edifice, is now three hundred and sixteen-feet; the breadth eighty-four feet; the height, from the ground to the top of the battlements, ninety feet; to the top of the pinnacles more than a hundred and one, and to the top of the corner towers one hundred and

forty-six feet and a half. Within side the the length is two hundred and ninety-one feet, the breadth forty-five and a half, and the height seventy-eight.

“ The choir, which has been lengthened by the space of a window, is paved with marble from the end of the stairs ; and the whole east end of the chapel, which had remained unfinished since the reign of Henry VII. is now completed in a style peculiarly corresponding with the simplicity and magnificence of the building. A very grand altar-piece, has been erected under the direction of the late Mr. James Effex, F.S.A. and this has been still farther adorned with a valuable painting, presented to the society by the present Earl of Carlisle, author of the “ Stepmother,” who was formerly of this college. The subject of this painting is the taking down from the cross ; and, though bought by his Lordship when on his travels, as the work of Daniel da Volterra, connoisseurs are of opinion that it is actually a production of Raphael, and one of the best in the second manner of that immortal master.

“ This chapel has two roofs, between which a man may walk upright. The inner roof is of stone, in the form of a Gothic arch, and is without a pillar to uphold it, the towers and buttresses being its only support. In the middle of this roof; and in the flattest part of it are fixed perpendicularly, at equal distances, stones adorned with roses and port-cullices, the weight of every one of which is at least a ton. Each of these stones is more than a yard in thickness, and projects beyond the other parts of the carved work. The disposition of the materials of this roof, and of those stones in particular, may be justly ranked among the most remarkable efforts of architectural ingenuity. It was greatly admired by Sir Christopher Wren; and competent judges of the present day do not scruple to assert, that to lay a roof of stone in the same form and order, is beyond the skill of modern architects.

“ The walls on the inside of the anti-chapel, are adorned with carved stone, of excellent and almost inimitable workmanship, representing the arms of the houses of York and Lancaster,

with many crowns, roses, port-cullices, and fleur-de-lis. In the middle of one of these roses on the west side, toward the south, is a small figure of the Virgin Mary.

“ About the middle of the chapel there is a partition of wood, very curiously carved, separating the anti-chapel from the choir, which was built in 1534, when Anne Boleyn was queen to Henry VIII. On its front are several lovers’ knots, and in a pannel nearest to the wall, on the right, are the arms of Anne Boleyn, impaled with those of her royal husband. On one of the pannels of this screen is a fine piece of sculpture, representing the Almighty in the act of casting the rebellious angels from heaven. Over this stands a stately organ, which does not, however, prevent the eye from enjoying a full view of the roof, from the great west door, to the east window : a view, which filled us with rapture and admiration.

“ On the same partition are fixed nine colours, taken from the island of Manilla, in 1762, by Sir William Draper, at that time a member of the society, and who, on his return,

by permission of his majesty, presented the college with these trophies of his victory.

“ On entering the choir, we were greatly struck with its grandeur. It is, as I have already observed, paved with marble, from the end of the stalls. The stalls, of which there are two rows on each side of the chapel, are of carved wood. The back part of the upper row, which is appointed for graduate fellows, is made up of thirty-four pannels, in fifteen of which, on each side of the choir, are carved the arms of all the kings of England, from Henry V. to James I.; the arms of the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and the two Colleges, King’s and Eton. The supporters of these arms advance out of the pannels in full proportion. On the right and left of a spectator, entering the choir, are the seats of the provosts.

“ There are twenty-six large windows, which, except the great one at the west end, are all painted with colours inconceivably beautiful. That which is plain, seems to have been left so in order to give light to the chapel. The paint-

ings, which have been done with the most brilliant colours, represent various incidents recorded in the scriptures. In the arrangement of these subjects, a peculiar order has been observed, and something like a concordance attempted. Each window, I should tell you, is separated by muntions into five lights, and these are divided about the middle, into upper and lower parts by a stone transom. Now, in the upper part, pieces of history are always taken from the Old Testament, and in the lights immediately underneath are painted some circumstances taken from the New Testament, corresponding, in some degree, with those above them from the Old.

“ It has been frequently said, that all these windows were taken down, and concealed, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, lest, in compliance with the fanatic opinions which he pretended to maintain, he should destroy them, as relics of popery. I am assured, however, that no such affair took place. Visitors were undoubtedly sent down by the long parliament to Cambridge, whose commission it

was to remove every superstitious ornament from about the University. These visitors did, indeed, order the organ, at that time in use, to be taken down, and its pipes to be sold; but they spared the windows, through the intercession, probably, of Dr. Whichcot the provost, who was raised to that dignity by the long parliament itself.

“ The name of the architect of this magnificent building was Cloos. His son, Nicholas Cloos, was made a fellow of the college by Henry VI. and afterwards became bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

“ The library is an ancient building. On the north and south sides are nine small chapels, each of which, before the reformation, had its altar; at present, those on the north are used as burial-places.

“ A grand building has been erected here by Mr. Gibbs: it is of white Portland stone, and contains twenty-four apartments.

“ It was with considerable reluctance that we quitted King's College, in which, as you will judge from the long and circumstantial account

I have given, we found much to engage our attention. We next proceeded to Queen's. This college was founded by Margaret, daughter of Renée, duke of Anjou, titular king of Sicily and Jerusalem, and wife of Henry VI. king of England. She gave lands to the value of 200 l. per annum; and appointed a president and four fellows.

“ The first stone of this edifice was laid by Sir John Wenlock, April 15, 1448; and on it was engraved, by his order, the following words: “ *Erit Domina nostra Margareta dominus in Refugium.*” This was a little before the second war between the houses of York and Lancaster, in which Sir John Wenlock was killed, the queen forced to fly into Scotland, and the king murdered.

“ Elizabeth, wife of Edward IV. was a considerable benefactress; and is annually celebrated as a co-founder of the college.

“ The front of this college, which stands along the river near the king's mill, is intended to be rebuilt in an exceedingly handsome manner; but the principal beauty of the place is its grove

and garden, which lie on each side of the river, and are connected by a bridge of wood, of one arch, upon piers of stone.

“ Our next visit was paid to Catharine-hall, the principal front of which is opposite to Queen’s. This college was founded by Robert Woodlark in 1475. Why the name of Catharine has been annexed to it, I am unable to inform you. The chapel of this college, which stands on the north side of the court, is an elegant structure.

“ Over the hall and combination-room is the library, which was fitted up by Bishop Sherlock, who likewise bequeathed to the college his large and valuable library, and a stipend for the librarian. The master’s lodge, a large and lofty edifice, erected by Mrs. Mary Ramsden of Norton, in Yorkshire, who was in other respects a great benefactor to this college, forms the south side of the court; and this being open towards Trumpington-street, with handsome iron palisadoes, and a spacious area of ground planted with elms, is a considerable ornament to the town.

" It is said that the rivalry of Bishops Sherlock and Hoadly, two great men, who were both of this college, and who advanced themselves to the height of their profession, by embracing widely different political opinions, commenced at this place.

" Jesus College was originally a convent of Benedictine nuns, founded and endowed by Malcolm IV. king of Scots, and earl of Huntingdon and Cambridge. The nunnery falling into great decay, it was, by licence of Henry VII. dissolved, and a college founded by John Alcock, which is called Jesus College, from the conventual church, now the chapel, dedicated to that sacred name. This college stands east of the town, and is surrounded by groves, gardens, and fine meadows. The grand front looks toward the south, and is about one hundred and eighty feet in length : the entrance is by a magnificent gate, over which are some pleasant apartments. Adjoining to this college is a grove of considerable extent. Archbishop Cranmer, and Lawrence Sterne, as well as his grandfather, Richard, archbishop of York, were

of this college. Portraits of the two archbishop are in the hall, which is a handsome room, ascended by steps, and fifty-four feet in length.

From Jesus, we proceeded to Christ's College, which is opposite St. Andrew's church. This was founded by Lady Margaret, mother of Henry VII. on the site of a college or house of monks, called God's House. This college is not very large, but elegant. The garden is well laid out, containing both open and shady walks, beautiful alcoves, a bowling green, and an elegant summer-house, behind which is a cold bath, surrounded by a little wilderness. Several other colleges have baths; particularly Clare-hall, Peter-house, Christ's and Emanuel.

“ The same Margaret, who founded Christ's, left, by will, dated 1509, certain lands in the counties of Devon, Somerset, and Northampton, of the value of 400 L. per annum, together with the site of the dissolved priory of St. John in Cambridge, and the revenue thereof, amounting to 80 l. per annum, to her executors, in trust for the building and endowment of a college; and in pursuance of this will, the college,

called John's, was erected. It is contended by some persons, that this is the most ancient endowed foundation in the University, reckoning it as grafted on the dissolved priory of St. John's, which was founded before 1169. The library of this college is uncommonly extensive. One class was given by Prior the poet, consisting principally of French books, particularly history. Here is also a singular curiosity, a leaden scull, which belonged to a complete skeleton, found in Newport-Pagnel church. A fine stone bridge, of three arches, leads over the river, from the college to a grand walk, between lofty elms; at the end of which lies the fellows' garden, containing an elegant summer-house and bowling-green, and delightful walks, looking into Trinity walks on the one side, and an open champaign country on the other. The students' walks, by the river side, which encompass two small meadows, are much, and deservedly, admired. The benefactors to this college have been numerous, and the eminent men it has produced, still more so. The master's apartments, the combination-room, the hall, and

library, are all adorned with numerous portraits, and a few other paintings. In the dining-room is a curious picture of Margaret, the founder, painted in her own time. It represents her, as was usual in those days, in all statues and paintings, in the attitude of kneeling.

“ This college is supposed to have suffered more than any other under the scourge of Cromwell's party. They took, in ancient coins, to the value, according to weight only, of 22 l. a quantity of silver which you, who are so well acquainted with the worth of such relics of antiquity, will readily suppose to have included a numerous and valuable assemblage of medals. With the medals, they likewise carried off the communion plate. They pillaged the college for sixteen months together, and converted the old court, which, before the new one was built, contained two hundred students at a time, into a prison, for the king's loyal subjects.

“ St. Mary Magdalen's College, to which we proceeded next, is the only one that stands on the north side of the river. It is situated in that part of the town called Castle-end. It con-

sists of two courts, the largest of which is about one hundred and eleven feet long, and seventy-eight feet broad, having the chapel and master's lodge on the north, and the hall on the east: the second is a pretty court, more removed from the noise of the town; on the north east side of the latter is an elegant stone building, with a cloister in its front, and apartments for the fellows in the north and south wings. In the chapel, which is a handsome oratory, about forty-eight feet long, is an altar-piece of plaister of Paris, representing the resurrection, in alto relievo. It was executed by the ingenious Mr. Collins, and is worthy of admiration. This college has two libraries, the Old and the Pepysian.

“ Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham, was the original founder of Magdalen; but it was unfinished when he fell on the scaffold. Thomas, lord Audley, baron of Walden, lord chancellor of England, obtained of Henry VIII. in 1542, a grant of this college, then called Buckingham College, which appears to have been forfeited to the crown by the attainder of

the duke. The charter, granted by Henry VIII. at the instance of Lord Audley, incorporated the society by the name of "The Master and Fellows of St. Mary Magdalen College, in the fair University of Cambridge." Lord Audley, in the gift of whose descendants is the mastership, endowed it with land for the maintenance of a master and four fellows; which number has since been increased to sixteen.

"Trinity College was another foundation of the time of Henry VIII. This latter was by the king himself. It was erected on the site, and endowed with the revenues of two former colleges, and one hotel: these were, King's-hall, founded by Edward III.; St. Michael's, built by Harvey, chancellor of the exchequer, in the reign of Edward II.; and Physic's hotel, built by William Physic Esq. beadle. Henry made great additions to the revenues of these houses, and erected one spacious college, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity. It is situated between the high street, on the east, and the river Cam, on the west, having St. John's college on the north, and Caius on the south; and contains two spacious quadrangles.

“ The south end of the west side of the first court, has been rebuilt in a very handsome manner, and is a specimen of the style in which it is intended to rebuild the whole quadrangle. In this building are the new combination-rooms, in which is a portrait of the late Marquis of Granby, by Reynolds, and some others.

“ We were told that, when the king of Denmark and his suit honoured the university with a visit, they were introduced under the library, and, having viewed this court, they concluded that they had seen the whole ; so that, on passing the screens, and beholding a full display of the whole, they were greatly struck with its magnificence. The chapel is a very fine structure : it is adorned with elegant stalls, a noble organ-gallery, and an altar-piece, painted by West. The service is performed here as in a cathedral. We visited this place again in the evening, and were extremely charmed with the solemn beauty of the scene that it presented. The number of students ranged in regular order, and of lights with which the oratory is illuminated, rendered the sight truly delightful. In

the anti-chapel stands an admirable statue of Sir Isaac Newton, who was of this college, by Roubiliac.

“ Between the old library and the hall stands the master’s lodge, in which are very grand apartments, that are always occupied by the judges during the assizes here, and are the residence and place of entertainment of the sovereign whenever he visits Cambridge.

“ The hall is one hundred feet in length, and in it are various portraits of learned men, educated at this college, and of uncommon rank in their several pursuits. Lords Bacon and Ruffel, Cowley, Dryden, Coke, and Spelman, are among the number.

“ In the library, which forms the west end of the court, built by Dr. Thomas Nevil, dean of Canterbury, and formerly master of this college, is a large collection of valuable books and manuscripts, arranged in thirty spacious classes of oak ; and several curiosities, such as an Egyptian mummy and Ibis, given by the late Earl of Sandwich ; a dried human body of one of the original inhabitants of the Madeira’s ; a curious Chinese pagod ; a lock of Sir Isaac Newton’s

hair, his head in wax, and his globe; an universal ring-dial, quadrant, and compass, of Sir Isaac's; a large lizard, the size of which is said to be the greatest in the kingdom; a quiver of arrows used by Richard III. against Henry VII. at the memorable battle of Bosworth; a curious skeleton of a man in miniature, cut out by a shepherd's boy; a stone taken from the wife of a locksmith, at St. Edmund's Bury, after her death, weighing thirty-three ounces three penny-weights thirty-six grains, troy, and with the appearance of having lost at least half an ounce, which was taken off before Charles II. at Newmarket, to show him that it was formed as animal stones usually are; a copy of King John's great charter; a copy of a letter of indulgence from Pope Clement VII.; and plans of the celebrated churches of St. Peter at Rome, St. Sophia at Constantinople, cathedral at Florence, an ancient temple at Rome, the cathedral at Milan, that of St. Paul at London, and the pantheon at Rome.

“ These plans are all in one print which is not very large; but the respective dimensions

of the buildings are very accurately shown. Here is also a large collection of paintings, busts, and statues. At the end of the room is an elegant window of painted glass, done by Mr. Peckit of York, from a design of Cipriani, representing his present Majesty as seated on the throne under a magnificent canopy, while Newton and Bacon, the two distinguished members of this college, are presented to him by the genius of the place: his Majesty, attended and advised by the British Minerva, is in the act of giving the laurel chaplet to Sir Isaac, who is explaining the sphere. The attitude of Lord Bacon, who is in his chancellor's robes, is that of study. This window contains almost one hundred and forty square feet of glass, and has a beautiful effect. It was the gift of the late master, Dr. Robert Smith F. R. S. by whom also a large collection of books was bequeathed to the library. As we went up the stairs, we particularly noticed an original picture of Newton on which Pope's couplet is inscribed:

" Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night,

" God said — ' Let Newton be' — and all was light!"

On the whole, this library is, I believe, for elegance and decoration, one of the first in the world. Underneath it is a spacious piazza, out of which three gates of wrought iron, open toward the river, over which we passed to the walks by a fine bridge of three arches. The circumference of these walks is about one third of a mile. As you stroll along them, you have some very fine buildings on the east, and corn fields and an open country on the west. There is a delightful vista through the lofty lime-trees of the middle-walk ; and on the north and south are shady avenues of chesnut and lime. These retreats are therefore very pleasing at all times ; and at noon, in sultry weather, they are truly delicious. Prince William of Gloucester and the present Duke of Rutland were of this college.

“ Our tour and the day were drawing near their close, when we visited Emanuel College. This was founded by Sir Walter Mildmay, of Chelmsford, in Essex. He built the house and endowed it for the maintenance of a master, three fellows, and four scholars.

“ On the 29th of September 1784, on which day it saw its second century completed, the college, according to ancient custom, concluded the period with a grand jubilee. After a sermon and *Te-deum*, together with a Latin speech in the chapel, in commemoration of their benefactors, and an anthem conducted by the professors of music, the company met in the college-hall, where about one hundred and fifty gentlemen who had been educated in the college, were entertained in a sumptuous manner.

“ This college stands at the south-east end of the town, and commands an extensive view of the adjacent country. Adjoining the street is a handsome modern building, which, with the hall, combination-room, and cloisters, forms the principal court, which is extremely beautiful. The inside of the hall, which I have just mentioned, is perhaps as beautiful as any in the university. The ceiling is adorned with highly finished fret-work, and the whole is fitted up with carved work and wainscotting. The benefactors to this college have been very numerous and liberal. It has also a long list of eminent mem-

bers. The gallery, chapel, library, combination-room, and other apartments, contain a great number of portraits. This college is, in every respect, highly deserving of admiration.

“ From Emanuel, we went to Sydney-Sussex. This college was primarily founded by Lady Frances, dowager of Thomas Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex; but the original foundation has been more than doubled by various individuals. The chapel was not long ago rebuilt in an elegant manner; it is decorated with a fine painting of the holy family. The hall is an exceedingly handsome room, containing a gallery for music, supported by pillars, and forming a grand vestibule at the entrance.

“ In the library is a human scull, petrified or rather incrustated with a hard sand-stone, except the teeth, which are white, hard, and sound, and as perfect as ever. It was found in the island of Crete, which is famous for its petrifications, and brought into England in 1627. It was esteemed so great a curiosity that Charles I. was desirous to see it; and Dr. Harvey was accordingly commissioned by the then master

to carry it to London for his majesty's inspection. It is now broken and some part of it lost. In the master's lodge, among other portraits, is one of Cromwell, who was educated at this college. It is executed in crayons, by Cooper, and is much to be admired.

“ In addition to the description which I have given you of the buildings and principal curiosities of this place, I might expatiate on its utility as a place of education, its constitution as a public body, and the regulations by which good order is preserved among so large an assemblage of persons. These observations, however, do not fall exactly within the general object of this letter, nor ought they, if touched upon, to be treated slightly, or compressed within so narrow limits. With respect to the number of members to which I have alluded, I think I cannot take a better method of giving you information, than by transcribing a table, which was drawn up three or four years ago, in which you will likewise see the relative magnitude, or rather populousness, of the several colleges :—

COLLEGES.	Fellows.	Noblemen under-grad.	Fellow-com- moners.	Members A. M.	Members A. B.	Under-gra- duates.	Total.
Bene't	12	1	3	14	13	24	67
Caius	26	—	3	21	20	33	103
Catharine-Hall	12	—	2	6	11	19	50
Christ's	16	—	12	36	18	34	116
Clare-Hall	28	2	6	23	13	31	103
Emanuel	15	—	16	50	18	53	151
Jesus	16	2	2	33	3	50	106
King's	52	—	—	20	18	21	102
Magdalen	16	—	—	4	8	35	63
Pembroke	17	—	8	30	16	36	107
Peter-House	21	—	2	15	19	13	70
Queen's	20	1	16	20	12	22	91
St. John's	61	2	34*	186	38	161	482
Sidney	10	—	5	14	6	22	57
Trinity	67	5	42*	244	79	159	596
Trinity-Hall	12	—	6	24	2	39	83
	401	13	158	740	224	742	2,347

* Many of the Fellow-Commoners of St. John's and of Trinity are A. B.

“ The church of St. Mary was built by contribution; and its erection is said to have been continued from time to time during a hundred years. It was begun in 1478, completed, but without the steeple, in 1519; and the steeple was not finished before 1608.

“ The Conduit stands in the front of the county-hall. The water is brought by an aqueduct, which was made at the sole charge of Thomas Hobson, who was carrier between London and this town in 1614. The name of this benevolent man will always be remembered: it has entered into a common proverb; and though the occasion may appear trifling, yet I must regard it as redounding to his honour, since it was the consequence of a considerate disposition and worthy of the giver of the Conduit. Hobson used to furnish the scholars with horses; and in this profession he made it a fixed rule that every horse should have an equal share of labour. With this view he would never let one out of its turn; and hence the proverbial saying:

Hobson's choice: this or none.

NOTE.

It may be satisfactory to add to the above, an abridged account of the chief officers and offices of this university, from an authentic source.

CHANCELLOR.

“ This magistrate is the head of the whole University, presides over all things, and governs all their affairs. Concerning the origin of the office of chancellor we have no account, but probably it is as ancient as the University itself, as we have mention made of it in some of the oldest records and papers. Formerly, before the election of vice-chancellors, the chancellors themselves performed the duty of the University; they were then elected from among the doctors, and their office was annual, and the election was obliged to be confirmed by the bishop of Ely. — But as it was necessary to repeat this confirmation annually, it became a very laborious duty, and likewise was attended with great expence, to omit mentioning the great inconvenience such delay occasioned. In the year 1403, Pope Boniface the 9th, in the 12th year of his reign, by his own free will, and without any petition from the University, interdicted the authority of the bishop of Ely and his successors of confirming the chancellor, and resolved that the election in future should serve for a confirmation. — To which, the worthy bishop willingly consented; and, that nothing might happen in any way to prevent this resolution, he ordained that no chancellor of the University should hold at the same time any office under the bishop of Ely, and ordered that the chancellor should not be absent above a month, and, during that time, that he might substitute whom he thought proper; and also, that he should

not remain in his office beyond two, or, at most, three years. In the year 1504, the University finding it troublesome to be so frequently electing a chancellor, and having this year pitched upon a person well qualified for the office, viz. Joseph Fisher, bishop of Rochester, continued him in the office for life, not to hold his office *durante vita*, but liable to be removed at the end of three years as formerly, or continued longer, by the tacit consent of the University.

“ The chancellor seals the diplomas or letters of degrees, provision, &c. given in the university. He is to govern the university, being its first magistrate, to preserve and defend its rights and privileges, to convoke assemblies, and do justice among the members under his jurisdiction. He is now generally one of the first nobility: — The first person of honour who was chancellor was Eudo de Zouch, son of Lord Zouch of Haringworth in Northamptonshire, descended from the most ancient barons at Ashby-de-la Zouch in Leicestershire, elected in the year 1396, and 20 of Richard II. The chancellor's court enjoys the sole jurisdiction, in exclusion of the king's court, over all civil actions and suits whatsoever, where a scholar or privileged person is one of the parties, excepting in such cases where the right of freehold is concerned; and there, by the university charter, they are at liberty to try and determine, either according to the common law of the land, or according to their own local customs, at discretion.

HIGH STEWARD.

" This officer is chosen by the senate, and holds his office by patent from the university; his business is to assist the chancellor and other officers, when required, in the execution of their offices; and to hear and determine capital causes, according to the laws of the land, and the privileges of the university.

VICE-CHANCELLOR.

" When the chancellors were chosen from the nobility, or from among persons employed in state affairs, whose occupations often required their absence, it was thought expedient to choose vicars or deputies to execute their office, and perform the business of the university during the absence of the chancellor; they were called vice-chancellors. Henry Stockton was the first vice-chancellor, chosen in the year 1417, and 5th of Henry V. during the chancellorship of John de Rickendale, afterwards bishop of Chichester. They are chosen yearly on the 4th of November, by the body of the university out of two persons nominated by the heads of houses; the election must not take place until twenty-four hours have elapsed after a vacancy, nor can the vice-chancellor remain in his office above a year. — In the year 1587, Dr. Capcott was chosen vice-chancellor while he was only a fellow of Trinity college, but an act was made at that time, and still continues, that, for the time to come, none but

heads of houses should be chosen vice-chancellors.' His proper office is to execute the chancellor's authority; to govern the university according to its statutes; to see that officers and students do their duty; that courts be duly called, and to manage all business in the absence of the chancellor: he cannot be absent from the university above fifteen days together.

COMMISSARY.

"The commissary is an officer under the chancellor (much the same as a recorder is to a mayor or the chancellor of a diocese to a bishop); he is an assistant or assessor to the vice-chancellor in his court:—he also holds a court of record for all privileged persons and scholars under the degree of master of arts, where all causes are tried and determined by the civil and statute law, and by the custom of the university.

PROCTORS.

"Are two officers chosen annually from the regent masters of arts on the 10th of October: they are called proctors, from their managing (*procurandis*) the affairs and business of the university, and also rectors from their superintending or governing (*regendis*) the schools.—Their duty is to attend to the discipline and behaviour of the bachelors and undergraduates; to keep good order in the university; to assist in the business of the schools; appointing the days for disputa-

tions, and determining the manner of them : formerly, they superintended the daily exercises themselves, but this is now performed by their deputies the moderators ; it is, however, their business, to see the exercises daily and regularly performed during the term ; to read the graces in the senate house ; to attend at taking up degrees, and to take the votes in the white hood house ; and, lastly, to punish all violators of the statutes of the university.

TAXORS.

“ The taxatores, taxers, or taxors, in this university, (so called from taxing, prizing or rating the rents of houses,) were first appointed to regulate the price of the lodgings of the students, the exorbitant charges of the townsmen rendering an interposition absolutely necessary ; and the students, wearied with their exactions, had threatened to seek for a place where they might be accommodated on more reasonable terms ; and as colleges and halls were not as yet in existence, no alternative would have remained.

“ They are chosen in like manner and at the same time with the proctors : they are clerks of the market, have cognizance of weights, and overlook the gage of measures, especially such as concern the diet of the students.

MODERATORS.

“ Are appointed and paid by the proctors : acting as their substitutes and assistants. — They superintend the ex-

ercises and disputations of the questionists in philosophy, and the examinations previous to the degree of bachelor of arts.

SCRUTATORS.

“ These are two officers chosen annually from among the non-regents: they are so called from scrutinizing or searching into the opinions and votes of the non-regents. — They also read the graces in the black hood or non-regent house to which they always belong.

THE PUBLIC ORATOR.

“ This office was instituted by Nigellus Thorndon, a physician at Cambridge, in the year 1511, who granted to the university for its support, some tenements in Shoemaker-row. — The orator is chosen for life: his stipend is very small, being but 40 s. per annum, exclusive of fees and perquisites; but the office is esteemed one of the highest honours within the university. His duty is, to present noblemen to their degrees, and write the university letters, &c. whose voice he is upon all public occasions.

THE CAPUT.

“ The vice-chancellor, a doctor of divinity, a doctor of laws, a doctor of physic, a regent master of arts, and a non-regent master of arts, form the caput. They are to consider

and determine what grades are proper to be brought before the university, and each member has a negative vote. The caput are elected in the following manner:—On the 12th of October, the vice-chancellor, heads of colleges, (or their representatives,) doctors in divinity, law, and physic, the proctors, and the scrutators, meet in the senate-house at one o'clock in the afternoon. The vice-chancellor writes down five names, viz. a doctor of divinity, a doctor of laws, a doctor of physic, a non-regent master of arts, and a regent master of arts: each of the proctors write down also five other names; and out of these fifteen, the vice-chancellor, heads, doctors, and scrutators, elect five. It has been usual to elect those whom the vice-chancellor has nominated. Each person is to elect one of the three nominated for each faculty. If there be an equality of votes for one or more of any faculty, the election of the persons belongs to the vice-chancellor and the two proctors present, or the majority of them, of which the vice-chancellor must be one. No grade can be offered to the senate, as we have already observed, which has not been unanimously approved of by the caput, any member of which may reject it, without assigning any reason for his conduct.

SENATE.

“ By the senate is meant all the doctors and masters of arts in the university, who have their names on the boards of their college: masters of arts are those who, in Italy and in other foreign universities, are denominated doctors of arts.

The senate is divided into two bodies or houses. 1st. Those who have not been A. M. five years, and are called regents, because (regent) they govern by their nod or vote, and likewise white-hoods, from their hoods being lined with white silk. These occupy the upper, or east end of the senate-house, next to the vice-chancellor's chair, which is called the Regent's-House. 2d. The non-regents or black-hoods (their hoods being now lined with black in place of white) are those who have taken their master of arts' degree five years or upwards, until they take a doctor's degree in any faculty. The non-regent's house is at the lower or west end of the senate-house. All doctors have a right of voting in which house they please, upon every question; and either house is competent to reject a question. Some questions are determined by the body collective, as the choice of members of parliament. In the senate-house the elections of all the officers of the university take place, the appointments of the magistrates, the admissions to degrees, congregations, and consultations upon important matters by the senate, and by a statute of the university, no language is to be spoken therein but Latin.

LETTER XXX.

Cambridge, October 1798.

FROM a liberal and enlightened mind like yours, my dear Baron, I anticipated approbation respecting the account I had given you of the town and university, from whence I still write; and I eagerly seize the opportunity with which I am presented, of complying with your request, of devoting a letter to Oxford, as it can never be out of place or time to oblige a friend. From the same channel that I derived part of my description of Cambridge, I was favoured, as I told you, with that of the sister-seat of the Muses; and as I can rely on the fidelity with which the tour is drawn, it will,

I trust, gratify you, and, at the same time, give a kind of completeness to this part of our correspondence.

It is flattering to the feelings of an Englishman, to find that our universities are so highly esteemed on the continent; and when the time arrives, for which I incessantly breathe my prayers, that will permit you to visit England, I am certain that the banks of the Isis and the Granta will furnish some of your highest mental delights.

But, without farther preface, I shall convey you to Oxford, and, "leaping the space between," transfer you to the guidance of my friend, who, I venture to promise, will be happy to make the same tour with you in person, as he now does in description. And may restored happiness, and the renovated health which must produce it, shew him to you at that period, and for many an after year, in the fullness of his powers and enjoyments, literary and social!

"The antiquity of this place is so great, as to defy investigation; even in the times of the

ancient Britons, it appears to have been consecrated to the muses. From its delightful situation, the Romans gave it the name of Bellositum *, and after they abandoned this island, it gradually became the seat of learning, and the resort of all who wished to obtain distinction in the ample field of intellectual endowment. Certain it is, that, before the time of Alfred the Great, students resorted hither ; but that wise and excellent prince gave it a stability and reputation, as a university, which has since been constantly increasing, with little interruption. It is probable, indeed, that Alfred was the first who made any endowments here for the encouragement of students, and we know that he erected certain schools or halls for their accommodation ; but we cannot allow him to have been the founder of this seat of learning, in the full acceptance of the term.

* "The modern name, *Oxford*, seems a corruption of *Ouseny-ford*, or the Ford over the Ouse, a common name for rivers; or it may be derived from *Oseney Abbey*, which stood here."

“ In this city Henry I. built a palace, on a spot called Beaumont, in the western part of the city, of which some remains are still visible ; and here Richard Cœur de Lion was born. The principal monastic establishments at Oxford were St. Frideswide's and Osney Abbies. On the dissolution of the religious houses, Henry VIII. in 1542, converted Oxford into a see, extending over the county, which formerly was included in the diocese of Lincoln.

“ The amenity of the situation of Oxford is confessedly great. Towards the north it opens to a rich champaign track ; on the other side, it is environed by meadows and rivers. It stands on a gentle eminence, gradually rising from the meadows in a gravelly soil, which considerably adds to its salubrity.

“ The greatest inconvenience that attends it, is the frequent overflowing of the rivers, which sometimes occasions an unpleasant smell, but seldom reaches any of the buildings. Towards the east and west, hills rise at a moderate distance, and while they bound, serve also to diversify the prospect.

“ Setting out from the Bear Inn, attended by and old *cicerone*, first visited Christ-church, the most magnificent and extensive college in the university. It was founded by Cardinal Wolsey, on the site of the priory of St. Frideswide, and some other religious houses, which had been dissolved. The original design was a grand one, and not unworthy of the munificent but ambitious Wolsey ; but it was far from being completed at the time of his disgrace, which happened in 1529. On this, Henry VIII. seized on the college among the other estates of the cardinal ; but at the instigation of Lord Cromwell continued the design, though on a contracted scale, compared to the intention of the original founder grand as it unquestionably is, when viewed in its full extent.

“ This foundation consists of a dean, eight canons, one hundred and one students, a considerable part of whom are elected annually from Westminster school, and the other occasional vacancies filled up by the dean and canons. Besides there are eight chaplains, eight singing men, the same number of choiristers, a school-master, and an organist.

“ Christ-church consists of four squares or courts, the great quadrangle, Peckwater-square, Canterbury-court, and the chaplain’s court.

“ The west front of the great quadrangle is three hundred and eighty-two feet in length, terminating at each extremity with turrets. In the centre, over the gate-way, rises a beautiful tower, erected by Dr. Fell, from a design of Sir Christopher Wren; in which hangs the great bell, called Tom, whose warning voice, at nine o’clock in the evening, is the signal for the students to repair to their respective colleges. The statue of Cardinal Wolsey, in the south-east angle of this grand court, is justly admired, and has a deserved place.

“ The hall occupies a very considerable portion of the south-side of the quadrangle. The ascent to it is by a spacious stone stair-case, with a very beautiful roof of the same materials supported by one slender pillar of the most striking proportion. On entering the hall we were filled with admiration at its grandeur and dimensions. The roof is framed of timber most ingeniously wrought, and in the cornice are nu-

merous compartments embellished with coats of arms carved and blazoned in their proper colours.

“ At the farther extremity is an ascent of three steps which run the whole breadth, and here is placed the high table. Round the hall, in a double row, are suspended the portraits of some of the great men who have received their education here, or have been distinguished as benefactors to the college, besides some capital busts. Among the rest we recognized a full length of Henry VIII. and at no great distance Cardinal Wolsey in profile, to conceal the defect in one of his eyes. The pictures are too numerous to mention. They are chiefly bishops, ministers of state, and judges.

“ The east and north sides of this quadrangle are occupied with the dean’s and some of the canons’ lodgings. A grand terrace-walk surrounds the square, and in its centre is a basin, fountain, and leaden Mercury, rather too diminutive to reflect lustre on the accompaniments.

“ Through a gateway at the north-east cor-

ner enter Peckwater-square, the design of which confers immortal honour on Dean Aldrich. Three sides of this square are uniform, each containing fifteen windows in front. The lower story is rustic, the second and attic are the height and dimensions of the Ionic order. Over the five central windows in each side is a projecting pediment raised on columns of the same order, while Ionic pilasters support the entablature and balustrade of the other parts.

“ The south side of this square is occupied by a noble library of the Corinthian order, one hundred and forty-one feet long. In its ornaments as well as furniture it is a suitable appendage to such a magnificent foundation. The book-cases and the stucco-work are highly finished. Here also is deposited the famous collection of pictures presented to the university by General Guise; several of which are by the very first masters. We enumerate a few which struck us most. The flight into Egypt, by Guido Reni. A fine portrait of a person unknown, by Titian. Two nativities, by the same. Jesus embracing John, by Raphael. A nativity,

by the same Ericthonius delivered for his education to the Nymphs, by Salvator Rosa. Venus and Cupid, by Titian. St. Francis in a trance, supported by angels, by Annibal Caracci. A Medusa's head, very expressive, by Rubens. A painting of an altar, with figures, by Corregio; and the family of the Caracci, in the character of butchers engaged in their shop, by Annibal Caracci. The figure of the old grenadier who is paying for a bit of meat is inimitably fine. Indeed the whole picture would do honour to any collection. Some of these paintings formerly belonged to Charles I. a prince who, it is universally allowed, had a very correct taste in the fine arts:

“ From Peckwater-court entered Canterbury-square, a modern erection with a superb gateway; but it appears diminutive after what we seen before, though highly elegant.

“ The king is visiter of Christ-church college; and here a great number of our patrician youths receive their education.

“ Having noticed the principal beauties of this superb college, to which few royal palaces

can be compared, we paid a visit to the church, which is also the cathedral of the diocese, and still more famous for having belonged to St. Frideswide's-abbey. In an aisle on the north-side of the choir is the shrine of St. Frideswide, who died in 739. It is still in good preservation. Several of the painted windows are worthy of observation, particularly one which represents St. Peter delivered out of prison by the angel.

“ In this venerable pile are several ancient monuments and some modern ones, not less remarkable for beauty of structure than the elegance of their inscriptions.

“ Took a perambulation in Christ-church meadow. The spacious gravel-walk, shaded with embowering elms for a quarter of a mile in length, is not only the promenade of the gentlemen of the college, but of many of the citizens. In summer it is delightful; but the inundation of the Isis over the adjacent meadows renders it unpleasant, and perhaps insupportable at some seasons of the year.

“ After dinner at our inn, sallied out to see

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more curiosities ; and as the afternoon was very inviting, resolved not to spend it wholly in visiting buildings, but to vary our delights. In our way down the High-street our attention was attracted by University college, whose magnificent front, two hundred and sixty feet long, ranges with the street.

“ On the site of this, Alfred the Great, in 872, erected several halls and settled small pensions for the use of students ; but these in course of time being alienated and the pensions suppressed, William, archdean of Durham, founded a college with a small endowment as early as 1219. Subsequent benefactors have enlarged it ; and the society now consists of a master, twelve fellows, seventeen scholars, and various independent students.

“ The present handsome structure was begun in 1634, and completed at the expence of several public-spirited gentlemen. It consists of two courts, with two portals opening from the street, and a turret over each. The west portal conducts to a well-built gothic quadrangle of one hundred feet square.

“ The chapel and hall occupy part of the western quadrangle. The windows of the former are composed of finely-painted glass, particularly that over the altar. At the entrance of the hall, which is a very handsome apartment of the kind, is a statue of Alfred very appropriately situated.

“ Some of our party being now anxious to see the Physic Gardens, as they are called, we proceeded down the street for that purpose. This valuable repository of vegetable beauty is situated near Magdalen bridge over the Cherwell, and challenges the admiration of every lover of botany.

“ It was founded by Henry Earl of Danby, who purchased five acres of ground and surrounded them with a lofty wall, which still remains.

“ Passing through a small gate with iron palisades ranging with the street, we came to the portal of the gardens, an elegant piece of architecture, from a design of Inigo Jones. In the centre over the archway is a bust of the

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founder, and on each side a statue of Charles I. and Charles II.

“ The garden is divided into two parts, with a clipt yew hedge and a broad gravel walk running down the middle. Each part again is subdivided into two more. In one quarter we find indigenous plants, in another exotics, all scientifically arranged, with the names painted on short stakes, which very much tends to facilitate the acquisition of this enchanting science. Under the south wall is a considerable number of Alpine plants, that require a shady situation; and on the same side is a long trough filled with aquatics, and properly supplied with water by means of a pump.

“ Near the entrance, on each side is a greenhouse, erected for tender exotics, of which we found many curious specimens; and on the east of the garden, without the walls, is a small but excellent hot-house, in which tender tropical plants are reared. Among other curiosities we noticed here the anana or pine-apple, the coffee-shrub, the caper-tree, the cinnamon, and the plaintain.

“ The lecture-room stands on the left of the entrance, and is extremely well adapted for the purpose. In presses are deposited an immense *hortus siccus*, the collection of Dillenius and others, and many curious and valuable books on the science of botany.

“ Dr. Sherrard was a liberal benefactor to this institution ; and the late professor Dr. John Sibthorp, who travelled in the Grecian Islands and Asia Minor, with abilities in the science of botany which few could surpass, and an enthusiastic love for its cultivation, considerably increased the vegetable treasures here, and left ample funds for the publication of his *Flora Græca*, which will do honour to his memory and his country.

“ Leaving this Elysian spot we passed Boulter's Almshouses in our way to Heddington, a delightful village on the top of a hill, to the east of Oxford. The air is reckoned so salubrious here, that invalids and convalescents are frequently recommended to breathe it, and several citizens of easy fortune have built country-houses for their occasional retirement.

“ The sun was now sinking in the west, and his beams gilding the lofty turrets of the university on which we were looking down, furnished a prbpect which, for beauty and sublimity, can scarcely be excelled.

“ Returning to our quarters we found a card from a gentleman of the university to invite us to sup with him at his rooms ; and after spending an attic and sociable evening we retired to rest, resolving to continue our tour next morning, which fortunately happened to be the day of the commemoration of founders and benefactors.

“ The morning being as favourable as heart could wish, we sallied out and inspected Radcliffe’s magnificent library. It stands in the centre of a spacious area, surrounded with public buildings, and was erected at the expence of the munificent gentleman whose name it bears, who left 40,000 l. for this purpose, 150 l. *per annum* for a librarian, 100 l. yearly to purchase books, and the same sum to keep the building in repair.

“ The basement, which is rustic, is one hun-

dred feet in diameter, composed of sixteen sides; every square being distinguished by its projection and a pediment, forming a gateway. On this base is raised a cylindrical edifice, adorned with three quarter columns of the Corinthian order, arranged in couplets, between which is an alternation of windows and niches, the whole circumference. The entablature is highly finished, and over it is a balustrade finished with vases. Above is a cupola sixty feet in height.

“ Two Roman candlesticks of marble, found in the ruins of the Emperor Adrian’s palace at Tivoli, are a real ornament to the place. They are of great magnitude, and most curious workmanship, though not corresponding.

“ After taking a view of the beautiful surrounding country from the leaden roof, we descended and entered Braze-nose College, which forms the western side of the square.

“ It was founded in 1509 by the united liberality of William Smith Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Richard Sutton, Knight of Presbury, in Cheshire, on the site of two more ancient se-

mineries of learning, Brazen-nose and Little University-halls.

“ The first quadrangle is of good proportion, adorned in its centre with a statue of Cain and Abel. The refectory on the south side is a spacious apartment, containing some portraits and paintings on glass of the founders. Over the door is an ancient bust of Alfred the Great, reckoned a good likeness of that illustrious prince, and another of John Eregina, a native of Scotland, and the first lecturer in University-hall.

“ The second quadrangle is adorned with the library, on the east-side, and the chapel on the south, both modern edifices, from a design of Sir Christopher Wren.

“ The society is composed of a principal, twenty fellows, thirty-two scholars, and ten exhibitioners. The number of independent members is very considerable. The visiter is the Bishop of Lincoln.

“ Crossing over to the other side of the square, visited All-soul's College, a superb and beautiful edifice, founded by Dr. Henry Chi-

chele, a native of Higham Ferrers, in Northamptonshire, afterwards one of the fellows on William of Wykeham's foundation at Oxford, and, by successive preferments, Archbishop of Canterbury.

“ The foundation of this college was laid in 1437, under the title of ‘ the College of the Souls of all faithful people deceased at Oxford.’ The endowments of Chichele were ample ; but subsequent benefactors have not only highly improved the building, but increased the revenues, and enlarged the society.

“ All-soul's college consists of two courts. The old court, which has the high-street on the south, and the chapel on the north, is one hundred and twenty-four feet long, and seventy-two broad. In this quadrangle is a curious dial, by Sir Christopher Wren, which shows the minutes of the hour.

“ The grand court lies behind the former, and, indeed, deserved to have been first noticed. It is one hundred and seventy-two feet long, and one hundred and fifty-five broad ; having the library on the north, the hall and

chapel on the south, a cloister on the west, and the common room on the east. The whole is light and cheerful; and the two gothic towers are in the highest style of architectural beauty.

“ The chapel is a fine and spacious building. The altar-piece is of clouded marble, and over it the apotheosis of the founder, painted by Sir James Thornhill. Over the communion-table is a charming picture, by Mengs, representing our Saviour's first appearance to Mary Magdalene, after his resurrection. It is impossible to contemplate this piece without rapture and devotional emotions.

“ The new library is equal to any thing of the kind, being two hundred feet long, thirty broad, and forty high. In this magnificent gallery are two grand ranges of book-cases, one above the other, supported by doric and ionic pilasters.

“ The hall is a noble room, adorned with portraits of Archbishop Chichele, Colonel Cordington, and Sir Nathaniel Lloyd, with other busts and paintings, besides a statue in honour of that great luminary of the law, Judge Blackstone.

“ The celebration of the Mallard, on the 14th of January every year, is attended with mirth and festivity to the members. It is in remembrance of a mallard of uncommon size, which, having long ranged in a drain or sewer, was found on digging for the foundation of the college. The fact is well authenticated, and a pleasant old song is always sung on the occasion.

“ The members of All-soul’s are a warden, forty-fellows, two chaplains, six clerks and choiristers. The fellows are generally persons of family and fortune: hence it is reckoned honourable to rank among them. A considerable number of them are at liberty to follow what profession they please; but law and divinity are the prevalent objects. The Archbishop of Canterbury is visiter of the society,

“ In a line with this, and opposite to the gate of the schools, stands Hertford college, consisting of a single court, rebuilt since the middle of this century. The entire plan is far from being completed; and the college is so scantily endowed, that it maintains only a prin-

cipal, two senior fellows, some junior fellows, or assistants, and other subordinate members.

“ We now entered the theatre, which was thrown open, as we have observed before, for one of the grandest displays that the university affords, except an installation of a chancellor, the commemoration of founders and benefactors, instituted by Lord Crewe.

“ This building is of a circular form, and of sufficient magnitude to contain 3000 persons, including the galleries. The roof is quite flat, though of great breadth; the short pieces of timber which form it, being wholly sustained by the side walls, which are eighty feet by seventy distant. The ceiling is by Streater, in imitation of the theatres of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which were too large to be covered with lead or tile.

“ The chancellor or vice-chancellor has a raised seat in the centre of the semicircular part; the noblemen and doctors sit on the right and left, the proctors have their particular chairs, and the masters of arts, bachelors, and under-graduates, generally fill the area.

“ The coup d’œil on entrance was extremely striking. Numbers of the most respectable citizens and strangers, of both sexes, occupied the galleries, and the ladies made a very brilliant appearance, both for beauty and dress.

“ In a short time, the vice-chancellor, attended by the heads of houses, proctors, professors, nobles, and doctors, entered and took their seats. Soon after, the university orator, Mr. Crowe, made a latin oration, in which he paid the most elegant compliments to the university and its patrons, with such powers of eloquence, that even those who could not understand a word of what he was saying, were delighted with his manner and elocution, and paid him the warmest testimonies of applause. He stood in one of the rostra, which are placed opposite in the lower gallery. When he had finished, a gentleman, in the opposite rostrum, recited some elegant latin verses, to which a prize had been adjudged ; and then another student, an English Essay, which had merited the same distinction, and most deservedly.

“ This business being concluded, several

gentlemen, of rank and fortune, were presented to the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. They were properly introduced; a speech was addressed to the vice-chancellor, recapitulating the merits of each, and, in a few words, this distinguished officer of the university, declared their promotion to a degree. Immediately each took his seat among the doctors. The organ was played at intervals; and the business being concluded, the dignitaries began to withdraw singly, and in order.

“ From the theatre, we proceeded to the adjoining public schools, which, with the Bodleian library, form a grand square. In these, exercises for degrees in the different faculties are performed. Here the celebrated Arundelian marbles are deposited, as well as the Pomfret collection of statues and bustos, which were many years at Easton in Northamptonshire, and afterwards presented to the university. The Arundel marbles are valuable and curious, as ancient records of some important facts in Grecian history, but are not the object of a cursory examination. Among the Pomfret marbles,

however, which are lodged in the Logic and Moral Philosophy School, are many pieces which strike the most incurious observer, as chaste and expressive works of art.

“ Three sides of the upper story of the quadrangle form a continuous picture gallery, near the middle of which is a brass statue of Philip Earl of Pembroke. The pictures are chiefly portraits of the founders of colleges, and other eminent and learned men. Here are also several cabinets of medals, and some cases of books and manuscripts. intended as a continuation of the Bodleian library.

“ The Bodleian, or University Library, forming the west side of the square, is a large and lofty structure, built in the form of a roman H, and since the plunder of the Vatican, perhaps, contains the largest number of books of any library in Europe. A catalogue of them makes two large volumes, folio.

“ Humphry, duke of Gloucester, purchased some land here in 1427, and afterwards assisted the university in raising the building. He also furnished the library with many valuable works.

In 1599, Sir Thomas Bodley repaired the old library, and built two new wings, in which he deposited an amazing number of books, collected from all quarters; and dying in 1612, left an estate for the maintenance and repairs of the institution. Subsequent very liberal benefactions, particularly of Greek and oriental manuscripts, have rendered the Bodleian library the pride of the university, and the admiration of the learned.

“ The Museum was the next object of our curiosity. It stands on the west side of the theatre, fronting Broad-street, and is justly admired for its symmetry and elegance. The eastern portico does honour to the corinthian order, and to the architect of the whole, Sir Christopher Wren.

“ This pile was erected at the expence of the university, to receive the valuable collection of curiosities belonging to Elias Ashmole, Esq. Windsor herald to Charles II. The collection originally placed here, including that of the two Tradescants, was very ample, but has since been considerably enlarged in all its branches.

“ The paintings are not very numerous, but some of them are by the first masters.

“ In this place are three moderate libraries ; one called Ashmole’s Study, containing his printed books and manuscripts, and the manuscripts of Sir William Dugdale : a second is filled with Dr. Lister’s library, the learned conchologist ; and the third, with the collections of Antony à Wood.

“ On the first floor, the professor of experimental philosophy reads his lectures ; and here is a suitable apparatus for the purpose. Below, is a grand apparatus for lectures on chemistry, which are regularly delivered, and well attended.

“ Passing the theatre again, we came to the Clarendon printing-house, on the north of the schools. It was built in 1711, from the profits of the sale of Lord Clarendon’s history of the rebellion ; the copy right of which had been presented to the university, by his Lordship’s sons.

“ This magnificent and appropriate structure is 115 feet in length, and consists of two lofty

stories. The doric portico, towards the street, is the height of the building, and has a grand effect. On the top are the statues of the nine muses; and over the entrance on the south side, a statue of the Earl of Clarendon.

“ There are different sides for the composers employed in printing bibles and prayer-books, and for books of literature and languages. The dexterity and accuracy with which some of the men compose in languages, and with types, of which they barely know the names, is wonderful.

“ Having purposely ordered a late dinner at the BEAR, to which we invited some college friends, we now intermitted our tour for the day. In the evening, we were presented with tickets for the concert, at the music-room, and attended accordingly. This room stands in Holiwell, a little retired from the street, and though not large, is well adapted for its purpose. The band had been strengthened on this occasion, and a vocal performer, of eminence, engaged, from London. Though not professed amateurs of music, we were abundantly grati-

fied; and could not help expressing our surprise, that, as this is the only public amusement allowed in the university, it does not meet with more liberal patronage. It is with difficulty that the establishment is kept up for want of subscribers.

“ After breakfast, we resumed our tour of the university, and first visited Queen’s College, one of the most splendid buildings in the university. This college was founded by Robert Eggesfield, of Cumberland, confessor to Queen Philippa, consort of Edward III. in honour of whom it received its name of Queen’s.

“ This edifice, which is in the modern style, stands on the north side of the high-street, from which there is the grand entrance, and over is the statue of Queen Caroline, under a canopy, supported by pillars.

“ The first court is one hundred and fifty feet long, by one hundred and thirty in breadth, having a lofty cloister on the west, south, and east. Over the west cloister are two stories, composed of an elegant gallery and common room, and several apartments for the fellows

and students; the east cloister is solely appropriated to lodgings.

“ The chapel divides the two courts, of which this fabric is composed. This building is one hundred feet long, and thirty broad, with an arched roof. The painted windows are eminently beautiful. That over the altar is by Mr. Price, and represents the nativity of our Saviour; under which is a painting on the same subject, copied from an admired piece of Corregio, in the Dresden gallery. The style of building and the decorations are in the purest taste.

“ By a passage between the chapel and the hall, we enter the north, or second court, which has the library on the west, and chambers for the fellows and students on the three other sides.

“ The hall is sixty feet long and thirty broad, and is light, airy, and elegant.

“ The library, which occupies the west side of the second court, is a charming pile, of the corinthian order, adorned with statues in niches, and fine stucco-work. The books and manu-

scripts are numerous and valuable; and here we find also a splendid orrery.

“ The whole number of fellows is now twenty-four; and of all the members, about two hundred.

“ Every New Year’s Day, the bursar of the college presents each member with a needle and a thread, saying, “Take this, and be thrifty.” It is probable the founder, or some grateful friend, instituted this ceremony in allusion to Egglefield; *aiguille & fil*, a needle and a thread, somewhat resembling the name; and in former days, such devices, or puns, we know, were not infrequent.

“ Among other singular customs observed here, may be mentioned the Bear’s Head, solemnly introduced into the common hall with a celebrated monkish song, on Christmas day. It is said, that the origin of this was as follows: A student of this college, with Aristotle in his hand, walking out in the vicinity of Oxford, was attacked by a furious boar; he crammed the philosopher, who long choked reason and common sense, down the throat of

the savage, and thus escaped impending danger.

“ Appendant on Queen’s College is Edmund Hall, standing opposite to the east-side of the former. It contains about forty students, who are reputed more zealous than some of their neighbours.

“ Proceeding down the street, on the same side of the way, came to Magdalen Hall, a dependant on the college of that name. In point of beauty, or extent, it is not very remarkable; but having a considerable number of exhibitions, which, as in other halls, the students hold for a limited period, it is generally pretty full. It was built by William Wainflete, the founder of Magdalen College, and has a large grammar-school joined to it.

“ A little farther on, we enter Magdalen college, founded in 1456, by William Patten, otherwise William of Wainflete, from a village of that name in Lincolnshire, the place of his nativity. Having received his education at Winchester-school, he afterwards became master of that seminary; and, by successive pro-

motions, provost of Eton, bishop of Winchester, and lord high chancellor. Being an eleve of William of Wykeham, he seems to have been ambitious to rival such a munificent friend to learning; and, accordingly, he obtained a grant of St. John's Hospital from Henry VI. which he converted into a college for a president, forty fellows, thirty demies, a divinity lecturer, school-master, four chaplains, an organist, eight clerks, and sixteen choiristers.

“ On entering, the president's lodgings are situated on the left hand, and the chapel on the right, where five small figures, of elegant sculpture, are generally indicated to strangers, as representing the founder, William of Wykeham, St. Mary Magdalen, Henry III. and St. John the Baptist. This assemblage may possibly appear heterogeneous; but a sufficient reason is given for the group.

“ The chapel is now rendered worthy of such a magnificent college. The painted windows are large, and finely executed, though not all in the same taste. The paintings represent the apostles, primitive fathers, saints, and martyrs,

The west window deserves particular notice. It is painted in *clara obscura*, after a design of Schwartz, and represents the last judgment. Having been greatly damaged by a high wind in 1703, it was lately restored to its original beauty, by Mr. Egington of Birmingham, who also executed the windows in the anti-chapel, in which is a monument, erected to the memory of two brothers, of the name of Lyttelton, who were both drowned in the Cherwell, while the one in vain attempted to save the other.

“ The altar-piece of the chapel was painted by Isaac Fuller, an old English history painter of some note, and represents the general judgment. Underneath this is a picture, which, in point of merit, quite eclipses this : it is our Saviour bearing his cross, supposed by Guido ; a present from Mr. Freeman of Hamels, in Herts, who likewise presented the college with a fine organ, and added two bells to the original peal of eight. The altar itself is elegant both in design and execution.

“ Cathedral service is performed here twice daily.

“The tower, which makes such a conspicuous figure on the east of Oxford, is a handsome and spacious pile begun in 1492, under the auspices, as it is supposed, of Cardinal Wolsey.

“On the right pass into the cloister, which, having undergone few alterations, retains much of its original venerable appearance. The interior part of this cloister is adorned with hieroglyphics.

“At the south-east corner of the cloister is the ascent to the hall, a spacious and handsome room adorned with several whole length portraits and four half lengths representing eminent men and benefactors. On the west side is the library, and on the north and east the lodgings of the members of the society.

“By a narrow passage, in the north side of the cloister, we enter the ample court of the New Buildings. This splendid edifice, though only one side is completed, is three hundred feet in length, and of greater height than is common in most university fabrics, intended for lodgings. The front is supported by an arcade which constitutes an elegant piazza. In

point of beauty and prospect, especially towards the east, few situations can compare with this. Behind is the grove well planted with trees, and perfectly adapted for the indulgence of academic ease and contemplation. Several head of deer range here, and give a rural aspect to the spot.

“ But it is not the grove alone that Magdalen College has to boast of among its external advantages. The water-walks, as they are called, surrounded by the Cherwell, amidst umbrageous trees, are sufficiently elegant to be the appendages of a palace. Here Addison mused and caught the inspiration of genius: here the pious Bishop Horne, late president of the society, amused the hours that were spared from sacred studies.

“ The next object of attraction was New College, the approach to which is little promising of the grandeur which soon burst upon us. It is retired in its situation, and therefore appears the better calculated for a seat of study and contemplation; yet it contains so many internal beauties that the society can have no possible

wish to change their secluded retreat for the vicinity of places of more public resort.

“ New College was founded, in 1379, by that most munificent and venerable patron of literature and merit, William of Wykeham, a native of Hampshire, who long enjoyed the favour of Edward III. and rose at last to be Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England. Equally distinguished for religious zeal and political knowledge, he employed every power of his mind and every gift of fortune to the best and most honourable purposes. His foundations at Winchester and Oxford are his best eulogium, and will eternize his memory.

“ Wykeham was truly liberal at first, and lived to see his society flourishing; but considerable benefactions have been left since his time to this college, which now maintains a warden, seventy fellows, ten chaplains, sixteen choiristers, and some inferior members. The Bishop of Winchester is perpetual visitor.

“ We entered the first quadrangle by a portal. This court has a statue of Minerva in the centre, and is about one hundred and sixty-eight

feet long, and one hundred and twenty-nine broad; containing the chapel, the hall, the library, the warden's lodgings, and apartments for the fellows.

“ The chapel, by far the most beautiful and grand of any in Oxford, stands on the north side of the quadrangle. The anti-chapel is eighty feet long and thirty-six broad, supported by two fine moulded pillars. All the windows in this sacred pile are painted, and possess a great degree of merit and attraction, representing scripture characters, histories, &c. &c. but though in any other place they would deserve to be singly noticed, such is the superlative beauty of the west window, that we looked with indifference on all the rest.

“ This fine specimen of chaste design and elegant execution will be a lasting monument, though on glass, to the abilities of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted the cartoons, and Mr. Jervais, who transposed them on this noble window, which we cannot forbear describing in detail.

“ It consists of seven compartments in the

lower range, each three feet wide and twelve high, in which are painted the four cardinal and the three Christian virtues. *Temperance*, with the allegorical curb at her feet, pouring water out of a large into a smaller urn. *Fortitude* in armour, resting her right hand on a broken column with a lion couchant below for her attendant. *Faith* looking up to heaven and bearing a cross, the symbol of her hope.

“ The middle groupe represents *Charity*, and exhibits a fond mother dividing her attention among her children, with the most enchanting force of expression. Every figure here shows the passions of nature and the attitudes of life. Beyond this is *Hope* in the apparent act of springing forward to heaven, while her anchor, the common attribute, is seen in a corner. Next is *Justice* with her balance and sword piercing through the shade with steady and undazzled eye; and, lastly, *Prudence* holding a mirror to view the actions of others for the purpose of regulating her own. The arrow entwined with a remora, the respective emblems of speed and delay, from the extremes of which

Prudence is equally remote, appears on her right arm.

“ Grand, however, and highly impressive as these forcible delineations are, they form only the base of the design. The superstructure is the *Nativity*, a composition of thirteen human figures besides some animals, filling a space ten feet wide and eighteen high. No words can do justice to the animation and the attitudes of this groupe. The light thrown over the whole composition, is supposed to proceed from the body of the infant; after an original design of Corregio, as displayed in a picture preserved in the gallery of Dresden.

“ The remaining space on both sides is filled with an assemblage of persons in unison with the grand design. Among these we recognize the two artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Jervais. The former is a striking likeness of that honour to his country and to art.

“ The choir measures one hundred feet in length, thirty-five in breadth, and sixty-five in height. The altar-piece has lately been restored in the finest style of gothic workmanship, and

the whole fabric repaired and beautified in a corresponding manner, and at a most liberal expence. Over the communion table are five compartments of marble sculpture, in *alto-relievo* representing the salutation of the Virgin, the nativity of our Saviour, the taking down from the cross, the resurrection, and the ascension. The altar itself is of dove-coloured marble, twelve feet long and three broad. Here we were shown the crosier of the founder, which is in excellent preservation. It is of silver gilt, seven feet high, and enriched with a variety of gothic ornaments.

“ The organ is much admired for its tones ; and this chapel, in which there is cathedral service twice a day, at eight and six, is better attended both by strangers and inhabitants than any in Oxford.

“ The hall on the north-east of the quadrangle is handsomely wainscotted ; and, among other portraits, contains those of the illustrious founder, of William of Wainflete, and of Archbishop Chichele. It is honourable to the University in general to pay such respect to found-

ders and benefactors by having their pictures suspended in the most public apartments. No inconsiderable good effects result also from preserving the portraits of eminent men belonging to the respective societies: they serve as a monitor and a stimulus to laudable pursuits and generous emulation.

“ The library, which occupies a considerable part of the east side of the quadrangle, consists of two spacious apartments over each other, amply furnished with valuable books and several choice manuscripts.

“ By the middle gate we now entered the garden-court, which has a lively and elegant appearance. An iron gate and palisade are the western boundary of the garden; and through these the students who lodge in this building have a delightful view of an artificial mount, clothed with flourishing shrubs. The old city wall in a great measure surrounds the precincts of the college; at the bottom of the garden it serves as a noble fence.

“ Returning by the way we came, and passing the King's Arms Inn we arrived at Wadham

College. This was designed by Nicholas Wadham Esq. and endowed by Dorothy his widow in 1613. The society now consists of a warden, fifteen fellows, fifteen scholars, two chaplains, and sixteen exhibitioners. The visiter is the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

“ Being founded after the kingdoms of England and Scotland became subject to one sovereign a majority of the fellows may be elected from any county of Great Britain, which is not the case in scarcely any other college in Oxford. The fellows, however, are subject to a cruel statute, which obliges them to resign after having completed eighteen years from their regency. Another statute by which this society is governed deserves animadversion as savouring of monkish superstition: the warden is doomed to celibacy; or, if he contracts marriage he forfeits his station.

“ To return from this digression, Wadham College consists chiefly of one large quadrangle, whose symmetry and uniformity challenge admiration. Being comparatively a modern edi-

hice, few alterations or repairs have been necessary to alter the original design.

“ The hall is a fine, spacious, gothic, apartment, inferior to few in the university. The library presents nothing remarkable in its decorations or furniture.

“ The chapel at the north-east angle of the court is an extensive and venerable pile. The large window at the east end, by Van Ling, representing the passion of our Saviour, is of superior execution; nor are those on the sides much inferior in beauty.”

“ The painted cloth at the lower end of the altar is much admired as a singular curiosity. The ground is ash-colour, the lines and sides brown, and the lights white, executed in crayons, by Isaac Fuller. The colours after being laid on were pressed in with hot irons, and have thus obtained the solidity of oil painting. The design is masterly and represents the Lord's Supper, Abraham and Melchisedeck, and the children of Israel gathering manna in different compartments.

“ Returning up Broad-street soon reached

Trinity College, whose chapel front, down a wide avenue, fenced from the street with iron palisades, has a very fine effect. The tower is handsome, and under this we entered the first court, formed by the edifice just mentioned, the hall, president's lodgings, and library, which, in general, deserve a particular description.

“ The interior of the chapel is highly ornamented. The carvings of the cedar-screen and altar-piece, by the masterly hand of Gibbons, are in an exquisite taste.

“ In the centre of the ceiling is a representation of the Ascension, by a French artist. The altar-piece is, we believe, unique of the kind: it is the Resurrection of our Lord, in needle-work; a present from Miss Althea Fanshawe; and is executed with great taste and brilliancy of colouring, from a painting, by West, in Windsor chapel. On the north side of the altar, under an alcove, is the tomb of the founder and his lady, with their figures in alabaster. But what interested us more, was a small stone in the pavement, near the entrance of the chapel, sacred to the memory of Thomas Warton,

B. D. and poet laureat, who died fellow of this college, and whose genius, talents, and virtues, were a peculiar honour to the society, and reflect a lustre on the country that produced him. The writer of this dropt a tear on the spot that covers his remains: it was the tear of friendship, of gratitude, and veneration.

“ The library contains many valuable books. Some fine old painted glass appears in the windows.

“ The second court consists of three sides; that towards the garden, on the east, being open, in the manner of New College. This pile of building was planned by Sir Christopher Wren, and is not unworthy of that great architect,

“ The gardens are remarkably beautiful, consisting of two divisions, which furnish alternate shade and sun-shine. Here Chatham, Somers, and Harrington, caught the flame of patriotism, and felt the enthusiasm of genius.

“ Trinity College was founded, in 1594, by Sir Thomas Pope of Hertfordshire, privy counsellor to Queen Mary. The society consists of

a president, twelve fellows, and as many scholars, who have the Bishop of Winchester for their visitor. Five of the fellows may be elected from Oxfordshire.

“ Adjoining to Trinity, on the west, is Balliol college, founded by John Balliol of Bernard Castle, in Yorkshire, father of the king of Scotland, of the same name. Dying before he could carry his design into complete execution, his widow, Devorguilla, daughter of Alexander III. king of Scotland, endowed this society in 1284, with lands, which at that time did not amount to more than £. 27 : 9 : 4 per annum. The benefactors to this ancient * establishment have since been very considerable ; and, in particular, Warner, bishop of Rochester, and John Snell, Esq. founded several Scotch exhibitions, which at this time are as valuable as the generality of fellowships in the University ; and have been the means of drawing several youths of abilities from the north, who have, in former

* Balliol College is the most ancient regularly endowed society, in either University.

periods performed, and are now performing, an important and honourable part in the drama of life. The society now consist of a master, twelve fellows, fourteen scholars, and eighteen exhibitioners, who have the power of electing their own visiter.

“ We enter Balliol, which consists chiefly of one spacious court, by a gothic gate-way. The buildings on the east are more modern than the rest, and in this quarter stands the chapel, whose window, over the altar, represents the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Saviour.

“ In the master’s lodgings is a large gothic apartment, decorated with some ancient paintings. The library contains a large collection of choice books and curious manuscripts. To the westward of this court is a pile of detached buildings. That part, which fronts the street, is erected in a style of modern elegance, and contains some handsome apartments. It was built at the expence of Mr. Fisher, formerly a fellow of the society, which is recorded by this simple and unobtrusive inscription, *Verbum non amplius, Fisher.*

“ In the street opposite to this college, bishops Latimer and Ridley were burnt, in the reign of that sanguinary bigot, Mary. It is to be lamented that there is now no visible memorial of this horrid tragedy, which ought to be had in everlasting remembrance and detestation.

“ Turning up St. Giles’s, soon arrived at St. John’s College, founded by Sir Thomas White, alderman and merchant-taylor of London, who endowed it in 1557, with considerable revenues, which have since been much increased by other friends to learning. The society now consists of a president, fifty fellows, two chaplains, an organist, five singing men, and six choiristers. Youths, educated at Merchant-Tailors’ School, in London, have many exclusive privileges here, and the fellows are generally elected from among them, though not wholly. The visiter is the Bishop of Winchester.

“ By a grand gothic gate-way and tower we enter the first quadrangle, formed by the president’s lodgings on the east, the hall and cha-

pel on the north, and the lodgings of the members on the other two sides.

“ The chapel possesses a simple elegance, well adapted to its destination. Over the screen, which divides the anti-chapel from the choir, is a handsome new organ. The altar is of the Corinthian order; and over the communion-table is a charming piece of tapestry, from a painting of Titian, representing our Saviour and his two disciples at Emmaus. On the north side of the choir, in a marble urn, is the heart of Dr. Richard Rawlinson, a great benefactor to the college, inclosed in a silver vase.

“ A passage, on the east side of the first quadrangle, leads into the second, which has handsome piazzas, in the Grecian taste, on the east and west sides; and, in the centre of each, a magnificent gate-way, in a regular style of architecture, after the design of Inigo Jones.

“ The upper story of the south and east sides is devoted to the library, which, besides an amazing collection of books and manuscripts, contains some singular curiosities, particularly the picture of Charles I. with the book of

Psalm written in the lines of the face and the hairs of the head; a highly finished picture of St. John, in a composition resembling polished marble; a Chinese dictionary, and some valuable missals. The east window is decorated with several coats of arms.

“ The gardens belonging to this college, in extent and beauty, are inferior to none in the university. They received some touches from the masterly hand of Mr. Browne; and, being generously laid open to all who are inclined to walk in them, form one of the most pleasant promenades in this place.

“ From St. John's College proceeded up St. Giles's street. At the western extremity of this stands the Radcliffe Infirmary, built by the trustees of the generous physician whose name it bears, and chiefly supported by voluntary subscription. The building is neat rather than superb; but is capable of accommodating a considerable number of patients. An institution of this kind was much wanted, not only as public charity, but as a school for medical students;

and it certainly deserves every encouragement and support.

“ In a spacious inclosure, of ten acres, a gift from his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, adjoining to the Infirmary, stands the Radcliffe Observatory, a magnificent structure, built in an appropriate style, under the direction of the celebrated Mr. Wyatt. The situation is peculiarly favourable for astronomical observations, and the professor has elegant lodgings on the spot. The whole fabric is one hundred and seventy-five feet long, fifty-seven broad, exclusive of the portico, and at each wing twenty-four.

“ A semicircle springs from the north centre, which includes the hall, libraries, and lecture-room, in the two first stories. The third consists of an octangular tower, which, including the Atlas on the top of the pile, is fifty feet high; so that the entire elevation of this part is upwards of one hundred feet. Round this tower, which is extremely well lighted, are emblematic sculptures of the eight winds, after the manner of the Temple of the winds at Athens.

“ Three apartments, in the eastern wing, are appropriated to astronomical instruments, made by Bird, consisting of two quadrants, each of eight feet radius ; a transit instrument of eight feet, and a zenith-sector of twelve. The western wing contains a small set of instruments, for the use of students.

“ Though our long morning tour began to remind us of the want of refreshments, we were desirous to extend our route a little farther, to Worcester College. This was founded in 1714, by Sir Thomas Cookes, and the endowment was afterwards enlarged by Doctors Finney and Clarke, and Mrs. Eaton. The society now consists of a provost, twenty fellows, seventeen scholars, and other inferior members. The chancellor of the university is the visiter.

“ In point of amenity of situation, Worcester College is inferior to none in this university. It stands on a gentle elevation above the Isis and its surrounding meadows, at the western extremity of Oxford, and consequently is airy and salubrious. Its only inconvenience is the want of a direct and spacious communication with the city.

“ Though the grand design is not yet completed, this college makes a very handsome appearance. On entering the eastern portal, the chapel is on one side, and the hall on the other. The former has been recently fitted up under the direction of Mr. Wyatt, and does credit to his taste, and the liberality of the society. The library, a magnificent Ionic structure, is one hundred feet long, supported by a spacious cloister. Among the books, with which it is amply stored, is Inigo Jones’s copy of Palladio, with his own manuscript notes.

“ The chambers on the north are very elegant, and are fronted by a terrace, with a sunk area. On the north-west are the handsome lodgings of the provost. The view from this side is delightful. The southern range of buildings is comparatively low and ancient.

“ Passed New-Inn Hall, originally founded in 1349, and in modern times intended for a law seminary, but without success. It stands at the west end of the city, near the church of St. Peter in the Bailey. Opposite to this hall, we were shown the gate-way of a college of monks,

of the Augustine order, in which the great Erasmus resided some time.

“ Returned to our inn with keen appetites, and sat down to a good dinner, with an agreeable society, determined to content ourselves for the day with what he had seen. The discourse at table turned on the expences of an university education, and it was demonstrably proved, that port-wine, dinners, excursions, and the frippery of dress, amounted to twice as much as would pay every necessary call for the most complete academical institution. This is certainly the subject of regret ; but how is it to be prevented? Luxury prevades all ranks, and it is scarcely to be expected, that young men of warm imaginations and cultivated minds, should practise an abstemiousness in college, to which they are unaccustomed at home. We are aware that there are sumptuary regulations established here ; but we fear their good intention is often and easily evaded.

“ Having still a part of the colleges to visit, after a night's repose, we set out for Pembroke. This college is opposite to Christ Church grand

gate, and derives its name from the Earl of Pembroke, chancellor of the university in 1620. It was founded in that year, by Thomas Tesdale, of Glympton, near Woodstock; and Richard Whitwich, D. D. rector of Hsley in Berks, on the ancient site of Broadgate-hall.

“ Neatness, rather than grandeur, is the character of this college, which consists of two small courts. The chapel, though small, is a fine building of the Ionic order, with a beautiful altar-piece. The hall contains nothing remarkable; but the common room is delightfully situated. Among the benefactors to this society, which now consists of a master, fourteen fellows, and thirty scholars and exhibitioners, are Charles I. and Queen Anne. Of this college were Dr. Samuel Johnson and Judge Blackstone; and, had it never produced any other persons of eminence, those two names would entitle it to distinction. The chancellor of the university is the visitor.

“ Passing through Christ Church, which we saw with undiminished pleasure, came to Corpus

Christi College, on the east of that magnificent and extensive pile.

“ This college was founded in 1516, by Dr. Richard Fox, bishop of Winchester, and lord privy seal to Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Since that period it has had several benefactors, and now consists of a president, twenty fellows, two chaplains, twenty scholars, and other inferior members. The Bishop of Winchester is the visiter.

“ Corpus Christi College consists of one handsome quadrangle, and some elegant appendant buildings. The whole is modern, having been erected in 1706.

“ The hall on the east side of the quadrangle is of large dimensions, with beautiful gothic rafters. The chapel is of still greater extent, but is chiefly remarkable for its cedar-screen and altar-piece.

“ In the library we were shown the genuine crosier of the founder, in good preservation. Here too are many curious and valuable literary treasures; among the rest, a collection of the first editions of the classics.

“ A small grove of elms separates Corpus Christi from Merton College, one of the most ancient endowments in Oxford, which was founded in 1264, by Walter de Merton, lord chancellor of England. At first, part of the society was established at Malden, in Surrey, but finally removed to Oxford; and the statutes, originally framed, are still preserved in the college treasury; nor have they received alteration or addition since 1274. Indeed the laws, by which this society is governed, were found so excellent, that they formed the basis of similar regulations, both in this university and in Cambridge.

“ The members consist of a warden, twenty-four fellows, fourteen post-masters, four scholars, and two chaplains.

“ Merton College is composed of three courts, neither of which possesses much grandeur; though the inner court is spacious, and commands a delightful prospect over the meadows, from its southern windows. The garden terrace, formed on part of the ancient city walls, is

truly charming, and the gardens themselves are very agreeably laid out.

“ The library, which stands in the small old quadrangle, is replete with books, and some choice manuscripts.

“ The chapel, situated at the west end of the first quadrangle, is also the parish church of St. John Baptist de Merton, and is a fine large gothic pile, with a large tower and anti-chapel. Its dimensions are one hundred feet by thirty ; and it appears to have been originally designed for a much larger edifice. In this chapel are the monuments of Sir Thomas Bodley, Sir Henry Savile, Anthony à Wood, and others.

“ Adjoining to Merton, on the east, stands Alban Hall, so called from Robert de St. Alban, a citizen of Oxford. Among the eminent men who have been educated here, are William Lenthall, speaker of the long parliament, a native of Henley on Thames, and Dr. Lamplugh, archbishop of York.

“ Making a short turn, reached Oriel College, situated on the east of Christ Church. It was originally founded by Edward II. at the

request of his almoner, Adam de Brome, in the year 1324. Edward III. conferred on the establishment the messuage, called *Le Oriel*, and hence the present name. Subsequent benefactors have been numerous ; and the society now consists of a provost, eighteen fellows, and thirteen exhibitioners, having the lord high chancellor for their visiter.

“ *Oriel College* chiefly consists of one spacious and beautiful quadrangle, to which we enter on the west. On the north are the lodgings of the provost, on the east the hall, and the approach to the chapel, and on the other sides, are the apartments for the fellows and students.

“ The chapel is more distinguished for simple elegance than beauty. The eastern window represents the offerings of the magi, executed by Mr. Peckitt, from a design of the late Dr. Wall.

“ At the end of the garden court is an elegant building, lately erected for a library ; and the recent additions to the college here, display taste and beauty. The situation of *Oriel*, how-

ever, is rather too confined, as must be the case in a building so central.

“ On the north of this college stands St. Mary Hall, erected by Edward II. It consists of one neat and pleasant quadrangle, and contains a considerable number of students, several of whom are commonly of high rank. Many eminent men have received their education here, among whom are enumerated Sir Thomas More, Chancellor Hatton, Erasmus, and Sandys the traveller.

“ From St. Mary Hall, soon reached the High-street, and entering what is called the Turl, came to Lincoln College, standing beyond All-saint's church. This college was founded by Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln, in 1429, and the endowment was afterwards augmented by Thomas Rotheram, one of his successors in the same see, in the year 1478. Nathaniel Lord Crewe, bishop of Durham, was another very considerable benefactor to the society, which now consists of a rector and twelve fellows, besides other inferior members. The vi-

siter is the Bishop of Lincoln, for the time being.

“ Lincoln College consists of two courts. We enter the first under a tower. It is about eighty feet square, and is formed by the rector’s lodgings, the library, the common room, and the refectory. The inner, or south court, has likewise a communication with the street, and is a square of about seventy feet.

“ The hall is not deficient in beauty or size, and was wainscotted at the expence of Lord Crewe, whose arms, and those of the other contributors, are seen in different parts.

“ The library, on the north side of the exterior court, is handsomely fitted up, and contains a good collection of books, and some manuscripts of no small value.

“ But nothing, connected with Lincoln College, is so much admired as the chapel, built in 1630, by Dr. Williams, who was afterwards archbishop of York. It is situated on the south side of the inner-court. The cedar-screen is a singular curiosity: the ceiling is of the same kind of wood, and is embellished with the arms

of the founders and principal benefactors, intermixed with various devices and representations. The windows are all of painted glass, in which are portrayed many scripture characters; and in that over the altar are several histories from the sacred writings.

“ In a line with Lincoln, and adjoining, stands Exeter College, with an extensive front towards the street, and a magnificent gate and tower in the centre. The building consists principally of one large regular quadrangle, formed by the hall, the chapel, and the lodgings of the society.

“ This college was founded by Walter Stapleton, bishop of Exeter and lord treasurer of England, in 1316; and who, by statutes then established, ordered the fellows to be elected out of his own diocese. The present members consist of a rector, twenty-five fellows, one scholar, and two exhibitioners, who have the Bishop of Exeter for their visiter.

“ The library consists of two parts, and is amply stored with books.

“ The other appendages of this college are

well adapted to their respective destinations, but contain nothing particularly deserving of notice, after what we had already seen in the university.

“ The gardens are neatly laid out, and have a cheerful open appearance. From the terrace is a view of some of the most splendid academical buildings, which indeed surround this college.

“ Almost opposite is Jesus College, founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1571 ; and at the request of Dr. Price, a native of Wales, who bestowed considerable revenues on the original institution, while the queen granted several gifts and privileges for its speedier completion. Other lovers of learning followed in the same generous course ; so that the society now consists of a principal, nineteen fellows, and eighteen scholars, besides many exhibitioners. The Earl of Pembroke is visiter.

“ Jesus College has a handsome front, with a grand rustic gate-way ; and consists of two courts. The first court makes a good appearance, having the chapel on the north side and the hall on the west. The inner court is neat, and contains a well-furnished library and other apartments.

“ In the principal’s lodgings are some original paintings, particularly a Charles I. by Van-dyke. In the library are portraits of Dr. Hugh Price, and other benefactors to the college.

“ It is almost unnecessary to observe, that the gentlemen, who enter of this college, are commonly from the principality of Wales. It has produced many eminent men, who have distinguished themselves in the various departments of science and of life.

“ Having now finished our tour of Oxford, we conclude with the wish for its welfare, conveyed in the following lines :

“ O ! may fair SCIENCE in these precincts smile,
And shed her lustre o’er this happy isle :
To guard the laws, religion’s flame maintain,
Still may worth issue from her fostering reign.
Rais’d as a barrier ’gainst th’ insidious band,
Here may the Christian chieftians take their stand,
Repel the arrows of the threat’ning foe,
And bring the champions of confusion low.”

MAJOR’S BLENHEIM.

LETTER XXXI.

Cambridge, October.

Nothing in the way of local intelligence can be added to the information given in a former letter. But my visit to this town has been marked by other circumstances both of a literary and political nature, which my heart will not allow me to omit.

The companion of my excursion to Cambridge is a man, the loss of whose society I must continue to regret from the hour of separation to that of our re-union. He joined me as the coach passed Newmarket, after the stop I had made at the inn where the adventure of the poor grey-bearded poney took place.

And never had traveller more reason to felicitate himself on a social accident than had your

Friend on meeting with this entertaining and estimable man, who had been chaplain of the VENERABLE, and was both namesake and relative to the gallant Admiral who commanded that ship, which gained one of the most signal victories in the august annals of our naval glory.

Dr. Alexander Duncan, after three arduous and important campaigns had been terminated on board that triumphant flag-ship, had, the morning that we met, left this illustrious kinsman to visit his own family in a remote part of Scotland. His conjugal and paternal feelings were concerned in this dispatch for a wife and children long separated, but yet longer beloved, awaiting a father and a husband with the sweet impatience of affection ; and I soon saw that he had a heart which responded in every vein to their solicitude.

I have formerly given you an idea of the velocity of the public vehicles, which we call Stage Coaches, and you will therefore be the better able to determine how favourable they

are to a father, hastening to his family, after long absence, the whole term of which has been passed in perils by land and by water. Judge then, how deep must have been the disappointment of my fellow-traveller, when, on arriving at Cambridge, he found that not any of the public coaches which travel the North road could accommodate him with a seat till the morning of the second day. The intermediate time could be reconciled to Dr. Duncan only by that suavity of disposition and resignation of temper, which formed a distinguishing feature of his character. But, by help of these auxiliaries, he has beguiled the time between, so as to render it consolatory to himself, and in the highest degree interesting to your correspondent.

In our swift-*flight* — I had almost called it from Newmarket to Cambridge — the Doctor poured forth the tribute of a feeling and honest heart to the private and public virtues of his noble kinsman, Lord Duncan. “ His *goodness*, Sir,” said he “ would have gained him the love and honour of all good men who should have

come within its influence, had no public events taken place to crown him with professional glory. I am repairing to my wife and children, Sir," continued he, with an ardour of expression and tone, which gave both the *sense* and *sound* of unquestionable truth — "to fold them in my arms, and press them fondly to my bosom, after so many, many years of division, will be a joy, for which words are yet to be made! but, were I touching the end of my journey, yea, within sight of the house where I left, and in which I have prayed fervently to God I may find them all well, I will not say, that I would turn back without hastening to hear and to see them — but I will say, that if my Lord Duncan thought my return or personal attendance, at sea or on shore, necessary to him, in any possible way, I would measure back my steps with redoubled speed. He has been to me, as indeed he was to all the ship's company, a friend and a father."

This declaration, with its accompaniments, will give you, as it gave to me, the characters of the describer and the described: I beheld a

living portrait of each before me; and, as on enquiry I find there is every reason to rely on the painter, whoever sees this brief sketch will be in possession of an etching of two valuable pictures.

In course of the first evening he related a variety of circumstances, which fell under his own observation while on board the Venerable, both before and after the glorious 11th of October. As some of these are calculated to afford you a yet farther display of the character and manners of our English Tars, I will subjoin them.

The bravery of the men in general, amidst the agonies of wounds, and at the very moment of death, could never have been credited, the Doctor says, by *himself*, had he not been an eye and ear witness. "You are not to imagine I was circumscribed to the narrow bound of my clerical office," said he. "In the day of blood I was on triple duty, alternately acting as sailor, chaplain, and surgeon's assistant, when the battle might too truly be said to bleed in every vein. I was now called upon to minister to the

recoverable, now the irrecoverable. Believe me, Sir, not a *complaint* followed the gashed flesh or lost limbs of the first, nor a *regret* for departing existence mingled in the fleeting breath of the last. A mariner of the name of Covey was brought down to the surgery deprived of both his legs ; and it was necessary, some hours after, to amputate still higher." " I suppose those d—d scizzars will finish the business of the bullet, master mate ?" — " Indeed, my brave fellow," cried the surgeon, " there is some fear of it." " Well, never mind," cried Covey, interposing, " I've lost my legs, to be sure, and mayhap may lose my life ; but we beat the Dutch ; d—n me, we have beat the Dutch, this blessed day my legs have been shot off ! — So I'll e'en have another cheer for it — huzza ! huzza !"

" There were several women on board the Venerable while in action ; amongst these a sailor's wife was shot at the side of her husband, while at his gun. Another young woman had the lanthorn-bottle shot from her hand, while she was holding it for the surgeon to

dress her father's wounds, and perceiving him look terrified, she ran to her father and cried, "If you have not received any more hurt, never mind the lanthorn.—I am safe and sound, thank God—but how are you, O father! how are you?"

Example, always important, has perhaps a more extraordinary influence on the mind in the excitement of professional courage, than in any other case. There it seems to be in the zenith of its power, and exemplifies what I had observed on a former occasion.

* Confederate courage forms th' embattled line,
Firm on each side connecting passions join :
'Tis *social* danger either troop inspires,
'Tis *social* honour either army fires,
'Tis *social* glory burnishes the van,
'Tis *social* faith spreads on from man to man.

Dr. D. told me of a gallant little boy, who, while one of the sailors was under the hands of the surgeon, went down to be relieved for a wound he had received in the cheek. "Pray go on with the poor man's dressing, Sir," said the youthful hero, "he has lost a limb; I have

* SYMPATHY, Book 2d.

only got a little slap on the face." The gash was deep, and the blood was gushing from it in torrents into the poor boy's mouth while he spoke.

The description of the *general* bravery of the crew in the brilliant action of the eleventh of October — during which our Admiral appeared in the most distinguished and conspicuous manner — can be surpassed in its effect upon a mind, such as yours, my Friend, only by the account of the desolation of the victor as well as the vanquished ships, *after the battle was gained by the former!*

The Doctor represented the latter as a wreck of human nature, and human art *. That the



* Our grand naval superiority has excited the envy and jealousy of all nations as much as it has expanded the glory of our own. It seems, indeed, at this moment, to be the object of all the European powers, however discordant their views and principles may be in other respects, to unite in resisting that homage to the British flag, which for a long succession of ages they were either constrained to pay or tacitly to yield. But in the language of one of our most

vessels fore and aft, from the stem to the stern were clogged with carcasses, and that the scuppers were running with blood in such torrents, that the foot of caution itself could not move without receiving some sanguinary mark; and, finally, that multitudes of beings, in the pride of their days, and who never met, scarcely in the same hemisphere, till the moment of battle, were now covered with wounds, and so defaced and disfigured, that the surviving mariner was unable to distinguish his messmate, the father his son, or the son his father!

Such, my Friend, is defeat; and such, alas,

distinguished Senators*, "I have no hesitation in saying that it is the charter of our existence, the banner under which we should all rally; it is the flag, which, imitating the example of our gallant Seamen, we should nail to the mast of the nation, and go down with the vessel, rather than strike it."

* MR. SHERIDAN.

is victory ! Ah, my Friend ! let us seek consolation in less painful parts of the subject.

The two following circumstances, which I draw from the source whence I derived the former anecdotes, are so truly descriptive of the high and subordinate Sons of the Waves, as they are proud to call themselves, that to pass them over would militate against my plan to shew you all orders of my countrymen, as nature and habits have made them.

After the capture of the fleet, as the Dutch Admiral was ascending the side of the Venerable, to do homage to the British Conqueror, a sailor, who had been on the watch some time, no sooner saw De Winter mounting the vessel, than he eagerly thrust his head from an open port-hole, and exclaimed :—“ Mynheer Admiral, we have been long on the look-out for you, and I am glad to see you, with all my heart — you will be kindly received on the quarter-deck, I am positive — so you ought to be, for you fought us like a dragon, and knocked us about with your balls like nine-pins, as you ought to do — for which, I hope, you will let me have the

first shake of your honourable fist, seeing I have been standing at this port-hole, on and off, for these two hours." De Winter presented his hand, and the English sailor received it respectfully.

Lord Duncan's reception of his venerable captive was an interesting sight. The former stood ready at the border of the ship to offer him the embrace of a generous victor, fully sensible of the achievements of the vanquished. De Winter was much moved; and, after much hesitation, exclaimed,—“O Admiral! you see before you the only Dutch naval commander ever taken alive—but why should I droop?—a thousand open mouths of my ship, and of yours also, bear witness, and will all speak for me. They will certify that I did not quit the former till she was a wreck.”

The Doctor assured me that had STORY, another of the Dutch Admirals, remained ten minutes longer, he must have been taken.

I mentioned to you, in a summary way, the political *importance* of the victory of my Lord Duncan, in a former letter; and, probably,

many accounts have since met your eye ; but I have never seen or heard any report at once so affecting and impressive, and certainly none more authentic than that which was made by Dr. Duncan to the Sailors, in a Naval Sermon, delivered on board the Venerable, and of which the Author favoured me with a copy.

The part to which I particularly allude, is introduced, in a most awful manner, by a verse from Scripture :—

“ *Every battle of the warrior*” says the Prophet, “ *is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood.*” No wonder that this should be the case, when two adverse fleets met on the ocean, so nearly on equal terms, composed of the two bravest nations on earth !

“ It is allowed by those who had the opportunity of beholding, as we have had, my brave countrymen, that there never was a harder fought battle on the face of the great deep. Without the loss of one moment, the British fleet made towards the enemy on getting sight of the signal made by the gallant officer who was watching their motions.

“ On approaching, we saw the hostile foe in a line of battle ready to receive us. *Bear down and cut through the enemy's line!* — was the signal our Admiral ordered to be hoisted, — and engage them to leeward in close action, every ship her opponent. It was repeated by the Vice-Admiral *, and on board the Venerable it remained for one hour and an half till shot away ; never was a fleet led into action with greater courage, never was any one continued with more determined bravery. The British Admirals displayed the greatest heroism and magnanimity. They will live for ever in the remembrance of a grateful country, so will those officers who nobly fought their ships in close action, by which means that glorious victory has been obtained, which hath spread universal joy and gladness through the whole British empire. At a particular period of this severe and hot action, the Venerable was placed in a most criti-

“ Onslow, now Sir Richard

cal situation, surrounded by the enemy's ships, enveloped in thick smoke, bordering on darkness itself; the astonished spectators lost sight of her for some considerable space, anxious beyond measure for her safety; and while dreading some fatal disaster, lo! she emerged like the sun from behind a cloud, not indeed spreading her genial influences like that glorious luminary, but striking terror into her enemies by the thunder of her well-directed artillery."

The effect of such an harangue, in language which all might comprehend — and at such a moment — the auditors, still on the bosom of the ocean, and in the very ship where they had been so recently engaged in the "battle of the warrior," — that ship, too, almost a wreck — and in presence of the commanding officers, both of the British and Dutch fleets — the effect, I say, Baron, of such an address, attended by such circumstances, can hardly be pictured by the most glowing imagination. It admirably prepared the minds of the crew; a prayer, in which, the Doctor said, they seemed unanimously to attend, even with a holy reverence of

silence that might be *felt*, though not heard — and when he pronounced the following apostrophe to the Supreme, every heart seemed alternately to bow down and lift itself up in supplication.

“ O Thou, whose dominion ruleth over all. The stormy winds and tempestuous waves obey thee. Often have we experienced thy kind protecting providence, while plowing the pathless ocean by night and by day. Thou hast covered our heads in the day of battle, thou hast crowned us with victory and success. To thee, the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battle, who givest the victory to whomsoever thou plearest, to thy great and worthy name we devoutly ascribe the honour and the praise. In testimony of our heartfelt gratitude and love to thee — the Grand Disposer of all events! may we henceforth make thy precepts the rule, and thy glory the aim of all our actions. Hasten the happy period, we pray thee, O God, when nation shall not rise up against nation, neither shall they learn the art of war any more, when they shall turn their swords into plough-shares, and their

spears into pruning-hooks : O that the contending powers of the earth may lay aside their mutual animosities, that they would learn to cultivate the art of peace, rather than the art of war. O that they may be actuated with true benevolent principles and sentiments, and soon embrace each other with the out-stretched arms of universal benevolence. That they may dwell together in harmony and concord. That mutual love and social intercourse may succeed the miseries attending discord and dissension.

“ We would at this time, O God, with compassionate hearts, mingle the sympathetic tear with all those who have lost their near and dear relations, who have died around us in the bed of honour. Thou art the Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow. Pour into their hearts the balm of consolation, raise up friends to them in the time of their necessity. Give speedy relief and perfect recovery in thy good time to all those who are now languishing in their wounds. May their lives be preserved to praise thy name in the land of the living ; and may a generous public, for whom they

fought, for whom they bleed, liberally provide for their sustenance and support !”

Of the ungovernable joy with which the news of this victory was received and celebrated by the PUBLIC throughout every part of the empire, we have perhaps no parallel in our naval history, unless *that* which, at the moment I am writing, may be brought into competition — the sublime victory of Nelson *. To my feeling, there is no part of the action on the 1st of August — though the whole was glorious — that may be compared for sublimity with the very first sentence in his Lordship’s letter to the Admiralty, wherein he ascribes the victory to Almighty GOD !

After what I have formerly, and now said, of both these noble asserters of our marine do-

* It is singular enough, that, while I was entering with the Doctor on the subject of Lord Duncan’s victory, the news arrived at Cambridge of that which covers Lord Nelson with laurels. On which occasion, both the town and the university — no very common case I am told — entered into a gorgeous competition which should most out-blaze the other in signs and tokens of loyalty.

minions, it is a species of tautology to say, I partake, in common with my countrymen, a warm interest in the honours which have been paid to Lord Duncan, and his associates in victory! In truth, I would rather see them enlarged than diminished. The public rejoicings which I have just noticed, as consequent on the action, did credit, I will not say simply, to the loyalty, but to the *patriotism* of the country: and the contributions — which were heaps of gold, made for the widows and orphans — is yet more honourable to the feelings of Englishmen.

His Majesty's visit to the Nore would have been complicated with many interesting circumstances, to himself, his family, and his people. He would have seen the great *bulwarks of the Island** returned with satisfied hearts to a sense of their duty, and been an eye-witness to the most brilliant *proofs* of their allegiance. And these testimonies of their sincerity would have been seen in the very place where, a few months

* See Letter XVI. of this volume.

before, their desertions threatened ruin to the land they had now protected : and though a *pardon* or *commission*, taken by Captain Fairfax, to the condemned seamen, was an action worthy of the authority from whence it came, had the mercy been dispensed to these mistaken men by his Majesty in *person* — surrounded by the brave Protectors of the empire, it would have been one of the most touching events that can ever be expected to happen to any man, or to any monarch. There is, nevertheless, a point at which even the applauses of the brave should stop. The brightest victory is purchased with the blood of our countrymen and friends ; and while nature and patriotism mourn for *them*, humanity must extend her sigh even to our slaughtered foes. The visit to St. Paul's, therefore, if it had been conducted as a *pageant*, would have been improper ; not a few might have thought it impious : but if, on the other hand, it was intended as a solemn aspiration of the public mind for PEACE, unaccompanied by any indecorous pomps of procession, or clamorous applause, there is not a heart which would

not have been elevated in earnest prayer for the attainment of the only blessing which, after all our victories, *can save our country*. And this is the *only* blessing which has any relish of *salvation* in it for us still! God speed it.

In the mean time, you will heartily join with me in the eulogy pronounced by my Lord COKE, more than a century ago, when the navy of this country distinguished itself for the character which you see it has ever since invariably and proudly maintained: "The King's navy exceeds all others in the world for **THREE** things, viz: beauty, strength, and safety. For *beauty*, they are so many royal palaces; for *strength*, (no part of the world having such iron and timbers as England hath), so many mooring castles and barbicans; and, for *safety*, they are the most defensive walls of the realm. Amongst the ships of other nations, they are like lions amongst silly beasts, or falcons amongst fearful fowl."

You have, no doubt, heard of our intention, to perpetuate the glorious victories of the British navy, by a grand column or monumental pile, intended to display trophies descriptive of our

late success over the Fleets of France, Holland, and Spain. The British Poets will, of course, woo the British Muse in all the varied world of song. The Gleaner claims no other merit from what follows, than that of having been, so far as he knows, the first to touch the lyre on this animating occasion.

INSCRIPTION.

LONG as BRITANNIA's wave-bound CLIFFS shall
stand,

Long as her earth-subjecting SEAS shall flow,
Long as her scepter'd FLEETS those seas command,
Or aught of Glory shall remain below,

So long this Structure, to her Chiefs sublime,
Shall lift the thought, and fix the wand'ring eye;
And when ETERNITY shall vanquish TIME,
Those Chiefs shall claim a triumph in the sky.

Spirits of Albion shall the trophies raise,
Not form'd of column'd clouds, or pillar'd air,
Not slightly twin'd with perishable bays,
But angel hands a deathless wreath prepare.

For tho' the wretch who wades to power through blood,
Shall feel the MURDERER's pangs, tho' thrones were
giv'n,

Tho' wanton conquest stain the blushing flood,

WHO SAVE THEIR NATIVE LAND ARE DEAR TO
HEAV'N.

Distinguish'd these amidst the realms of rest,
And grav'd in characters divine their name,
Seraphs of *happiest* note, where *all are blest*,
And crown'd with fullness of celestial fame.

. It is hoped and believed, that, when "Grim visaged War" shall cease to drench our laurels in the blood of our heroes, this magnificent tribute of national gratitude will be carried into execution; but, in case the tremendous power which drains that blood, should, also, exhaust the *treasures* of the country, and leave us no cause to mark even our victories by a *memorial of triumph*, the very intention of a plan so noble deserves praise; and there may be something of patriotism in preserving, by every possible means, even an outline of the *design and idea*, as set forth in the public prints of this country:

"NAVAL PILLAR, under the auspices of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.— As the intended national structure in commemoration of our naval victories, while it proclaims to future ages the glorious achievements of our naval and marine heroes, should also be a monument of national taste, and exhibit a specimen of British Art, in that improved state to which it has been raised during the reign, and under the immediate auspices of our beloved Sovereign—and therefore, that the honour of giving the design for a work of such magnitude and importance, may be open to all, and the genius and talents of the country fairly exerted, artists of every description are hereby solicited to offer designs for this purpose, consisting of plans, elevations, sections, and such other drawings as may be necessary to explain fully the idea of the Artist. — It is proposed that the altitude of the pillar, obe-

GLEANINGS IN ENGLAND.

lisk, or whatever form may be adopted, shall be two hundred feet; and, in order that the view of this edifice may not be intercepted by buildings, or other obstructions, it is proposed to be placed within an extensive area, upon a mound or basement thirty feet high, to be ascended by flights of steps on four sides. Tablets for inscriptions must be provided, and suitable trophies and other decorations introduced; but, as a profusion of ornament is incompatible with buildings of this magnitude and character, a chaste and classical simplicity in its embellishments, as well as its general form, is particularly requested. — For the design which shall be deemed by the Committee the most appropriate, a gold medal, value thirty guineas, will be given; the sum of twenty guineas will also be given to the next in merit; and fifteen to the third. — The drawing to be made to a scale of a quarter of an inch to a foot. They are to be delivered, with a proper description, on or before the 20th of December next; each design being accompanied with a sealed letter, with a motto or mark on the cover, corresponding with a similar one on the drawing to which it is attached.



At the moment in which this sheet is sent for revision, I learn, that the fleets of Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, late our "good and *magnanimous* Allies," are become our declared or covert enemies; so that we now have the whole world of waters pouring in torrents upon us. If our long-maintained sovereignty of the seas can cope with these, her Naval Pillar would indeed merit the homage of the universe. But, even then, unless PEACE should be the result, our victory abroad would be our defeat at home.

P. S. — Respecting our seats of learning, however, you are not to be misled by any descriptions of my ingenious Friend, nor by any yet more seducing images in your own fancy, into an opinion, that all who live either near to, or on the classic ground or academic groves are therefore learned, or that Science spreads her sacred influence, or Wisdom extends her sway, so as to encroach on the realms of IGNORANCE. No, truly ! the territory of that mighty potentate is within sound of Great Tom ; and it has even been said, she has some possessions in the colleges themselves.

For instance, an opulent yeoman, who farmed his own estate in the vicinity of the sister university, being pricked down for sheriff of the county, entered on the exercise of this honourable office, by *improving* his house and grounds instead of *improving* his mind. The architect, &c. being sent for, he took him into the best parlour, and, pointing out at a window, “ Now, Mr. What-dy’e-call-um,” said he, “ I want you to cut a *whiskey* through these trees, that my daughter Moll may stand in the middle of the

room and see *Oxen*." The improver was confounded, and knew not what to reply; but, at last, he made out, that he was to cut a *vista* through the trees to give Molly a view of *Oxford*.

When the same *sage* sheriff went to meet the Judges, and to conduct them into the city, having been invited to take a seat in their Lordships coach, he immediately addressed one of them whom he knew, by saying, " Mr. Judge, I am glad to see you — how does Mrs. Judge do, and the Miss Judges," alluding to his wife and daughters. Then turning to the other, he *very politely* asked, " Be you a Judge, or be you a Sergeant?" " Why, Mr. Sheriff," said his Lordship, " do you put that question to me?" " Because," said he, " they sometimes *fobs us* off here with a serjeant."

It would be endless to detail the *wise* and *witty* sayings of this *able* and *intelligent* civil magistrate. On his return from visiting the fleet at Portsmouth, (the most distant and the only journey he probably ever undertook beyond the limits of three or four market towns where he

had business), one of his friends enquired what sights he had seen. "O," said he, "I have seen strange huge houses floating on the water, called ships." "Do you remember the names of any of the ships now in harbour?" "Faith they are too hard for me to speak in general; but two of them were called the *All-sides*, and the *Buz-fore*." These, on investigation, appear to be the *Alcides* and *Bosphorus* men of war.

Neither are you to imagine that

"Cam's smooth margin and the peaceful vale,"

inspire only those whom science summons to her "cloyster's pale," as university students; a friend and townsman of your Correspondent's, even though an alderman* — to which character the vulgar prejudice of my country attaches a love of good feasting, rather than of good poesy — is distinguished by the Muse. With that modesty which marks real merit in general,

* Mr. IND.

and my Friend in particular, I have drawn from him "his slow leave" to offer you a proof of my assertion, in the two following original sonnets; the first of which will give every lover of genius a pain, that the second will sweetly remove.

SONNET, written whilst a report prevailed of
the Death of Mrs. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

" A VOICE I hear, soft whisp'ring in the gale,
Slowly as musing thro' the grove I stray,
" Far from the earth, see winged hosts convey,
The muse-lov'd Poetess of Arun's vale."

Thou gentle river! by whose murm'ring stream
Rov'd the sad Songstress many a low'ring day,
Suiting her sorrows to some mournful theme,
Yet fondly viewing hope's delusive ray;
No more her feet shall press thy margin green,
No more her song thy solemn shades invite,
Wearied with scenes of toil, to realms serene
Her plaintive spirit takes its happy flight:
Ah! there admitted to celestial quires,
Sweet sonnets she attunes to golden lyres."

SONNET addressed to Mrs. CHARLOTTE SMITH, the report of her Death being without foundation.

“ And read the book of destiny amiss.”

ASKIN.

“ FAIR Poetess! forgive the hasty zeal
 That urg’d the muse, seeking the cypress gloom,
 To gather flowers of fragrance for thy tomb:
 My heart, from sorrow, early learn’d to feel.
 In haunt forlorn and drear, when merit pin’d,
 Or heav’n-born genius press’d an early bier:
 For oft the lyre would soothe my pensive mind,
 And oft its sweet song charm my list’ning ear:
 Now livelier notes breathe softly thro’ the gale;
 Aruna’s Songstress* re-attunes the reed.
 The bird of ev’ning thus the well-known vale
 Cheerful reviews, when wint’ry storms recede;
 Pleas’d to the moon’s lone beam to pour her voice,
 Whilst rapture swells the song, and all the woods
 rejoice.”

* I have the happiness to inform you, that this delightful Poet is still preserved to the British Muse.

LETTER XXXII.

St. Ives, Nov. 1798.

“ Where the mild Ouze’s gentle murmurs flow,
Beside those hills where rural blessings reign,
View’d from the sacred edifice below,
Where rest our friends from sorrow and from pain.”

THIS stanza, truly descriptive of the scene, and by a worthy native * of the place, shall stand as the motto of what follows my dear Friend.

The ride from Cambridge to St. Ives †, in

* Edward Ind, Esquire, who contributed the elegant sonnets addressed to Charlotte Smith, and other poetic favours.

† It is said to take its name from a Persian bishop, who, about the year 600, came over to England, preached the gospel, and died at this place. And it appears from an old Saxon coin, in the Philosophical Transactions, that it had formerly a mint; and was, also, once noted for its medicinal waters. Here Oliver Cromwell rented a farm before he was chosen a Burgess of Cambridge.

point of *roads*, and, indeed, through every part of Huntingdonshire, in which this town is situated, is, perhaps, the best of a kingdom where all are more or less good. The whole of the twelve miles, which is the exact distance between the two places, has the firmness, and even the delicacy, of a garden walk; and the soft level of the meadow-lands which often form the border on each side, would, in the eye of a foreign traveller, give it the air of a grand path-way to the mansion of some magnificent signior, or even the palace of the Sovereign, cut through his pleasure-grounds.

Of the general prospects, however, to be seen in the course of those four English leagues, truth will not allow the faithful historians of the country to say much: and of this place, one of its principal towns, still less. And although, for reasons I shall soon explain, I have a warm wish to do the best I can for it, neither my own experience, nor the description of others, can assist the report of its being reckoned the most considerable market for cattle in Eng-

land, except Smithfield; and that it is four miles from Huntingdon.

From all the important local circumstances of this county, I have great pleasure in being able to promise you full information, from a very respectable and ingenious gentleman *, who has been long and laboriously employing himself in a history of the county, with the laudable design of doing justice to some parts which have suffered from misrepresentation, and of giving a fair and candid description of the whole. Various public and private causes have protracted, and are still likely to delay, the publication of this work; but, from a generous outline which I am permitted to communicate to you, you will judge what copious sheaves may be expected, when I can send you his whole harvest.

The author purposes to offer the natural history and antiquities of the county, and will be found to have judiciously distributed his

* Reverend Mr. Hutchinson of Holywell, Hunts.

book into well arranged compartments ; namely, the Vegetable, Animal, and Fossil Kingdom — Meteorology, Healthfulness, and Longevity — Life of eminent Persons — Nobility, &c. — Seats — Arts — Antiquities, British, Roman, Saxon, Danish — a Glossary and Etymology of the names of places and parishes.

Of the *Antiquities* of this county, Mr. H. very sensibly observes, by way of general introduction to that compartment of his work which will be one of the most considerable, that the contemplation of past times gives a secret pleasure to the mind, and which, though only the studious cultivate, all men feel. An ancient building falling to decay, raises sensations in the breast more interesting than that very building produced in them who viewed it new from the workman's hands. An old record or inscription, in an original tongue, though not so soon conceived, has something like the same effect. The pleasure arising from these two circumstances indulged, leads men to the study of what is called Antiquities, which makes the subject Mr. H. has discussed with such diligence. He

adds, " that what is known of the respective inhabitants of the world before the flood, can *only* be known from the sacred history, as all the monuments of art, though not of nature, by that dreadful visitation, were swept away. But the replenishing the earth in the ages succeeding that period can be proved from thence and from other testimonies.

The universal spirit of emigration and colonization which necessarily then took place, was unfavourable to building ; and the more durable works of art, if we except one, which, though not now to be seen, was visible for some ages afterwards, namely, the town of Mesopotamia, were erected with an intent to preserve the new generation of men, when they descended from the hills, from the like catastrophe which had so recently overwhelmed the old."

In process of the botanical part of the history, which forms a most important investigation, he goes at some length into a new question :— whether the soil of Huntingdonshire be not highly favourable to the culture of hops ? which he has shewn rises in every part of the county ; of

which, the reader may expect to see the *habitats*, as botanists call it, and proofs of its ripening in many places to perfection. Some of the Roman reliques are to be found on the spot on which the rectory of this gentleman stands — It is on an encampment, which, in the time of Ostorius, was deformed by all the horrors, and agitated by all the tumults of war, and is now a peaceful mansion — and, of course, the fables or facts, which connect with the Holy-well, in his own church-yard, are not forgotten.

Several specimens of Roman pottery are continually found on any fresh opening of the ground without his garden; however, though, in general, the pottery is found so small that it is difficult for people, unacquainted with the sight of such objects, to say to what species they belong; yet some are now found sufficiently large to discover them to be evident fragments of urns, and many of the dishes, plates, or sacrificing patera.

Neither has the ingenious and reverend author neglected to vindicate the aspersed *air* of this county; his observations on which are

humourously but good-naturedly introduced by some animadversions on the strange omission of our great and justly celebrated antiquary, the late Mr. Grose; who, by a singular mistake, says, in his introduction to *Cambridgeshire*, that "the southern or higher part of the county is very healthful, but the northern or lower part not so, on account of its fens and marshes." The like comparison, it is possible, he would have made between the western and eastern of the county of Huntingdon, had he recollected that there was such a county as Huntingdonshire in England: but he has entirely forgot to give it a place in his useful work, though he might have been reminded that such a district existed by the publisher of his Maps; who has given, as usual, that part of the county of Huntingdon which *borders* on Cambridgeshire, to which Mr. Grose has given a part of Huntingdonshire.

There can be no doubt but that swampy situations in hot or warm climates, as at Barbadoes and other of the West India islands, or in the campagna of Rome, are in one season of the

year very unhealthful ; but it may be satisfactory to find a certain data that the swampy or temporary inundated parts of England do not much afflict the inhabitants with serious illness ; or, if they do, it will be of use to shew to what degree, and what the remedy. The comparing a few particular instances of the longevity of the inhabitants of the one county to the like few instances of another, does by no means fully reach the point in question, as original stamina and habitual moderation has more to do with it, perhaps, than climate and local situation. But the air of that place in reality is most healthful, which will tend to conduct, with some degree of certainty, most people beyond the middle period of life ; and this can best be known by comparing the number of burials in the uninterrupted course of some years, with the number of its inhabitants during the same time.

And it is on this plan Mr. H. has proceeded through the several districts of his county. I shall offer an abridged account of the estimate of Brington, which is situate in the hundred of Leightonstone.

The number of inhabitants, by actual enumeration, is now 119; and, in the course of the last twenty years, it appears there have died 36 persons; therefore, about one out of 66 die annually. Now births are to burials (as appears in Derham's Table) in the Old, Middle, and Lower March, in Germany, as 1,9 to 1. Therefore, Brington, in point of health, only falls about one tenth short of the most favoured part of Europe, and probably of the whole world. It exceeds Cranbrook in Kent, and Aynho in Northamptonshire, two tenths, which were the favoured parishes mentioned by him in England.

From a result of the whole, he concludes, that the county of Huntingdon, in general, is by no means so inauspicious to health as may have been imagined, and that some parts have exceeded the most favoured of England. By the whole of these and every other calculation made of the numbers in animal life, we find that the learned and pious Derham's observations are just — viz. that though the whole surface of our globe can afford room and support

only to such a number of all sorts of living creatures ; and that if, by doubling, trebling, or any other multiplication of their *kind*, they should increase to double or treble the number, they must starve, or devour one another, the balance of the animal world is throughout all ages kept even, and by a curious harmony and just proportion between the increase of all animals, and the length of their lives, the universe is through all ages supplied but not overstored.

It appears, indeed, from the best estimates in Europe, and, perhaps, through the globe, that there is a certain rate and proportion in the propagation of mankind. Such a number marry, so many are born, such a number die, in proportion to the number of persons in every nation, county, or parish.

NOTE.

The proportions which marriages bear to births, and births to burials, in divers parts of Europe, may be seen at an easy view in this Table :—

<i>Names of the Places.</i>	<i>Marriages to Births as</i>	<i>Births to Burials.</i>
England in general	1 to 4 63	1 12 to 1
London	1 to 4	1 to 1 1
Hampshire from 1659 to 1658	1 to 4	1 2 to 1
Tiverton, in Devon, 1560 to 1649	1 to 3 7	1 26 to 1
Cranbrook, in Kent, 1560 to 1649	1 to 3 9	1 6 to 1
Aynho, in Northamptonshire, for 118 years	1 to 6	1 6 to 1
Leeds, in Yorkshire, 122 years	1 to 3 7	1 7 to 1
Harwood, in Yorkshire, 57 years	1 to 3 4	1 23 to 1
Upminster, in Essex, 100 years	1 to 4 6	1 8 to 1
Frankfort, on the Main, in 1695	1 to 3 7	1 2 to 1
Old, Middle, and Lower March, in 1698	1 to 3 7	1 2 to 1
Dominions of the K. of Prussia in 1698	1 to 3 7	1 5 to 1
Breslaw, in Siberia, from 1687 to 1691	- - -	1 6 to 1
Paris, in 1670, 1671, 1672	1 to 4 7	1 to 1 6

This Table shews that marriages, one with another, do each of them produce about four births, not only in England, but in other parts of Europe also. Mr. King's estimate is, that about one in 104 marry, for he judges the number

of the people in England to be about five millions and a half, of which, 41,000 annually marry. But Major Grant, whose conclusions seem to be well-grounded, makes, in London, 140 males to 13 females: but Mr. King allows only 10 males to 13 females in London; in other cities and market towns 8 to 9; and in the villages and hamlets 100 males to 99 females. It will, upon the whole, appear, that in England generally fewer die than are born; and we may consider the calculations of Durham to be accurate; namely, that the ordinary rate of the increase of mankind is, that every marriage, one with another, produces four births; and he has recorded a singular instance wherein that number has been exceeded.

“ Mrs Honeywood was daughter of Robert Atwood Atwaters Esq. of Lenham in Kent; she was born in 1527, married at 16 years of age to her only husband, Robert Honeywood Esq. of Charing in Kent. She died in the 93d year of her age, had 16 children, seven sons and nine daughters; of which, one had no issue, three died young, and the youngest was slain at Newport battle June 20, 1600. Her grand-children in the second generation were 114, in the third 228, and more in the fourth.”

I cannot forego the pleasure of giving you what the amiable author, to whom I am indebted for the calculation stated in the foregoing note, says upon the whole of this interesting inquiry :

“ What,” he observes, “ is all this but admirable management? what can the maintaining, throughout all ages and places, these proportions of mankind and all other creatures, this harmony in the generations of men, be, but the work of one that ruleth the world? Is it possible that every species of animals should be so evenly preserved, proportionate to the occasions of the world ; that they should be so well balanced in all ages and places, without the help of Almighty Wisdom and Power? how is it possible, by the bare rules and blind acts of Nature, that there should be any tolerable proportion, for instance, between males and females, either of mankind or of any other creature, especially such as are not of a domestic nature, and consequently out of the command and management of man? how could life and death keep such an even pace through all the animal world, if we should take it for granted,

that, according to Scripture history, the world had a beginning, (as who can deny it), or, if we should suppose the destruction thereof by Noah's flood ; how is it possible, after the world was replenished, that in a certain number of years, by the greater increases and doublings of each species of animals, that this rate of doubling should cease, or that it should be compensated by other means ?

LETTER XXXIII.

*St. Ives.*

A COUNTY, not exceeding twenty-four miles each way, and, in general, a much less extent, and a full fifth of that either heath, morass, or fen; its scarcely ever rising to a presuming, never to an ambitious elevation, for the most part a long grassy level, excludes the very idea of sublime scenery, and might, indeed, be brought into a modest — my heart will not allow me to call it a *humiliating* contrast.

You will naturally desire to know how it happens, that the *heart* of your correspondent takes so lively an interest in the spot from which he has now the pleasure to address you.

Ah, my Friend! a thousand times, a thousand emotions attach to it. It is my birth-place;

and, returning to my native hearth—for I write in the house where I was born—I feel at this moment every line, every syllable of that exquisite picture of a poet's sensibility, which, as it has been somewhere expressed, is a combination of the most pleasing ideas, that calls the memory back through the subtle maze of passing events, to the place from whence we derive our existence, and there fixes it with a partial and melting tenderness on scenes of juvenile pleasure. This endearing fascination, Baron, unites person to place; and thus, while we remember the regretted, and never to be recalled, scenes of our youth, when borne by destiny to a different part of the globe; the involuntary joy we feel on meeting those whose first breath were drawn with ours, is an oblation every congenial mind will offer to its native country.

With what eagerness did I explore my accustomed walks—my rambles into the lanes, where every hedge and tree were familiar, where the very boughs seemed to wave in salutation, and under which I have often sought a shelter, to hide from society the marks of a

tearful youth ; sometimes, indeed, relieved by the mediation of that boyant and elastic spirit, which marks the April of our life : and, though I am arrived at a period of the year, when even Huntingdonshire has been robbed of some verdant charms, for the yellow leaves are thinning the shade, and falling fast in my path, and the Robin is become my chief musician, I felt the power of local attachment. It rose superior to innumerable circumstances repugnant to happiness, and even afflictive to remembrance. In the progress of my first perambulation, which was almost immediately on my arrival, though I had travelled all night, I encountered a variety of old friends and strangers — in the vegetation as well as in the architecture of the place — an entire set of new cottages, which, though neat, I could not in my heart prefer, or even treat so civilly as the old rugged wych-trees which shaded them, and which had undergone no other change than that of standing the brunt of wind and weather since I paid my last visit to them — a space of almost twenty years — but with what sincerity did I renew my intimacy with

several old stubbed trees of the same class, leading from the house to the school. — These, I had been in the habit of seeing twice a day, and under every impression which the varieties of youth can take. Were a timber-merchant, or even a common carpenter, or, indeed, most men of business*, to look at them, while I thus describe—they would think I intended every word ironically—and certainly these appreciated objects have nothing to recommend them but the prepossession of a very long ac-

* How finely is this described in a Poem which I have never read without a kind of *home-felt* joy!

“ But as the less ingenuous passions share
 The bosom of the worldling, what avails
 A ray from kind affection glimmering there?
 Alas! when memory lives, yet fancy fails,
 Vain are familiar groves and sympathizing dales,
 Far gone in life, their pleasure-gilded prime
 The *busy*, scarce with rapid glance review:
 But turn with quick aversion from the time
 Which melancholy mark'd with sombre hue,
 Where pine or ebony, or ben-reed gleams,
 To float their huge-hewn planks along the gulphy
 streams.”

POLEWHEEL'S *Local Attachment*.

quaintance, being as sorry a set of trees as ever were seen, hollowed with age, and in great measure stripped of their branches above, and roots below — yet, let it be repeated, I had seen them twice a day, and underneath the shade of one of them the last on the left-hand-side from the family-mansion, and from which, nature accommodated me with a seat from a projection in the trunk, I stop not daring to indulge such romances at home — to peruse almost the first letter addressed to my affections; and [which, though written by a hand that has long been mouldered in the dust, my memory has treasured up amongst things most sacred! will you not then forgive me for hallowing this tree, and for venerating its ruins! But I was, nevertheless, interrupted, before I had done reading; or, rather, before I had finished the *first* perusal — for when has youth done reading the *first letter to the heart*? I sought refuge in a little narrow lane to the left, neighbouring the tree, and there I resumed my delighted task. The lane had even less to boast of than its rugged neighbours — but, would you pardon me,

if I did not at this moment cherish for it a kind of affection. Then the garden opposite my natal mansion — the old and unaltered part of a farm-house, though the new and modern part attempts something of gentility — the very railing before the door, and the dilapidated wall of brick, which remains the fence of the farm-garden — the wall of mud likewise gapped and tottered as it now is — with its stubble roof, and the well-remembered barn adjoining with its roof of thatch, the very moss of which came into my recollection ! And how deeply did I regret to hear, that but two mutilated and age-worn stumps remained of a stately clump of chesnut trees, which had so often greened and blossomed before me ; and even those two were trimmed into a kind of bush, like a modern crop ! These are all objects of ancient amity ; and the very sight of them revives a variety of circumstances interesting to thought ; and excites the “ Local Attachment ” so sweetly painted in the Poem under that title,

“ ——— *Returning* to our native hearth,
How keen the pleasure that our grief repays;
When, drinking every gale from kindred earth
As redolent of youth's refreshing days,
Fancy the wonders of her art displays;
And o'er each object we in absence mourn'd
Shedding the richness of her fairy rays,
Bids e'en the little hedgerow that we scorn'd
Rise in a mellow light by some new charm adorn'd,

Lo, as he hails his own congenial soil,
What joys the way-worn traveller's bosom fill,
When, after many a danger, many a toil,
He seeks the covert of his native hill!
Sudden he feels a dear delicious thrill
At the first gleaming of his distant trees;
And hastens to the clump that shades the mill;
And deems it an illusion, as he sees
His oak from childhood lov'd, yet waving to the
breeze.

With quivering hand he opes his lighten'd door,
Eyes, in his pannell'd hall, each welcome chair;
Pensive surveys the windows o'er and o'er,
That all his waken'd feelings seem to share!
(Sweet recompense for long, long years of care!)

And many a silent tear 'tis his to shed,
As, tremulous for joy his steps repair
To his old chamber, where his weary head
May press secure at last, his own accustom'd bed.¹²

Had the Bard seen my very thoughts, dear Baron, and in his own beautiful language thus honoured them in expression, he could not more exactly have painted my situation and sensations. And it is sweet to me to know, that we must both have felt and thought alike under similar circumstances. It justifies one's self-love, which is often a very virtuous affection, to trace a resemblance of one's own mind and fancy in that of another, who has given proof of a tender disposition : it may truly be called meeting with a congenial spirit. It attracts by a sympathy of the most distinguished kind : for, no sooner is a kindred emotion thus discovered, than the sweet demonstration of it lives in the memory, and we are delighted to be assured, that somewhere there is, or has been, a brother or sister in sensibility, even though we may never be personally known to each other.

That these feelings will be easily understood by those in whom the business or the pleasure of the world has not extinguished it, is the remark of a most elegant mind. That sort of relation which we own to every object we have long been acquainted with, is one of those natural propensities the mind will always experience, if it has not lost this connection by the variety of its engagements, or the bustle of its pursuits. There is a silent chronicle of past hours in the inanimate things amidst which they have been spent, that gives us back the affections, the regrets, the sentiments, of our former days; that gives back their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy; and produces equally from both, a pensive pleasure, which men, who have retired from the world, or whom particular circumstances have somewhat estranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. Above all others, those objects which recal the years of our childhood, will have this tender effect on the heart: they present to us afresh, the blissful illusions of life, when gaiety was on the wing undamped by care, and hope smiled before

is unchecked by disappointment. The distance of the scene adds to our idea of its felicity, and increases the tenderness of its recollection ; it is like the view of a landscape by moonshine ; the distinctness of objects is lost ; but a mellow kind of dimness softens and unites the whole.

From the same sort of feeling has the idea of home its attraction. For, though one's interest there will undoubtedly be heightened by the relation to persons, yet there is, exclusive of that connection altogether, a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the house, the room in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He must be a very dull, or a very dissipated man, who, after a month's absence, can open his own door without emotion, even though he has no relation or friend to welcome him within. " For my part, I feel this strongly," says an amiable writer ; " and many an evening, when I have shut the door of my little parlour, trimmed the fire, and swept the hearth, I sit down with the feelings of a friend for every chair and table in the room."

This is, also, finely touched by Polewhele :—

“ Catullus saw once more the lucid tide,
Around the green banks of his Sirmio roll,
And hail'd his tranquil home now dim-described,
Happy at length his labours laid aside.

Amid his oliv'd island to repose,
“ Here, on my *own old couch*,” the master cried
“ Shall I dismiss a train of wakeful woes,
“ Here, in delicious sleep, my heavy eye-lids close.”

It has been observed that this attachment to inanimate objects, discovering itself in a sort of silent converse with an old accustomed chair, for instance, or bed, or any other piece of furniture to which we have been long used, is characteristically British. But the “ Sirmio” of Catullus seems to prove, that the old Romans had hearts to feel the same domestic sympathies.

You are not, however, to imagine, that the scenery of St. Ives is calculated only for *natal* prejudice, and that it is wholly without interest or beauty, sufficient to please the general, or even the critical traveller.

The view from the bridge, as you enter from London or Cambridge, opens a scene of beauty that commands attention. From thence the eye surveys the placid Ouse, winding beside spacious meadows, rich in soil and beautiful on the surface, so smooth and lawny, you might suppose it a pleasure-ground, under the frequent discipline of the roller. The other side leads you to the handsome town, passing which, if you continue the strait line by the churchyard, extending your walk alongside of a thicket, and then mount the little *billock* — suffer me, in modesty, to call it, midway betwixt Houghton and St. Ives — you will be rewarded by as rich and varied a display of what might be termed the softnesses of natural beauty, that a flat country has to exhibit. The admired steeple of St. Ives and Hemingford, the pure river winding before you, the anglers on its willow-shaded banks — the clack of the water-mill — the mill-house — the playful variety of green, unfolding the diversity of autumn; many hundred acres of the richest meadow ground, covered with herds — the town of St Ives, with

the western sun gilding it, constitute a group of objects, even a Loutherberg might think worthy of his pencil, and consider a sketch of these softnesses of nature, a relief from more aspiring scenery.

If, having ascended the hillock, you pass over a stile which leads to How Hills, you, as a stranger, would gain a view of the same objects, in new positions, with some not seen before — more meanderings of the river — numerous groupings of the cattle, that bed and board on it — more boats and barges on its glassy surface, to give it life, and a broader scope of pasturage, whose verdure here vies with the proudest treasures that vegetation has to bestow. In a word, it is scarcely possible, on an almost entire flat, from an eminence of just height enough to display its beauties — without being lofty enough to look scornfully down upon them — to see a more agreeable prospect in any part of England. It is as far above the mean, as it is below the sublime, but replete with whatever can exhibit to the human eye an image of plenty, and, blessed be God! of *peace*, to enjoy

them, while most of the other parts of Europe are bleeding around you. The environs of St. Ives, it is true, furnishes with but this one picture; but that, you will admit, is one which well deserves the little pause it demands; and such as have the powers of the pencil will not be content soon to resign it.

In returning to the town, you pass a narrow path over-arched with trees, which, by gentle serpentines, lead you to a kind of terrace, shaded by limes, planted by a Friend* of my youth, which were just springing up when I before saw them, and are now grown up into the fair and goodly row I then wished them to gain.

Thus much as an act of general justice — but I pray you, my dear Baron, let me conduct you back to a few circumstances, in keeping, and, indeed, in connexion with the foregoing picture. O suffer me to convey you again to the spot we have just left — a part not obvious to the passing traveller, yet dearer to me in times long past, than

* JOSEPH BARNES, Esq.

all the rest, and not contemplated, even at this period, without emotion. It is that which once afforded my heart solace in woe, and new stores of rapture in joy.

At the edge of the rising grounds, bailed, rather too proudly, the Hills of Houghton, begins a little thicket, which, by a soft descent, and impervious but to the master of the clue, once conducted to many a shady walk and sequestered bower. They were the simple architecture of your Correspondent, who there sought refuge from the storm that pressed hard on his youth. He there indulged in solitude exclusively for many months, and literally beguiled the heavy hours, before the retreat was even suspected. The youthful hermit seemed to be consoled, in proportion as he believed his recess unexplored. And, although it is well known "Solitude is the nurse of woe," there were some sweet, and some sorrowful, feelings in his mind, that induced him to shun a society which aggravated his grief. His verdant haunts, however, were discovered; and when it became the object of holiday idlers, the artificer

forsook his retirement, and the charm of seclusion was broken. Yet, it long had to boast an occasional visitor : nor had the muse deserted it. The following Verses, by a Friend *, were produced many a year after, in the ruins of this, alas ! *fairy* bower, and may be considered as an Elegy to its memory.

* EDWARD IND, Esquire, before mentioned.

Written in a Grove near ST. IVES.

YE bow'rs, once vocal with the muses lyre,
 Whose murmurs seem to die along the vale;
 Where infant genius caught poetic fire,
 Dear to my soul, ye shades of silence, hail!

Fair fancy's eye can penetrate the gloom,
 See gentle visionary forms arise;
 The tear-dew'd victims of a foreign tomb,
 Borne on light zephyrs, wafted from the skies*.

Thus fancy's ear can listen to a note,
 Scarcely whispering from yon water-fall;
 Tun'd to sweet measures by a Bard † remote,
 Who grac'd, Bath-Easton, oft thy laurell'd hall ‡.

* R. ROWLAND RUGELY Esq. who fell in the American war.

† Mr. PRATT.

‡ Lady MILLER's.

* Streams ! on whose breast reflected beauties shine,
 Roll thro' the vale, and boast your ample tide ;
 For he, the fav'rite of the tuneful nine,
 Oft stray'd enchanted on your fringed side.

What varied prospects charm th' enraptur'd eye,
 The winding path-way to the sacred dome ;
 Godolphin's hills that lift their honours high,
 And humbler roofs that mark the rustic's home,

Here † Wheeldon pass'd the attic hours away,
 Wrapt in soft numbers with sublimest views ;
 Form'd in yon cool recess the melting lay,
 Or rov'd at eve with Virgil's lofty muse.

Here the wild primrose flourish'd at command,
 And mingling shrubs their various beauties join'd ;
 And verse was scatter'd oft by fairy hand —
 Sweet scene ! the wonder of each pensive mind.

Here, with young hope, my early footsteps stray'd,
 Ere my soul knew of rhyme the magic pow'rs ;
 Yet felt the lay inscrib'd within the glade,
 ‡ " O spare, ye boys ! the birds nests and the
 flow'r's."

* The Reader will allow for, and forgive the partiality
 of a friend.

† The Reverend J. WHEELDON, M. A.

‡ A line of MR. PRATT'S, written on one of the rural seats.

Blest days ! " but ah ! how diff'rent from our own ?"

Where reign'd the muse, now frowns a dreary waste;
And sounds, where science rais'd her awful tone,
Are heard, at enmity with sense and taste.

Hark, to the genius of the oaks and rills !

The accents fill my inmost soul with fear ;
" Ah, mortal ! dread of life the sharpest ill,
" With feet unhallow'd shouldst thou wander here.
" Oh learn to venerate the tuneful train !
" For poetry of old taught heavenly truth ;
" So shall thy days be free from piercing pain,
" And age come smiling on blest with the charms
of youth."

The concluding stanzas exactly describe, my dear Baron, the desolation of the spot, and you will suffer me to turn you from it, lest I paint a weakness, for which, though you, and a few like you, may have both feeling and affection, the world, or rather the worldling, has neither pity nor pardon. Bless you, and farewell.

LETTER XXXIV.

PERMIT me to draw you from the gay views of country to a more solemn scene. You will not believe me so disnatured, as to be satisfied with surveying the favoured haunts of my youth, or conversing with my surviving friends and neighbours : you will expect that I should conduct you to the mansions of the dead, where friendship and nature have always some tender claims. Almost afraid of my sensations, I deferred my visit to the church, till the near approach of my departure from the place whereon it stands. But though the last, it was not the least object of my reverence ; perhaps, from mingled emotions, it was the one most interesting to my soul. I went, at length, accompanied by the

sexton, who had assisted at my baptism, and at the burial of most of my family, indeed, almost of the preceding generation, having been in his office more than half a century.

In the interior of the church, there is nothing either for the architect or the antiquarian ; nor any embellishment that could attract curiosity : but, had it been hung with the proudest trophies of art to emblazon the ruins of nature, I could not now describe them for you — my eyes instinctively fixed on the narrow house that now holds the ashes of those sacred beings who gave me life, and of one who gave more. The sensations that bent my knee, and bowed my very heart at this, my parental shrine, were greater than I could well bear, though I had been many days preparing myself for them. George Constable* (the name of the sexton) had been amongst the earliest of my humble friends, and the sympathy

* The sole assistant in the room, mentioned in the last letter.

that seemed to enter his spirit, as he stood beside me while I was gazing on the vault, made him not obtrusive. "Slow moves the verse that real grief inspires." I cannot admit this as founded on invariable truth; for, almost with the rapidity of the thoughts which the circumstances produced, I noted them on paper; and however it may want the inspiration of poetry, every trembling fibre of my heart assures me it was the inspiration of grief—and, God knows, the numbers came without being sought—weak or forcible, you will have them without the change of a syllable, in the place which I shall devote to such of my feelings as I have clothed in verse. I shall only add here, that the most solemn hour in my life has been past in the church and church-yard of St. Ives.

From the tomb of my family I was conducted to those of my friends and acquaintance—they were known to be such by the sexton, whether reposing in the church or church-yard; and softened by the preceding scene, I read to him what I had written, and he led me from one to another, with unwonted sensibility; for, after

trading above half a hundred years in the business of death — graves, coffins, the mouldered flesh, and even the crumbling bones, must have become unheeded things; yet his visage paled, and his eyes were not dry — It might indeed well affect him, for very tender occurrences and events were brought home to his bosom, by these our domestic wanderings. — He shewed me the graves of his own family — also the first, he himself committed to the dust, and the last he assisted, his father, to put into the ground. How many score of my friends had left the world than remained in it, since I was last here, of all ages, sexes, and dispositions! — some very dear, and few, of whom I had a cold remembrance — an interval of 25 years! yet their forms, faces, characters of mind, and a nameless variety of circumstances appropriate to each, are still as familiar and interesting to me, as if I had met them all animated, and in motion, even as I had them when at that period.

But life has something left for your friend. Many near and dear relatives are still associated here, still in view; his return to whom, gives an

affecting interest, which, being composed of a thousand buried and surviving ties, seems to want a name! — Pain and pleasure, smiles and tears, regret and consolation, in comparative views of the past and present, form emotions too complicated for words.

At length we came to a being, after whom my very soul has yearned many years — and one of the world's wonders — a man of a genuine heart, simplicity of manners, and, I do verily believe, a soul utterly free from guile. — Baron, I have now an opportunity to make known to you by letter, a man, to whom, for his high qualities, I should personally introduce you, with much more pride, than if he were an eastern monarch who had them not — a plain English farmer, my dear Friend, and by no means one of those, who, in modern times, out-hunter, out-dance, out-dress, out-drink, and not seldom out-wit their landlords — but a simple, direct, unvarying child of nature and of truth.

JOHN HILL, is a being, in whom, as in the power who made him an honest man, there is

no shadow of changing. We are both grown grey, since the day that we last saw each other; governed by different destinies we have very rarely even heard of each other — and the affection which grew for me in his heart, has seldom been cultivated, even by a letter. Separated as widely by situation as by distance, he had not frequently an opportunity of knowing that I bore him even in recollection — much less, that in all my absence and silence, he had a place in *my* heart. I grieve that I cannot give you a just idea of the sacred throne kept holy for me in *his*. To form any right judgement of it, you must have seen and heard what dropped from his lips, and eyes, on his first sight of me, and during the whole of the interview. He held my hand folded in both his, and looked at me for some moments, while the honest blood of his warm heart rushed over his cheeks, and then he said simply — “ I have got you again! I have got you again!” Some time after, having recovered himself — “ You must come over to old Hurst; the old house is just as it was —

and to me I. — You a'nt proud — are you, Sir? — You did not use to be proud. — When will you come? — Come soon — nothing fine, every thing coarse as myself — but clean victuals, new milk — and a sweet bed — but you know what it is — I'm always John FINE — and, as I told a neighbour of mine, who wanted to make a complimentiser of me — I'm plain yea, and aye, and no, and no!! — that's enough for a farmer." He paused again; and again went on, still holding my hand. — "How often have I run over our grounds with you, sir? — I thought I should never see you more — how did I hunt you up and down London too, without finding you. — I have got the best horse in Huntingdonshire dying while I speak — and I dare say I shall find him dead in the stable when I get back — but I have seen you once again, Sir, — I have seen you once again! — Well — it has got dark while I have been chattering — and, for the matter of that, I could sit here all night — but as I must go, and shall see you again soon, God bless you, Sir." As I walked with

him to his inn — “ I’ll tell you what, Sir,” said he, “ I never was so glad to see any body since I was born into the world, as I am to see you — except when the old woman, who is now my wife, and was then my sweet-heart, said for the first time in her life — I love you, John Hill !” I promised him an early visit, and we parted.

LETTER XXXV.

Woodhurst.

IS it a question, whether I kept my word? O, No! You will decide of the promptitude of my heart, by the alacrity of your own on such an occasion. The farm of my Friend is situated about two miles from St. Ives. The skies did not smile, but I felt that the Maker of them could not frown on my excursions; and I was at the house of the worthy pair who expected me, "punctual as lovers to the moment sworn."

We have passed some happy hours together, and I am sitting down in the apartment prepared for my repose, to give you an account of what was most touching.

It is an hour at which, after a wholesome repast, all this harmless household; indeed most of the little world, are in sweet sleep around me, and many of the great world, about to finish, some about to begin, without appetite, a sumptuous dinner; and not a few, again, seeking relief from the repletions of luxury, in sleep which is NOT sweet.

At the same time, it must be owned, that my cordial Host and Hostess spread choice of temptations before me. The preparations made for my reception, though it entirely inverted all usual habits of temperance, denoted, at once, affection and generosity.

Every sort of meat, and pies upon pies, and sometimes two of a kind, were heaped in the most overwhelming abundance. Fruits, of all which the orchards or garden yielded of ripe, rich, and rare, were before me. Tea, coffee, toast, bread and butter, cakes and biscuits, succeeded these — the liquid hoards were also unlocked, and poured forth equal plenty — and, as the morning brought on breakfast, the good old oak table literally flow'd with milk and honey.

— Nor did any pause take place, or the honest well-meant pressing of pure good love abate through the day, and yet with such hearted kindness, as might almost justify all breach of regimen, even in the valetudinarian: enough to make “appetite grow on what it fed on.”

More than once during our repast, he repeated his exclamation of his hearty delight to see me once more at the poor old farm-house!

— A long and silent shake of the hand succeeded — the eye filling with tears — and, at last — “What a fool I must be to cry for what makes me happy! — I have been longing to see you as many years as there are buttons on my double-breasted waistcoat — pleased myself all the way I went up to London, with finding you there — but came away without my errand, and gave you up; and, now I have got what I would have gone a hundred miles for, though nothing else *now alive* would have taken me half as far, I seem to be sorry you are come at last.” —
“Why, what is all this for, Mistress, (to his wife), but you are a fine one to help a lame dog over a stile; you are as great a fool as I, and

are crying too. — But, upon my soul, Sir, I am not sorry to see you once more in my hovel — I a'nt indeed, though I know what I am doing looks like it."

He then repeated his shake of the hand, and, amidst the struggles of conscious emotion, and the idea his natural heart had taken up of their being inhospitable, hurried into his farm-yard, from whence he soon after returned, smilingly assuring me as he resumed my hand, that he believed his childish fit was over. — Worthy creature! — how little conscious was he, that the tears of which he was ashamed were the overflowings of a rich heart, and an ornament to human nature.

Many hilarities now took their turn — but a sadder hour succeeded — an accidental question of his wife touched the string on which hung all his sorrows! — "My Master," observed the innocent woman, "tells me, Sir, you have not been with us since our dear lost love was a child — he was a grown up youth — as sightly as eyes could look on." — "And so good — so duiful — so steady!" interposed the husband —

“ Yes ; but we doated on him too much. His father did not know where to hear or see enough of him ; — we were too proud of him, poor love ! — so God took him from us.” — “ I can’t think that,” replied John — “ How can a man love his own child too much ? — and a good child — God could not be angry with us, nor rob us of him for *that* — and after letting us have him twenty years come a month or two.”

“ It has done for us, however,” cried the good woman. — “ We have none but ourselves now — an only son gone ! — and I often say, what signifies the house we have of our own, in the neighbourhood, to go to, when we give up the farm — or what signifies staying in farm, or ploughing, or sowing, or setting, now my dear love is gone ? He was not taken from us, though, all at once — he went gradually — he was seven weeks going from us — and his disorder, a consumption, Sir, did not give him much pain, poor thing ! — All these things are to be considered. His father and I used to walk him every night up and down this room, just as if we were his crutches ; now he would lean

most on one, then the other — sometimes throwing his arms round John Hill's neck, then snuggle his dear pale face in mine — then stop out of breath, to sit down and rest in that old arm-chair ; or, to say, when he felt life was almost out of him — O father and mother ! I love you both, but we must part shortly. — I know I must not stay with you much longer. This was a warning, Sir. He knew what was to happen — God knows it did happen too soon. You may see the poor boy's grave to-morrow, Sir. John can go with you — or if his poor heart should be too full — and mine likewise, as I never can tell one hour before another — you know the way to the old church-yard, and there the dear love lies with words on the stone of his own choosing ; and Sally Royston's grave is close by. — Pray, Sir, go and look at them."

" He died of a Sabbath-day-night," observed John ; — " yet, on the Sunday morning, he was so well, and such a nice flush in his cheek, that he said, as he was better, and as it was the Lord's-day, he would try to sit up a little ; so

he tightened up a little ; but, as I was making up his pillows, he complained he was so sore, I bruised him." — " But he that can wound, can heal, mother," said he ; " and if, after all, I should recover ——"

" This speech put us all in such spirits, that we did not know how to contain ourselves ; — but, as we feared to flatter him, Husband and I went to talk about the joyful thoughts by ourselves ; and, to be sure, a blessed afternoon we had — and our dear love dozed a little the while — but when we went up stairs again, John's hand in mine — thus — as we came down — O the sorrowful change ! — his poor forehead had large drops standing on it, and his face was quite pale — and putting my cheek on his, I could not help shrieking out — O my child, my child, how cold your lovely cheek is ! and I looked again at his forehead, as open as the day, and saw a thick heavy dew on it — I knew they were death-drops — O God, and so they proved."

" Had he lived till now," cried John, " you might have seen his children, Sir, and I might have been a grandfather, instead of being worse

than nobody. Poor Sally Royston! it was almost as bad for her as for us. — They knew one another from their cradles.” “And Sally was so kind and attentive after the death of her young friend,” said the wife, “she dressed prettily, her father having good *possibility* to do so — and very handsome. — When our love was dying, she watched the whole night of his death; but neither of us could do more than sit by the bed-side, and bear one another up.” “Do you know, Sir,” observed John, “my dame, when a bit chearful, chides herself — a sweet at top — but a bitter at the bottom. She says, when she gets back to her home after going to a neighbour’s, the thought of our loss returns like a mountain; and I could not struggle with it any stouter than she, if a heavenly shower of tears did not come to relieve me. Yet, oh, how different would it be, if, by going ever so far, I could see him at the end of my journey! God knows, I would go all seasons a thousand miles bare-foot!” “But, as I can’t hope to see him, if I were to travel to this world’s end,” interposed the bereaved mother, “I wish to be

by myself, or only with his poor father, that we may have our own thoughts and talk — And every thing I look on, and every drawer I open here at home, brings him to my sorrowful mind.

“ These, Sir !” exclaimed she, taking a parcel from a drawer, “ these copy-books are all of my dear child’s own writing and inditing — See — how well, poor love ! he cut his letters. — O, me ! how often have I kissed the fingers and hands that wrote those words !

“ I’ll tell you the last words that ever past his dear dear lips — “ Mother, the Lord will not forget me in the sixth trouble, nor will he forget me now the seventh is upon me.”

“ Surely,” said the husband with affectionate and fervid cordiality, carrying my hand to his breast, “ if he was on the other side of me, and this other hand of mine was as fast in his, as this is in yours, and I had you both to look at, first one, then the other, and my old mistress just where she is, I should be almost too happy — but I am thankful for what is, — two of you are left — and if the third is not in

heaven, the Lord have mercy on thousands and millions !” .

Since these mournful effusions of the parental heart were poured forth, I have been into the village church-yard, where I found the two graves poor John had mentioned of his son and of her, who, but for this intervention of destiny, would have been his daughter-in-law.

Here follow the Inscriptions of a pious, though unlettered muse :—

“ January 9th 1792.—Would have been twenty,
September 12.

“ A youth is laid beneath this stone :
Death nipt the bud, the blossom's gone.
Be still each parent's sighing heart,
Time is but short that we shall part.
When we again in glory meet,
'Twill turn past bitters all to sweet.”

“ His friend, Sarah Royston, who died of the same disorder in 1793, 23 years old.

“ A pale Consumption gave the-fatal blow,
The stroke was certain, tho' th' effect was slow.
With ling'ring pain Death saw me sore-oppress'd,
Pitied my sighs and kindly gave me rest.”

Close to the gate of the church-yard I encountered John Hills. “ I thought whereabouts I should find you, Sir, from what was said by dame last night — Yes, there they are laid, poor loves! — I seldom go by without a look at them, though sometimes I am so foolish I'm fain to turn my head the other way; yet, for the most part, I go right in, as close up to their graves as I suppose you have been, and stand and cry over them just like a child. Heigho! I wish they were both above ground instead of being under it; but that can't be, and therefore, mayhap, as some of my neighbours here tell me, 'tis wicked — if it is so, I think the Almighty will forgive me; and I know it don't do me any harm, Sir; for when I come away I'm all the better here at my heart, though I sometimes don't speak for the rest of the day.”

The good creature's voice and eyes confirmed and exemplified this account of his feelings. I was not unmoved, but proposed a walk to cheer the gloom. As we crossed over the way, my friend pointed to a neat but unfinished cottage immediately opposite the church.

“ I built this partly with my own hands, and my poor boy's that are now all dust,” sighed John, sorrowfully, “ on purpose for my dame and myself; and had my son and Sally lived to marry, and taken the farm — but, as God took them, I let it go without touching or thinking of it, and kept doing a little to it from time to time, but broke away, not being able to stand it so near to the poor loves' graves. — But I think dame and I *will* go into it ourselves, as we both think we should like to be near the children now; and they lie close over against the keeping-room, which that window, Sir, belongs to — and, as wife says, for what should we slave in farm any longer; we have nobody who cares much about us to enjoy it after we are gone — no son, no daughter, no grand-children, as we might have had, if it had pleased God — and we have got enough to keep us alive, mayhap

longer than we wish, for we both hope to meet our poor boy again some day ; and, if that were to be the case, and it were God's good will, I wish it were to night, " this night shalt thou sup with thy Lord, who is in Paradise" — You no doubt remember all about that, Sir."

He was conducting me round the cottage premises, during these soft but sombrous paintings of his loving heart. " It is my own ground, and that orchard is ours. Aye, Sir," continued John, " if you had seen how I worked and sowed, and planned and planted — but come, Sir, let us go farther a-field, for this is all nothing — my child is dead, and dame and I shall not be long after him, and so we ought to submit ; and we do, only we can't help wishing — more especially when you are come down to us, as I know it would have done your heart good to see such a young man as he was, and such a young woman as Sally Royston, to come after us, had the Almighty pleased to let them close our eyes, instead of we to close theirs — but 'twas not to be, and God knows best who to leave, and who to take away."

In the hope of shifting the subject, we changed

the scene. We took our walk through the accustomed paths of our early days ; and this had something of a consolatory effect. John's memory came soon and sweetly into the track, and his heart followed. " Don't you recollect, Sir," said he " our going over these grounds, in the deep snow, and spying a hare sitting rolled up as round as a kitten in one of the furrows, and looking as warm and comfortable as if she had been in a down bed, though the snow was frozen all round her : we thought at first it was a pity to rout her out of her seat ; and, if old Smut had not been with us, or Puss had been wise enough to lie snug, that might have been the case ; but, like a simpleton, up she jumped, and was snapt by old Smut just as she was setting off ; but I would not let the dog kill her, and so took her even out of his mouth, and carried her home. — You remember, I suppose, well enough, *who* it was wanted to cottle her up and save her — Ah ! poor dear, he is dead himself now, no cottling could save him."

I perceived memory again turning the wrong way, and again tried, and with success, to direct

her into a less thorny path. We ascended the uplands, every acre of which abounded with smooth and flowery retrospections. These rising grounds lying warm to the sun, and well sheltered by thickets, and those brush-wood patches, with here and there some rush and fern covers, were always famous for game ; and, of course, amongst the favoured haunts of its pursuers—John Hills revived almost every field and grove by some memorial of times long past.

The pensive pleasures derived from local attachment, again rushed on my mind. Very many years had gone by ; and manifold events, dark and perplexing, had been trying to wear away the very memory of first impressions, but trying in vain ; John Hills observed — “ Ah ! Sir, though we were little better than boys, you the young squire, and I the young farmer, when last we went over these bounds together, we are both of us oldish men at this present — all I look upon, now you are here, seems in a manner as fresh as yesterday ! and what makes it the more strange to me,” continued John, with infinite simplicity, “ is, that tho’ most days I

ride or walk near or by these very places, and have seen all these thickets and hedge-rows a thousand times to one more green than they now are, as, in course of midsummer, must be the case ; — and it is now almost all over with autumn — though, to be sure, it is mild as May for the time of year — yet I hardly know when they seemed so pleasant-like as they do this morning — How do you find them, Sir ? how do you find them ?”

At the repetition of this affectionate question, he literally suited the words to the action, by putting his hand hastily into mine, and then decided on my looks, with the accuracy of a Lavater, unaided by sciences or systems. — “Much the same, I see, Sir, you and I are much of the same mind, just as we used to be ; well, that’s some comfort yet ; a true Friend is certainly next to our own flesh and blood ; and, unless a child is as natural as mine was, much better.”

On our return to his farm, dame Hills had composed herself ; and though the clouds gathered again on our brows, and the showers again mounted to our eyes, when I was constrained

to take my leave poor John at once consoled and afflicted us all, by observing, that as this is no time to go wandering about into foreign parts, where the people are all cutting one another's throats, he supposed, Old England would be wide enough to keep me for the rest of my life ; " and, so, Sir," said he, " as you have at last found your way back to us, if you don't come down to us as often as you can, why you do not love us as well as we love you — Therefore, as I can't keep your hand any longer, I must let you take it from me, hoping you'll bring it back again soon — so bless all three of us !"

And bless you, my Friend, for here my full heart must pause, and bid you, in Friendship's calendar, a *long*, but not, I trust, a *LAST* Farewell.

F I N I S.

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